FOREST AND STREAM.

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SNAP SHOTS.

A correspondent who writes of the opportunities of southeastern Texas says, "The feat of two or three persons going out and killing all the way from 200 to 600 ducks in two or three days is not at all uncommon.' The statistics are somewhat vague, but indicate that the man who goes to Texas for ducks must "hie" with rapidity if he is to get there before these 200 to 600 ducks a day fellows shall have cleaned out the supply.

Rarely if ever have we chronicled a more pathetic instance of the somber side of forest and stream incident than that which is told this week of the death of ex-Gov. William E. Russell in the salmon fishing lodge of Little Pabos in the Canadian wilderness. This is the tragedy of field sports. It might be thought perhaps that the homely ways of camp life on a fishing river were too trivial for account when we come to the final summing up of the character of one who has stood in the light of national prominence; and yet the initiated well know that in the searching conditions of the camp is found a touchstone which proves the real man and reveals him as he is. No slight tribute then is that which Mr. Russell's angling companions bring to his memory when they bear testimony that in the Canadian wilderness, in the lodge on the Little Pabos, he was the same winning personality, considerate companion and high-thinking man known to his fellows and honored in public life.

Mr. Avis, who writes of the delights of a dwelling in the country for the sportsman, may not lure many converts into giving up their town life; but his paper is interesting as a new contribution to the discussion which has been going on for thousands of years. The charms of the country compared with those of the town make up a part of the literature which has come down to us from Greece and Rome; and the writers of those ancient times discoursed for all the world as do those of to-day on the delights of rural life. For all that may be said, however, in behalf of the country, human society is steadily trending toward the town and mankind is gathering into cities; each successive census demonstrates this fact.

The European starling has gained such a foothold in this country that it may reasonably be regarded as one of the birds which ultimately must be reckoned with as affecting agriculture. The place of the starling as a friend or an enemy of the farmer has been the subject of protracted discussion in Great Britain; and very recently an exhaustive series of investigations has been conducted in the county of Fife, Scotland, to determine the food habits of wood pigeons, rooks and starlings. The inquiry extended through one year, a certain number of birds being killed each month and their crops and gizzards examined. The results, it is stated in the report, of the Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, showed conclusively that "the wood pigeon is an enemy of the farmer," and that "the rook has almost no claim to agricultural regard." On the other hand, the starling was shown to be a useful ally of the farmer. Three-fourths of its food is insect, and of the insects consumed those which are injurious to agriculture preponderate. "There can be little hesitation regarding the starling," concludes the report. "He is a bird rather to be fostered than destroyed; he is a benefactor rather than a foe to the farmer. Of the pigeon, it may be said that he is an unmitigated scoundrel; of the rook, that he is a cunning rogue; but of the starling we can say with truth that he is our natural friend, by habit and by instinct."

In his angling sketch to day Mr. Mather exhorts fathers who shoot only legitimate game not to give their sons guns until the boys shall be old enough to discriminate between game shooting and reckless slaughter. The implication is that boys do wanton killing, while the grown-up gunners confine themselves to game. But this is true only in part. There are two distinct classes of gunners: one is of those who shoot game and game alone, and it is in number a very respectable proportion of the great army of shooters; the other class is of those who having a gun in hand kill everything within range. A somewhat extended observation induces a belief that the indiscriminate gunners outnumber those who shoot only at recognized game. The youth or the age of the individual is not always a factor, for of the spirit of wanton destructiveness maturity brings no abatement; with respect to shooting some men never reach the age of discretion, nor would they attain to it though they outlived the Seven Sleepers. They begin wrong, and go wrong all their lives. Their ways are ways of wantonness. They are side-hunts embodied in individual guise. And there is no excuse nor palliation of their offending. Though they call themselves sportsmen, the manly sportsman's spirit is not in them.

THE LESSONS OF THE FIFTEEN-FOOT CLASS.

THE fact is generally recognized among thinking yachtsmen that the vast sums of money expended in modern racing bring back very small returns in the form of useful knowledge; on the other hand, the return is usually in inverse ratio to the size and cost of the boats. The building of new yachts for a class involves two issues: that of mere sport and that of a scientific experiment of the highest order. Opinions may differ as to which of the two is of the greater value, but many will agree with us in the belief that every contest of an international nature should teach some technical lessons.

In this respect the two great contests of 1893 and 1895 were singularly useless; they gave few positive or valuable results, and can be set down only as expensive but incomplete experiments. Accepting the popular verdict that Vigilant was really much faster than Valkyrie II., and Defender than Valkyrie III., who yet knows how either Valkyrie would stand with Britannia if raced in the same form, how one would compare with the other, how much closer to Defender Valkyrie III. could be brought by continued racing, or how much of Defender's speed is due to model and how much to a lighter construction than Vigilant?

Compared with all recent contests in the larger classes, the race of the pigmies stands forth as marked by all that appeals solely to the sportsman, a hard fought battle between the pick of two fleets, victor and vanquished coming out with equal glory; and to the student of yachting the whole contest of the two years is still more deeply interesting. Accepting the fifteen-footers as pure racing machines, and from their very small size and peculiar conditions having little bearing on the advancement of the science of naval architecture, or the production of cruising yachts or ninety-foot racing machines, at the same time it is most gratifying to note the thorough tests of types, models and rigs, and the development of new principles in design. Of the value of these principles in designing at large in all classes it is too soon yet to speak, but there can be no question that the fifteen-foot class in the first year of its existence has come nearer to an exact experiment than any class, large or small, of the past five years. Our earnest hope is that this same general and thorough test of a number of boats may by degrees become possible in much larger classes.

THE RISE OF THE GAME PRESERVE SYSTEM.

WE Americans are just waking up to the fact that it is possible to exterminate our other game animals as the buffalo has been exterminated, and the extensive growth of game parks which the last decade has seen is one result of this awakening. Experience has demonstrated that even in the wildest portions of the West there is no hope for the big game except by the enactment of the strictest game laws, and to-day a reflex wave has set in, and many of the older sections, on account of their more effective system of protection, furnish better hunting and boast of more game than do the less accessible regions, which till recently were the best game sections of the country.

Never again will sportsmen hunt on free lands, as they did in the days when they could travel for weeks at a time without meeting other hunting parties. To-day hunters everywhere jostle and elbow each other, and there are no regions where the game is free from pursuit; no areas which, on account of their distance from settlement or their inaccessibility, furnish a natural haven for the remnant.

This condition of affairs is perhaps not due so much to the circumscription of the wild areas as to the increase in the number of hunters, and the better facilities afforded them for reaching the game countries. There are still vast areas in the United States which will never be permanently cleared or cultivated or occupied by the forces of civilization. The value of these wild lands in many cases has not increased in recent years, and, stripped of their merchantable timber, they can be bought very cheaply. They are as perfectly adapted for game propagation as ever, and all that is needed to make them good hunting grounds is to restrict the hunting to a point where it will not be in excess of the natural increase. Under such conditions the growth of the preserve system is inevitable, for rich sportsmen take this means of assuring themselves the success they can no longer count upon where the land is free.

More than a year ago we pointed out that the private preserves in the Adirondack section of New York occupied a greater area than the State of Rhode Island. The preserve system in this State is constantly growing, and is being imitated in almost every State in the Union. So much for cause and effect.

Those who have followed our third annual report upon American game parks will have noticed that the game preserves naturally classify themselves into those that are fenced and those that are not. As a general rule, the fenced preserves are found in neighborhoods where the game has been exterminated, and the other class in localities where the causes which lead to extermination have made themselves apparent. The fenced preserves are notable for their experiments in stocking with exotic game, and as a rule their breeding animals are secured from outside sources. Such parks are really only in their infancy, for very little attention has been paid to economic conditions, and few if any have passed the experimental stage.

The unfenced preserves are naturally more numerous, and in most cases occupy a greater extent of territory. In many cases these preserves have conferred a direct benefit upon sportsmen in general, for they have fostered the game supply and protected it from indiscriminate hunting on certain tracts, greatly to the benefit of the supply in the adjoining territory.

As an example, hundreds of sportsmen of the class that cannot afford to go long distances for their game will enjoy deer hunting this fall on Long Island, forty-five miles from New York city, solely as a result of the protection afforded the deer by the preserves of the South Side Sportsmen's Club and others. These deer would have all been killed off years ago were it not for the asylum provided by the preserved lands where hunting has either been limited or prohibited altogether; but as it is, there is a promise of hunting for a long time to come here on the door sill of a community of 3,000,000 people. Similarly the Adirondack preserves have fostered the supply, despite the extremely destructive methods of hunting in force.

If Congress would take the hint afforded by these private preserves and set aside as perpetual asylums for the game, on the plan adopted in the case of the Yellowstone National Park, those wild areas already named as forest reservations, or if the individual States which are in possession of suitable lands would designate a part for this purpose, we venture to say that a long step would be taken in the direction of solving the question of the game supply.

The Sportsman Tourist.

LABRADOR SKETCHES.

V.—A Whale in a Lake—an Indian Fish Story.

[Written for FOREST AND STREAM by Count H. de Puyjalon, and translated by Crawford Lindsay.]

FAR away in Labrador there flows a river called the *Rivière des Rochers*, or Rocky River. Many tributaries nearly as large as itself fall into it, bringing the waters of very large and very deep lakes, stocked with the finest fish.

One of these lakes, which in consequence of its length is called the Thirty-mile Lake, has for thousands of years contained a whale left there by the deluge. I have not seen it, but the Montagnais Indian Saint-Onze and his family have seen it. Why would there not be fresh-water whales? There are fresh-water seals in Lake Baikal near the Caspian sea.

I was camped on the Mossy Portage above the first falls of the *Rivière des Rochers*. I had arrived late at night, and to save the trouble of hunting for a camping place I pitched my tent close to the bark wigwam of my old friend Dominique Saint-Onze, of the Montagnais tribe, who was going up the river to winter on the great lakes of that region. I awoke early on the following morning and while I was smoking a cigarette Saint-Onze appeared and asked me for a pipe of tobacco. I handed him a plug. He cut some with his axe and in a fit of abstraction, no doubt, put the remainder in his pocket, filled and lit his pipe and then began to question me.

"You come from Thirty-mile Lake?"

"No," I replied, "I did not go beyond the first two lakes; the water was too high for fishing, so I came back."

"But you must have got some trout?"

"Yes, a few, but such beauties, from 20 to 25in. long, in fine condition, nearly all of a size, as red as blood and delicious to eat."

"Any chance of trapping?"

"Not bad. There are some mink and I saw a pekan on the river. I prevented my man from shooting it because I knew we were on your hunting grounds and your sons, Pierre and Napis, would not have been pleased if we had killed it."

The Indian smiled, smoked his pipe in silence for a while and then said: "So you did not go to Thirty-mile Lake. You did wrong, for if you had gone there you would perhaps have seen the great fish that my father once saw and that I have since seen myself."

"A big fish? What? A ouananiche, or a touladi?"

"No, much bigger than that, much bigger than your big boat. A fish that spouts water through its nose, black on the back and white under the belly. My father said it was a whale surprised in the lake when the waters of the deluge suddenly fell, and I believe it."

"Hold on, my friend," I said; "are you quite sure you saw it? Were there not a good many empty whisky bottles in the bottom of your bark canoe?"

"I was not drunk," indignantly replied Dominique. "The old Indian, in spite of his years, can see better than any two white hunters, and what he saw he saw well."

I hope I will not greatly surprise you when I say that Dominique is the greatest liar of his tribe, which nevertheless contains some very remarkable ones. His imagination sometimes carried him rapidly beyond the bounds of truth. However, on this occasion he seemed so thoroughly in earnest that I thought his story, improbable as it was, might contain some truth; so I urged him to go on, apologizing for my incredulity at the beginning.

"Well, you know Thirty-mile Lake, and you know that we have given it that name on account of its length and that it is very deep. I have often failed to get bottom with fifty fathoms of line. You know how narrow it is in some places, especially in front of the three ravines which run from the mountain right down to the shore.

"You know that it is stocked with enormous trout, gigantic touladi and ouananiche as big as salmon, with whitefish, and with cod so like the sea cod that the fishermen cannot tell the difference, and with many other kinds of fish, while bears, marten, otter and pekan roam in the woods around it.

"You saw many things on its shores, you picked up many stones and plants that are unknown to me, but you cannot have seen what I saw or learned what I have learned; for you have only been there two or three times, while I have hunted and trapped there for forty-four years."

"That is true, I don't know the lake as well as you do."

"Well, about seven or eight years ago I was camped with my family at the entrance of the third ravine, on the northeast side. Jean Baptiste, from Mingan, was camped with his family quite close to me. One Friday night, after my sons and myself had spent the day getting birch bark to make canoes with, we went to spend the evening in Jean Baptiste's camp. While we were chatting away we heard for the first time—it was then 10 o'clock—a great noise on the lake, like that caused by the splash of an immense rock falling into the water. We paid no attention, thinking it must be that. But a few minutes afterward the noise was repeated, only it was closer, and was preceded by that sound of suppressed roaring caused by the breathing of a whale when it comes to the surface.

"We rushed out. The moon was full, and it was almost as bright as day. We could see nothing but some long waves which furrowed the lake. Several minutes elapsed, then all of a sudden we saw a column of vapor arise a short distance from us. We heard the loud breathing of the animal and distinctly saw an enormous black body which, after slowly emerging, disappeared as slowly under the water.

"We stared at each other. 'A whale,' cried Jean Baptiste. 'A whale,' I repeated. 'A whale,' re-echoed the women and children, for all had rushed out after us and had witnessed the spectacle.

"I don't know how long we waited outside; the moon had already passed to the other side of the north star when I went into my wigwam, but I could not sleep and impatiently waited for the dawn, for I hoped once more to see the animal of which my father had formerly spoken to me, and which had so unexpectedly brought itself to my recollection."

"And you saw it again?"

"No, I never saw it again, but it is still in the lake. I have often heard it at night. If you pass the winter there you observe that throughout the season in front of the ravines the ice is always open, broken and scattered. The whale does that when it comes up to breathe. You will hear it roar, distinctly notice the noise made by the water, which it pushes back and sometimes strikes with its tail, probably to keep it from freezing again."

"Look here, Dominique, it is always difficult to see at night. Perhaps you were mistaken and took the trunk of a tree shaken by the storm for a whale."

"I tell you my eyes are as good as any two white men's. I did not make a mistake. Ask Jean Baptiste."

"Very well, my old friend, don't get angry, I won't ask Jean Baptiste; I would rather take your word; I would rather, in fact, you had seen the whale. So take some more tobacco and let us say good-bye, for I must have my breakfast and be off."

H. DE PUYJALON.

REMINISCENCES OF CAMP HALIFAX.

NEXT to the reality of a hunting trip for enjoyment is the gathering together of the participants for reminiscences of the trip. The stories told of "How I shot that buck" and "How we played poker to determine who should wash the dishes" bring one almost into the hunting grounds again. We can still see that yellow flash as the startled deer fled through the woods, visible only now and then through the shifting foliage; we can still hear the camp-fire crackling, and see the fellows lounging about, smoking and commenting on the result of the day's hunt.

What gladsome days those were! And then the night, when we crept into our bunk of hemlock boughs, weary enough to sleep sweetly on a bed that would be unendurable except in the woods! Prowling porcupines would occasionally break the monotony of the quiet night. Even once, I recall, we were aroused by the crashing of underbrush near by, and on lighting a torch we were surprised by the whistle of a buck. Alas! at that time the season for hunting deer was not at hand, so we sadly crawled back to our rest, reflecting on what might have been.

My little tale, however, seems to be running away with me, and I would best begin where I originally intended. Last year a friend and myself entered the Adirondacks a few days before the law would permit the killing of deer, with the intention of fishing for trout. Leaving the Adirondacks & St. Lawrence Railroad at Beaver River, we immediately took what of our duffle we could conveniently (or otherwise) carry, and struck out for what we are pleased to call "Camp Halifax." This is a deserted lumbermen's camp, located a half mile south of the Ne-ha-sa-ne Park line, and one which we had appropriated as our headquarters during the fall of each of the two previous years. The name we apply is appropriate in that the camp seemed an intolerable distance from the railroad station; distance in so far as time to travel it is concerned, in reality I believe it was not more than one and one-half miles. How we two youths, fresh from school, did groan and grumble under our loads. And our discreet judgment was prominently manifest when we came to the ford of an adjunct of Beaver River. The water rolled over the loosely constructed bridge in such force that the logs plunged and danced beneath our feet at every step; our, to our minds useless, rubber wading boots were far away, stored in the closets at home. So we poor mortals tugged at our loads and grinned and endured. The next day one of the natives jokingly informed us that it had rained every day previously for three weeks.

Arrived at the camp, scarce was the relief we experienced. The atmosphere was damp and warm, and such informal denizens of the forest as mosquitoes and punkies held high revel. Bloodthirsty and desperate, they pounced upon every available spot of our defenseless carcasses. But at last the sky cleared, the stars shone out, the pests diminished, and we unrolled our blankets and lay down to rest.

The morrow found us hungry and cheerful and ready for our duties. Again and again must we hie ourselves to the station to lade ourselves anew and trudge to camp with more duffle. The large part of the second day's abode was spent in cleaning and preparing Camp Halifax for our needs. Toward evening my helpmeet in the misery and pleasure of the trip—we all know him as Brod—bethought himself of hooks and lines and sundry other fishing appurtenances, and set out for the nearby creek to tempt the wary inhabitants thereof. Our feast that night was fit for a king. All heaven looked down on us and rejoiced, for we were happy. Happy? Yes, with but one drawback. Every day gave us views and every night visions of deer. Our fingers itched to press the triggers and our palms ached to grip the stocks of our true and tried rifles, for we had not yet acquired that spirit of ecstacy which fills us with delight to see those majestic creatures of nature rove at will through the glades, unharmed by the hand of man. We were but human.

One of the prettiest sights we witnessed was of a buck and doe feeding on the hillside not far from our camp. We were concealed at a distance not exceeding 40yds. from the deer, and watched them fully ten minutes. Either from their becoming aware of our presence or from being inspired by some sudden desire to seek other feeding grounds, they at last turned into a bog trail and soon passed from view. The buck was handsome, bearing a neat head of four-pronged antlers.

As war is the chief element of history to the boy, so to us youthful, would-be sportsmen the annals of the killing of the deer is the most exciting part of the account of a hunting trip. Therefore I pass by the details of our camp life to relate the wherefore and outcome of the grand climax. One cold morning, when the mists yet obscured the lowlands, Brod and I took our rifles in hand and mounted by different routes the mountain south of the camp. I had proceeded about two miles, and entering marshy ground was creeping stealthily along, noting the numerous deer signs, when something moving in the shadow of the foliage 100yds. ahead drew my attention. I was soon assured that it was the hip and leg of a deer. My rifle was fairly steady as I glanced through the Lyman sights and pressed the trigger. The heavy crashing of the brush at the crack of the gun told me that the .45-70 bullet had struck the deer, yet I dropped to my knees to peer beneath the smoke and waited. For perhaps fifteen minutes I remained there, silently watching, meanwhile hearing the report of Brod's Winchester. Then, as I considered I had sufficiently obeyed old hunters' directions in waiting after I had shot, I sought the deer I had fired at. The ground and leaves were fairly sprinkled with blood, so that I was readily enabled to trail the wounded deer. When I had traveled only about 150yds. the deer leaped into view only a few rods in advance. This time there was no steady aim. Almost instantly my gun came to my shoulder, and at its crack the deer dropped in his tracks, rolling his eyes in agony. Never again do I care to see a deer die. There is much more poetry in watching the living deer than the dying one. My victim proved to be a young three-prong buck. The first ball had broken his hip, passing out just back of the ribs, a few inches to the right of the backbone. The second ball broke his spine and passed out at the breast, both fortunate shots.

While I was dressing my trophy—a very interesting procedure—Brod came up and announced that his shot too had been successful. He had brought down a buck that very much resembled mine in size and color marking. It differed, however, in having four prongs instead of three. The porting of those deer to camp and the "jerking" of the venison was no easy task, though our stomachs fared well during the latter process.

The sterner duties of living at last demanded our attention, and we were compelled to leave the now well-beloved spot, this wilderness of lofty pines and drooping cedars and wide-spreading birches, assured by our brief experiences that

> "To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language."

THEO. F. BROOKINS.

SOME CAMPING DEVICES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the season of camping is now on, I thought some of my experiments might interest your readers.

First, as to tent, a 7×7 wall suits me. The poles are sawn in two and joined by removable tin tubes, the ridge pole by hinges. I roll the tent and poles into a small bundle with shawl strap and check as baggage.

Second, as to cooking. I took a discarded biscuit can, covered it with wood, punched a hole in the bottom to give entrance to a lamp chimney and above the hole made a small deflector. This bakes meats, potatoes, etc., boils vegetables and fruits. I put dinner in the oven and leave camp for the morning and come back to a well-cooked roast. On a cold, rainy night it gives a cheerful warmth and light. Oven, cooking utensils, etc., go into a light chest, which goes as baggage. Atkinson's "Science of Nutrition" is a book that will help users of this oven. For broiling put your fire on platform 3ft. high of sod or rocks, using two light fire bricks for dogs.

Washing dishes is the camper's bugbear. Have enough dishes so you need to wash but once a day and let each man look after his own. Wash with tepid water with a little kerosene stirred in. Use paper, not rags, and bury all refuse at once.

As to provisions, buy the best. I send to the best purveyor and have him send ahead by freight the best in the market. Jams are good for camp. The best living costs about $3 a week and you can digest and enjoy it in the woods.

As to bed, my plan is a folding wire cot hinged in the middle, with mattress in two pieces, the whole with bedding to be put in canvas case and go as baggage. A tick for straw or leaves answers well. With proper management, tent, chest, bed and grip will come within baggage limits, and you will save money and bother. If you are handy with tools and take bedding from home the whole outfit can be had for $10. For camping ground, along the Great Lakes from Frankfort, Mich., up are many fine spots practically free of mosquitoes at all seasons, and entirely so ofter the middle of July.

H. M. STANLEY.

MY FOURTH OF JULY.

"GOING a-fishing the Fourth, or what? Say, where are you going?"

"Well, I will tell you. I expect to leave on the 4:20 P. M. train on the 3d, take my young setter with me, and after a good night's sleep and breakfast at the farmhouse take a stroll in the woods."

I had it all fixed in my mind just what I would do, but I didn't do it. You ask why not. Well, the cash didn't balance. I might say it didn't materialize; call it anything you choose, but I didn't get away on the afternoon of the 3d, and didn't leave the office until 7 P. M., and when I did I wished figures, books, cash, cash balances and blunders further.

I turned in quite early that night, thinking the dear boys would not begin with their big guns, little guns, big crackers and little crackers until after 12 o'clock, and that I might get some sleep in the early part of the night. But no, no. As soon as it was dark the boys living next door got out their little cannon, and such a noise. And then they have a family of bull pups in the woodshed, and the noise of the guns and crackers woke them up and they had the liveliest Fourth of July time I ever heard. But the dear boys were having a good time, as were the pups, and I was a boy once myself (for the first cannon I ever had I stole the old single-barreled gun that belonged to my grandfather, and sawed off the end with father's buck saw); so I just turned over and said, "Well, I was a boy once myself (that was a long time ago), let the dear boys have a good time; they can be boys but once." I didn't get much sleep.

I took the 7 o'clock train, and at 8:30 was at the old home in the country where the sportsmen are always welcome. The rain of the night before made everything look fresh and bright, and how I did enjoy it. About 11 o'clock my eye struck a fishing rod hanging up on a beam in the kitchen, and I said, "I will just go for trout; no flies with me and nothing but worms for bait; but I'll try it." I struck out for the brook just across the meadow, where I thought I would try under the old mill dam first; and just as I got by the brook up went an old partridge. I dropped the rod, for trout are not in it with me when a partridge gets up, and walked cautiously down the brook, hoping I might get sight of another; but I did not.

About that time it appeared to me that about every bush and daisy in the field was filled with birds having a Fourth of July jubilee. Leading them all was *bob-o-link*,

bob-o-link, bob o link; spinktum, spanktum, spink; chee, chee, chee. Then the crow blackbird and the catbird, they joined in the Fourth of July hurrah. I came very near forgetting about going a-fishing, but picked up my rod, dropped in a hole, and when the worms struck the water a small trout jumped for it and missed. I think it was my fault. The fish were jumping on all sides and wanted flies; couldn't get down to taking common angle worms. I caught eight trout in half a mile fishing, the smallest 8in. long and the longest 10. I lost the largest one, of course, and would have caught at least twenty more if I had only had flies to fish with—"that's right."

But with all these disappointments I had a glorious time; I didn't once think of cash, or cash differences, of the ratio of 16 to 1, of McKinley, nor of any other man. With me the pleasures of an outing with rod or gun do not depend on the number of fish in the creel or birds brought to bag, but upon the pleasures of tramping across the fields, through the woods or along the streams, and seeing in all of these evidences of the Creator's wisdom and goodness to us. H.

HUDSON, N. Y.

Natural History.

STARLINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY EDWIN IRVINE HAINES.

[Read before the Linnæan Society of New York at the American Museum of Natural History.]

I.—The Starling Family.

THE starling family *Sturnidæ*, nearly allied to our own blackbird family *Icteridæ*, is found throughout the greater portion of the Eastern Hemisphere. The different continents have birds of this family characteristic of themselves, many of which, on account of their secluded habits, are little known. A starling peculiar to New Zealand is the huiabird (*Heteralocha acutirostris*); a strange property of the huia is that the male has a long straight beak and the female a curved one. A beautiful starling found very plentifully in western Asia (but unfortunately nowhere else) is the rose-colored pastor (*Pastor roseus*), which frequents only sandy deserts and arid plains, and consequently is little known. The starlings found in Africa are very similar to our grackles or crow blackbirds; the most important species of these is the oxpecker or buffalo bird, which follows cattle around for insects as our own cowbird does. A bird found in Sardinia, the species nearest to the common starling, is the Sardinian starling (*Sturnus unicolor*), and there are many others too numerous to mention.

II.—The Starling Abroad (*Sturnus vulgaris*).

This Old World species is found in Russia, Siberia, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Turkey, Italy, Madeira, the Canary and Azore Islands, India, Asia, the Himalaya Mountains, China, Japan, Africa (even as far south as the Cape of Good Hope), and all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. In England it is abundant everywhere, from the Orkney and Shetland Islands to Cornwall, and it is even common in the City of London, also in parts of Scotland, and is very abundant in Ireland and Germany. In some of these places it is resident, in others migratory. In the more northern portions of Europe the starlings begin to flock and migrate in thousands and thousands toward the latter end of June, and move slowly southward in huge flocks. In the evenings they collect in reed beds on the shores of rivers and lakes, and there spend the night. The noise these flocks make can be heard for miles, and the rushing of their wings is said to resemble the muttering of a distant thunderstorm. In England, in the winter time, they wander over the country in search of food, but about the middle of February may be heard on the trees, or near the spots where they intend to nest. They begin to build their nests about the middle of April in church steeples, holes in walls and old ruins, or more often in bird houses erected for their use. It is said that every orchard in the neighborhood of towns or cities in Europe has at least two or three starling boxes in it. The Germans are very fond of the birds, and in Saxony not only is it considered a sin to kill one, but a very heavy punishment is inflicted upon the person who does so. As the starling is quick and cunning, the people of Germany often capture the young birds and bring them up, and easily teach them to speak words and sentences. One poor starling is said to have cried when anybody approached his cage, "I can't get out! I can't get out!"

The birds are very gregarious among themselves, but do not often mingle with other birds. They are, however, very peaceful, but they will not let other birds impose on them; and woe to the English sparrow that attempts to bully them or take possession of their home while they are absent.

The starling raises many broods during the summer, though at the same time as the nesting season numerous flocks move about the country and never pay any attention to the birds that are breeding, nor do the nesting birds ever seem to notice them. Possibly some birds do not nest at all. During the fall the young birds change their plumage from a drab to a sooty black, which takes a greenish tinge by Christmas. The older birds also change their plumage from the beautiful bronze and gold to a glossy black; but in the spring "the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest," and their coat again changes back to the iridescent bronze and green, and is covered with little white spots. It is from these spots or stars that the starling gets his name. Starling means in German "a little star."

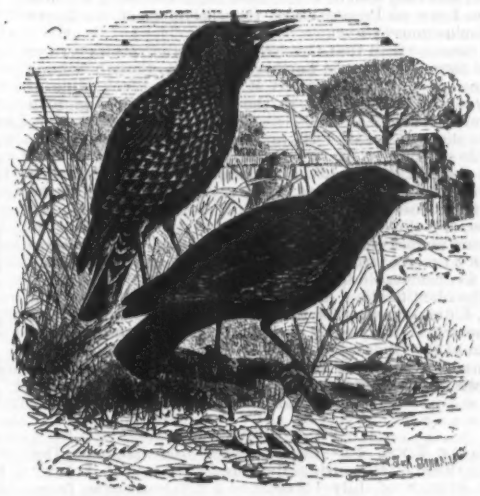
III.—The Starling at Home.

The starling has been introduced into this country on several occasions, but only the last importation was successful. The birds were released in Central Park under the direction of Mr. Eugene Schieffin, of this city, but they soon left the park and went to various places in the upper part of the city. A pair nested at One Hundred and Twenty-second street and Lenox avenue, and another at One Hundredth street and Riverside drive. A flock of fifty birds were seen at Kingsbridge in the fall of 1893-94, and another flock were seen at Flatbush, L. I., on April 16, 1895.

There is in the northern part of New York city a small, wild piece of land composed of fields and woods (in whose dark recess the "Bob White" of the quail may be often heard or the solemn drum of the partridge) which runs along the Sound for about two miles and is about a mile in breadth, called Pelham Bay Park. Here eight of these starlings settled, as if they knew they would not be disturbed. The woods and fields outside of the park offer just as good ground as the park affords, but they seemed to think it would be dangerous to venture there.

I first came across these birds on Feb. 20, 1895, in the upper part of the park, near Pelham Manor. It was during the cold snap that year, and the snow lay deep upon the ground. There were from thirty to forty birds in the flock. I saw them again and again that winter, and had abundant opportunity to watch them as they scoured over the snow-clad fields for food. They do this in a very businesslike manner; descending in a cloud in one end of a field, they swoop along the ground for a short distance, and suddenly alight as one bird, as you may often have seen a flock of yellow-legs do on the seashore. Then they scatter, and run or walk along the ground, busily looking for food. If they have had good luck they will suddenly fly into the highest tree handy, where they will all join in one grand chorus, as if of thanksgiving. After a few minutes spent in this way the whole flock suddenly cease to sing, and whirl off to the next field with a thunderous rush of wings, where, if everything is safe, they go through the same programme again. They station a sentinel, however, while they are feeding or singing, and if he sees anything suspicious he utters a loud *crake, crake!* when the whole flock (if singing) suddenly cease, and if the danger threatens they fly up into the air, whirl once or twice—with as much grace as pigeons—then fly away out of sight. I have often flushed the starlings, in order to watch their beautiful maneuvers, which are done as neatly as if by a single bird. Their flight is straight, strong, vigorous and rapid, and is performed with regular timed beating of the wings.

The starlings are noted throughout the world as whistlers, and can mock as skillfully as a mockingbird. They



EUROPEAN STARLING. SARDINIAN STARLING.

can imitate to perfection bird cries from the hoarse croak of the heron to the mellow whistle of the meadowlark, also snipe of different varieties and red-winged blackbirds, and they often whistle like a boy. The weather does not affect their whistling in the least, and they will whistle as merrily on the coldest day in winter as a on fine day in spring.

In the winter and early spring they stay in the upper part of the park, but as April advances they retire to the neighborhood of a boathouse owned by a Mr. Castrop, where they begin to build their nests in a big hollow oak tree in front of the house. The nests are rudely built of straw, leaves, feathers and twigs. They lay four to six blue eggs, the incubation of which lasts sixteen days. Mr. Castrop has told me that he has often seen the tree loaded with starlings about 4 o'clock in the morning, and they make such a noise with their whistling and chattering that sleep is impossible for the inmates of the house. There are at present about eighteen nests in this tree, but I think that they also nest somewhere else in the neighborhood. They often come there in the evenings in numbers and probably roost there. Mr. Castrop has seen a flock of them numbering 200, and thinks that some go away in winter. I believe there are about ten different flocks of birds in the park, for I have seen two distinct ones on the same day and in places widely separated. Taking a rough estimate, I should think there are about 2,000 birds in the park. They raise two broods, one in May, the other in July, and are very careful of their young.

IV.—The Starlings' Usefulness to Mankind and their Probable Future.

The starling is a great insect eater, and is probably one of the best of helpers to the agriculturist; he is also fond of fruit, but this may be forgiven him when we think how many harmful bugs he destroys. The young of the starling are fed entirely on insects, generally of the hard shell varieties, and they consume large quantities of the so-called June bug. This suggests that the chances are that if they could be successfully colonized where the locusts abound it would not be very long before these insects would be greatly reduced in numbers or completely destroyed. I also think that the birds could almost clean out the potato and striped squash bugs and generally lessen many other insect pests that are so common in many of the States.

Of the starling's future we are doubtful, but of the rapid increase of birds and their tendency to multiply we may have the best of hopes. We should be careful in the scientific world of to-day how we introduce our new species; naturalists had a severe lesson in this in the introduction of rabbits into Australia and English sparrows into America; but with the starling we have nothing to fear. Favorites as they are in Europe, of quick and sprightly ways, pleasing vocal powers, handsome in appearance and of endearing social ways, what a contrast are they to the English sparrow, and if the time ever comes when the starling is as abundant in America as some of our own native species, let us hope he will prove a better companion than that wretched little specimen, sparrow the tramp.

Sterne's Starling.

It was Lawrence Sterne's starling which could not get out. The bird is one of the famous birds in literature. The story is told as one of the incidents in the "Sentimental Journey." Sterne was in Paris; it was the year 1760 something, and a passport was one of the requirements of an Englishman traveling in France. This Sterne was without, and his predicament suggested the Bastile, whereupon he soliloquized:

And as for the Bastile—the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself; the Bastile is but another name for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year. But with 9 livres a day, and a pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within—at least for a month or six weeks, at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forgot what) to step into the courtyard as I settled this account, and I remember I walked downstairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning.

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out." I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage I heard the same words repeated twice over, and looking up I saw it was a starling in a little cage. "I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side toward which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity. "I can't get out," said the starling. "God help thee," said I; "but I'll let thee out, cost what it will." So I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire that there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. "I fear, poor creature," said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty." "No," said the starling, "I can't get out, I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits to which my reason had been a bubble were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile, and I heavily walked upstairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

* * * * * * *

I got into my remise the hour I proposed. La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in traveling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a history of this selfsame bird, which became the subject of the last chapter.

While the Honorable Mr. —— was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs, before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom, who, not caring to destroy it, had taken it in his breast into the packet, and, by course of feeding it and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the starling; and as he had little to do better the five months his master stayed there, he taught it in his mother's tongue the four simple words (and no more) to which I owned myself so much its debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy the lad had given it to the master of the hotel. But this little song for liberty being in an unknown language at Paris, the bird had little or no store set by him; so La Fleur bought him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learned his notes; and telling the story of him to Lord A., Lord A. begged the bird of me; in a week Lord A. gave him to Lord B.; Lord B. made a present of him to Lord C., and Lord C.'s gentleman sold him to Lord D.'s for a shilling; Lord D. gave him to Lord E., and so on, half around the alphabet. From that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners. But as all these wanted to get in, and my bird wanted to get out, he had almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if by mere chance have ever seen him, I beg leave to inform them that that bird was my bird, or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing further to add upon him, but that from that time to this I have borne this poor starling as a crest to my arms. And let the herald's officers twist his neck about if they dare.

Bobolink in Assiniboia.

ESTEVAN ASSA, Canada.—In compliance with the request of a correspondent in a recent issue of your excellent paper permit me to contribute a line or two relative of our feathered songsters, the bobolink. These birds—the Western variety, I presume—appear to be more plentiful in this vicinity the present season than at any time during the four seasons immediately preceding. As many as half a dozen together have frequently been seen flitting about on the prairie and at a date subsequent to which one would have supposed their maternal duties had commenced. The vicinity of clumps of dwarfish but fragrant flowering shrubs, known locally as wolf willow, appears to be their favorite haunt. Here, perched on a swaying twig and oftentimes far out on the open prairie in the midst of almost primeval solitude, the chance passer-by is greeted with their melodious song. W. M.

MAN AND NATURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My good and worthy brother, Ransacker, is much perturbed in his mind. Verily, the shaft which Coahoma sent forth on a mission of mercy hath smitten brother Ransacker in a spot where his tender conscience was but thinly armored, and he squirmeth, even as the humble reptile which he so much revileth from his vantage ground of superior intellect, and power for good or evil. Behold, hath he not rent his garment and cast dust upon his head? What shall I say therefore? Is it a small matter that a man array himself against his brother and go up against him in wrath and bitterness of words?

Nay, but a soft answer turneth away wrath, and I will even come bearing gifts and an olive branch in mine hand; for how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

And yet, without these friendly clashing of ideas we would all of us be the poorer; for flint to flint emits the spark, and new ideas are born of intellectual impacts. And thus have I profited by my friend's complainings of my ill usage of him It is true that man must shape the destinies of all earthly creatures, including his own. But does not that suggest a weighty responsibility, and the necessity for much circumspection in wielding such power over helpless or dependent fellow mortals?

Truly "we grope," as Ransacker wisely says, we are very much in the dark as regards our moral duty in the premises. And yet there are certain general guides which we may seek out and follow; and our discernment of these guides and proper application of them mark our progress in the grand procession to higher planes of mundane development, which we have been treading for countless ages in nature's wonderful drama—an endless procession in an endless drama, at the head of which man, by his superior development, enjoys the high distinction of being placed by nature.

Now what guide shall we follow in wielding such despotic power over the manifold forms of living and sentient beings which we find in such lavish profusion around us—fellow travelers in a voyage, the import of which we may well believe they have no comprehension—a mystery of which we ourselves can form but nebulous conceptions? We now know that we and they all belong to the same great family, all are children of the same prolific mother—good Dame Nature. We know that we were once as they are in mental limitations, and have gradually outstripped them in the march, by what means it boots not here to inquire.

We also know that the natural propensity of the mere animal is to slay, to destroy. We know that the nearer man dates back to the mere animal, the more prone he is to obey this natural instinct, born of "the struggle for life," to slay and destroy. We know that selfishness is the natural attribute of the brute, and the unnatural attribute of the brutish man, the more brutish the more selfish, and whatever shadowings of the divine have been evolved in man's higher nature are accurately measured by the degree of unselfishness implanted therein, a quality which marks our nearer attainment to that ultimate goal toward which man's destiny must lead.

But it may be accepted as axiomatic truth, that man's progress shall not be hindered by too great refinement of our sense of justice toward the lower order of animal existences. We might even go so far as to presume that the very purpose of these existences has reference only to the fulfillment of man's superior destiny; a position, however, which some philosophers disallow, and their view seems strengthened by the consideration that there are so many forms of life between whom and man is no discernible relationship except in conflict of interests. Such a presumption would seem to be the result of a circumscribed conception of nature's great schemes.

We may very properly, however, upon logical grounds, by analogy of reasoning upon nature's fundamental law of the "survival of the fittest," assume the right, or obligation, if you will, to remove from our path whatever obstacles may tend to hinder the grand march of nature's highest creature in this small globe of ours toward the ultimate goal of our development.

But while we are safe in going thus far, let us not use this power wantonly, but with extreme circumspection. It is safest to slay only when we know we are justified in killing an enemy. When we go beyond our own personal or racial interests, by what authority shall we assume to be the arbiters between nature's children? Have we the knowledge to justify ourselves in assuming this high province?

I opine to the contrary.

We know that rabbits were introduced into Australia by man's contrivance, thereby disturbing nature's equilibrium, and with dire results to man's interests. The same observation will apply to the introduction of the English sparrow into America, as well as to the introduction of certain apparently insignificant insects into the vinelands of California.

Verily, brethren, it behooveth us to be cautious and modest in asserting our superiority powers in nature's domain—even for purely selfish considerations—without invoking more exalted motives, lest peradventure our thoughtless temerity shall be our own undoing.

Now, friend Ransacker may be tempted to say, in the language of "Pinafore,"

> "Though I am by no means clever,
> I could talk like that forever."

And doubtless he could, or even a great deal better. But then, brother Ransacker, perhaps everybody cannot talk as you and I can, and mayhap these observations shall awaken reflections in the minds of some who would not otherwise have given a thought to the subject. There are so many people who would be so good if they were not so thoughtless!

But every moral dissertation should end with a moral, which in the present case I will try to define in condensed form, as follows: (1) Do not inflict needless suffering on any creature. (Apropos, you who are given to driving high-headed horses, release the check rein when your horse is standing. The neglect of this simple demand upon your consideration for the comfort of your beast is a crying evil, and shortens the period of your horse's usefulness.) (2) Do not kill any creature unless you feel well assured that man's higher interests demand such sacrifice of a life which you can easily destroy, but which the wisest man can never restore.

COAHOMA.

Mississippi.

The Weasels of North America.

UNDER the title "North American Fauna" the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture has for several years been sending out a number of interesting scientific papers. The last of these, No. 11, was published on June 30, 1896, and has recently reached us. It is a Synopsis of the Weasels of North America, by Dr. C Hart Merriam, Chief of the Division, and includes the one ferret and all of the weasels yet discovered in North America north of Panama. No less than twenty-two species and subspecies of true weasels are here recognized, eleven of which are now described for the first time. The ferret is the well-known black-footed ferret, originally described by Audubon and Bachman, then lost for a time, and afterward rediscovered. Its habitat is the plains of the West from western North Dakota and northern Montana south to Texas. It is about the size of the mink. All our other weasels are included by Dr. Merriam under the subgenus *Ictis*. They are widely distributed and are a useful group of mammals, for they prey to a very considerable extent on field mice and other small rodents which do great injury to the farmers' crops. Of course in addition to this they kill some useful birds, and in the neighborhood of houses they sometimes destroy poultry, but on the whole it is probable that the good which they do far outweighs the bad.

Besides numerous cuts of skulls found with the text, there are five full-page plates of skulls and jaws of different species of weasels, and in addition there is a frontispiece giving in heliotype illustration heads of the bridled weasel and black-footed ferret.

Some Montana Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Oct. 2, 1895, while riding through the northern portion of the Little Rocky Mountains in Montana, near the southern border line of the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation, and only two or three miles from the St. Paul Mission, I saw on Peoples Creek two specimens of the dipper (*Cinclus americanus*).

I cannot recall that I ever recognized this species further east than this point in northern Montana, though a good many years ago I reported it from the Black Hills of Wyoming, and it occurs in the Powder River region in Montana as well.

In the autumn of 1890, in the St. Mary's Lake region, while ascending Cataract Creek, the principal branch of the Swift Current River, a tributary of the St. Mary's River from the northeast, I saw a young specimen of the varied thrush (*Turdus nævius*). It was snowing at the time, and the bird was so little shy that it permitted me to ride almost directly under it, so that it was not more than 3 or 4yds. from me when I stopped and looked at it for a considerable space of time. There is no question as to the identification, although, not having a shotgun with me, I did not attempt to secure the bird. During this same trip I frequently saw small flocks of the western form of the Hudsonian titmouse (*Parus hudsonicus columbianus*), which were extremely common among the pine forests of the region.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

The Copperhead.

EAGLE ROCK, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The copperhead of Missouri, as described by Aztec in FOREST AND STREAM of July 11, must be a different snake from that of the Allegheny Valley. While the general marking of the snake resembles that of the rattler, the colors are much darker, being a dirty brown marked with spots of a lighter shade of the same color; no yellow color as in the rattler. The triangular-shaped head is a distinctive characteristic of this snake.

They, as well as the rattlesnakes, are quite numerous in this section. One was killed by the section men on the railroad near here last week. A man was bitten in the arm a few years ago near here while cutting weeds along the railroad track. His life was saved by the application of the flesh of freshly killed chickens and the use of whisky as a stimulant, but his arm was badly crippled and broke out in running sores a year after he was bitten. They are found near the stream where it is both wet and rocky, and also on the islands in the river, under slabs and logs on which they can crawl out to sun themselves. They are never found upon the ridges where the rattlers are generally met with. They are more feared than the rattler, principally because they give no warning of their presence, but strike on sight. They are not nearly so quick in their actions as the rattler.

MC.

A Lynx Family.

LOWELL, Me., July 13.—Since I was at the Sportsmen's Exposition in New York I have been under cover most of the time, with two months in the hospital, and am under the doctor's hands now. I am improving slowly, and hope to be at my camp by the open season for game.

The prospect of big game never has been better for years. I sent my grandson, N. C. Fogg and M. Stubbs up to my camps some three weeks ago, to make some improvements; they have returned and report moose signs plenty. They saw two feeding between sunset and dark in the water within easy range from the camp door. Wm. Staples, an old trapper, who is stopping at my camp to watch the dams that are full of water, caught three bears. My grandson set a trap and caught a large bear. When he and Mr. Staples came out last week they came down the stream in a canoe to the main road, and on their way, while passing through some wide dead water, they saw a Canada lynx with one young one crossing in front of them. The men paddled up to them and the lynx showed fight. They had nothing to capture them with but bare hands, and let them go ashore. As soon as they landed the little one scrambled up a tree. They saw two more small ones on the opposite side, and the old one was calling to them. The men paddled over to where they were, and the little fellows went up a tree like a squirrel.

J. DARLING.

Tornadoes and Cyclones.

THESE phenomena are entirely dissimilar in their manifestations. The terms are now generally used erroneously by the press.

The tornado is a sudden outburst of wind in an otherwise quiet, sultry atmosphere; it is ushered in by a loud, indescribable roar, similar to a continuous roll of thunder; its path is very narrow—seldom more than 500ft. wide at greatest destruction; it moves generally from southwest to northeast, and rarely extends more than twenty miles; it very often rises in the air, to descend again at a point a few miles ahead; it is always accompanied by thunderstorms, with often a bright glow in the cloud; this cloud has usually a funnel shape, which appears to be whirling, though some observers have described its appearance like that of a huge ball rolling forward. A tornado may be considered as the result of an extreme development of conditions which otherwise produce thunderstorms.

A cyclone, on the other hand, is a very broad storm, oftentimes 1,000 miles in diameter, and sometimes can be followed half around the world; the winds circulate about it from right to left, or the way one turns clock hands backward (in the Southern Hemisphere this motion is reversed). The air pressure always falls as one approaches the center, where, at sea, there is a portentous calm, with clear sky visible at times. The cyclone winds often rise to hurricane force, but are not to be compared with the extreme violence of the tornado, before which the most solid structures are razed.

The French term *trombe* or *tourbillon* describes almost exactly the tornado, which term was first applied to severe squalls, with funnel-shaped clouds, experienced on the west coast of Africa, and which to this day inspire the utmost fear in the minds of the natives.

WILLIS L. MOORE, Chief of Weather Bureau.

A Playful Deer.

DR. H. J. FREDERICK saw a pretty sight early one morning a short time ago. He was on his way to Chelsea in his carriage, when he saw ahead a full-grown deer. The deer saw him and ran on ahead a way, then turned and looked back at the doctor. As the latter approached, he jumped a fence and kept on part way up a hill, again stopping, evidently filled with animal curiosity. Again he ran and then for the last time he stopped, his head just showing against the blue sky amid a field of daisies over the brow of the hill. He finally ran as deer usually do, and disappeared into a ravine, where he was lost to sight in the dense verdure.—*Kennebec Journal, Augusta, Me., July 15.*

A Bull Caribou without Antlers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing in your columns accounts of buck deer minus antlers I am emboldened to mention that a well-grown caribou without antlers was shot by me some ten or twelve years ago in Aroostook county, Me. The bull was well developed and normal except as above mentioned.

The time of killing was in October. The skin on the skull was fully haired and not the least indentation of the bony process which supports antlers was discoverable. I have not before dared to put the fact in print, but the accounts of the hornless bucks lets me in. PINE TREE.

[This note is extremely interesting. Will our correspondent give us a little more detail of the occurrence, What was the animal's age by teeth? Was it alone or with companions? If in company, of what sex were the others? What was the condition of the animal? Did it appear to have taken part in the rut?]

Hornless Bucks.

LOWELL, Me.—I read in FOREST AND STREAM about the hornless buck. Some ten years ago I killed in November an old buck that had no horns, but there were rough nubs that were just through the hair. I also saw another buck, killed at Pistol Lake, which we judged to be four or five years old and which had straight horns 1ft. long and large at the head.

JONATHAN DARLING.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE HUNTING RIFLE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My letter in defense of Tiam, printed in your paper of Feb. 8, set a number of your correspondents to pitching into me; not because of my defense of Tiam—for no one seems to have found fault with that, nor indeed to have mentioned it, I believe, except Dick of Connecticut, who acknowledged that I was right in supposing that when he wrote his criticism of Tiam he had never hunted moose—but because I said I thought if people would learn to hunt and to shoot they would not need the large bored, heavily charged guns when lighter ones would do the work, giving as an example my own experience of some years with a .44-40 Winchester. My idea is that good work is due more to the skill of the workman than to the quality of his tools, that a poor workman cannot do good work no matter what kind of tools he has, and that the man is a much more important factor in hunting than the gun. A majority of those who wrote about my views as to heavy guns disagreed with me, or rather said or thought that they disagreed with me. I put it this way because some of them misunderstood what I said and my position. A minority, composed of hunters some of whom could count their deer, etc., by the hundred, agreed with me that large calibers and heavy charges are not necessary for the kind of hunting I was writing about—moose hunting. I think a man should use a gun suited to the conditions surrounding his hunting and under which it is to be done, the kind of game he expects to kill, and his own ability and qualifications as a hunter and shot. The great bulk of our moose hunting is done in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and northern Maine. Very few moose are killed in these localities at over 200yds., probably a large majority at less than 100yds., so that the kind of gun needed differs from that required for open country long range shooting, such as may be had west of the Mississippi. I am not an advocate of small bores; I shoot a .44cal. gun, which is only a hundredth of an inch smaller than the army Springfield, and large enough for any game found in the localities above named.

A rifle is heavy or light according to its powder and lead, not the weight of material in stock and barrel. A .44 40 I call a light gun, a .45 90 or .50-110 a heavy one. When I wrote that "It would not occur to me to carry a .50-110 or even a .45-90 for hunting. I might use such a gun at a 500 or 600yds. target match," I was on the general subject of light and heavy guns, and what I wrote meant that it would not occur to me to carry guns of such large caliber as .50, for instance, or shooting 90 or

110grs. of powder, while I might use such calibers or charges on a rifle range. I did not refer to any particular make of gun, nor did I say what weight ball I would use if going on a rifle range; long range rifle shooting was not under discussion. Range shooting at a target and hunting shooting at game are two very different things, done in different ways, and calling for different qualifications in the shooter. I confess that I have had a great deal of amusement from some of the letters, that of Hersey, of Santa Fé, for instance, who says: "Many hunters, if they make a chance shot with a gun and kill some large game at fairly long range, believe that they can always do it with that gun, and that no other gun could possibly equal it." Then he suggests shooting a sick horse or cow to see what a gun will do.

Burkhard, of Los Angeles, says I am "either a wonderful rifle shot or had a long run of good luck." Why he says this I do not know, for I mentioned no difficult shots, but only two or three which showed that the .44cal. gun would kill moose at the distance for shooting at which Tiam had been blamed. The most amusing are the letters from H. W. Brannock and others, including particularly one by H. B. S. in your paper of April 18—who give me a lot of advice and information about trajectories, perforation and scientific shooting.

Nearly all the writers of these letters make the mistake of assuming that I advocated some particular kind of rifle and a small bore for hunting moose. An examination of my letter will show that I said I had "hunted for years with a '73 model .44 40 Winchester with a 20in. round barrel," and had "killed a good many moose with it," and that I mentioned a few shots made with that gun, ending with this paragraph: "My advice to would-be moose killers is, learn to hunt and learn to shoot; you will soon see that you do not need a heavy gun nor pack load of ammunition. Enjoy the hunting, of which the killing is a small part."

I have never said, nor written, that a .44-40 or any other gun was the best for moose. There is no best gun for any kind of game except in the opinion of the man who uses it, and then it is the one he can use best. A hunter can kill a moose with almost any kind of gun. Old John Cheney, in the Adirondacks, showed me his moose gun in 1858: a piece of rifle barrel 18in. long with a pistol stock. He killed a good many moose with that, shooting a round ball, and thought it just the thing. It was light, easily carried and handy.

After reading what is to me, and those who know me, perhaps the most amusing letter of all, that of Frank H. Risteen in your issue of May 9, I repeat with emphasis the quotation from my January letter: "Learn to hunt and learn to shoot; you will soon see that you do not need a heavy gun nor pack load of ammunition."

I opine, from what Messrs. H. B. S. and Risteen say, that they are not good hunting shots, while perhaps good shots at a mark. H. B. S. seems to think the killing a moose running, at 200yds, so strange a thing as to require scientific explanation and suggests the old woman's way of doing it with closed eyes; while Risteen, who apparently has never tried that sort of shot, intimated that a gale of wind perhaps helped matters. I mentioned the shot only to show that at 220yds. the gun had put a ball clear through a full-grown bull moose; the running was simply part of the description of the incident, which I did not suppose would call for comment. A moose is an animal easier to still-hunt than a deer and certainly much easier to hit running at 200yds. than a Virginia deer is, doing the same thing, at 150yds. Mr. Risteen speaks of one of his friends as a great dispenser of lead and mentions his putting four shots from a .45 85 at 50yds. range in a caribou, which "still stood up and disputed the right of way." Not many years ago I went after caribou, one cold, windy, cloudy day in the last week of October, carrying a common Springfield cavalry carbine. I killed first a very large stag, running, at 250yds. Not being used to the gun, I gave too much law the first shot and struck the brow prong of his left antler; the next shot doubled him up dead. An hour after I killed two standing at 167yds., and later, after letting a number go unshot at, I killed a very fine stag in the open, which "disputed the right of way," but instead of taking four shots, dropped at one as though struck by lightning.

H. B. S. thinks a man to hunt moose should be able to puncture his cap with commendable regularity at 200yds., and Mr. Risteen also lugs in the rifle range and seems to think that "the man who has learned by careful and conscientious practice on the range how to handle a rifle" will make the best hunting shot. I admit that, as he says, such a man "will discount the Indian" shooting at a mark at least, because Indians, as a rule, are poor shots, but he will not discount any sort of a hunting shot shooting at game.

Good range shots are apt to be very indifferent shots on game. I have seen plenty of them tried. The two sorts of shooting are, as I have said, done in different ways and calling for different qualifications in the shooter. No game animal that I have hunted ever posed for me to go through the performances mentioned by Mr. Risteen in your paper of May 9 as those ordinarily to be gone through by the would-be moose killer in getting off a shot. The range shooter fires at a known distance, he can watch the flags and wind clock for the force and direction of the wind, ought to be posted on the effect of light and temperature, and tries to fire all his shots when the conditions are the same. It is all a matter of cold-blooded calculation: the conditions being favorable, wind gauge and sights properly adjusted, the shot ought to be "a bull well in at 6 o'clock," or the like. In hunting shooting there is no time for a series of observations to be collected and digested into a programme of action.

If the man with the gun has, as I suggested, learned to hunt and to shoot, he does not say the distance is 225yds., and stop to adjust an elevating sight, for he will not have one on his gun; nor will he mutter, the wind is a fifteen-mile one at 3 o'clock; the light is so and so; I must assume this or that position; and I must be sure to squeeze my trigger, not pull it; he will simply clap his gun to his shoulder and drop his game in the little opening across which he has noted it must run, before the range shooter has his sight half adjusted. A piano player does not stop to measure distances or to say I am an inch and a half further from the instrument than I was yesterday, I must recalculate the distance to the keys; he looks at the notes, and his trained hands strike keys and chords with unerring certainty. So with the hunting shot, brain, eye and hand have been trained by long practice; he knows just what he can do and what his gun can do, so that when the gun comes to his face it comes there right for whatever the conditions are, without conscious effort on his part—the proper estimate of distance, character of sight, allowance for wind, speed of animal, light, character of ground, etc., have all been made in a flash, and like as not, after he has fired, he cannot tell precisely how much of his front sight he saw or perhaps other details of how he shot. A quick lens and plate will catch an animal on the run, while a Carbutt B, about sensitometer No. 16, will take several seconds exposure and the game run perhaps 100yds. in that time. A good hunting shot soon picks up range shooting, but it takes longer for the range shooter to become a good hunting shot. If H. B. S. were to ask me to shoot a match with my friend Dr. Wilson, of Savannah, Ga., who in the recent matches there made 148 out of 150 at 200yds., off-hand, with a three-groove Springfield army gun, I would refuse, because I cannot make that sort of score, but I would not hesitate a moment to shoot against him at game. It is true, I have shot on a range for eight or nine years. In our D. C. National Guard every officer and man is required to fire two scores of five shots each in the gallery, and the same on the range, at each of the four distances, 200, 300, 500 and 600yds., a possible total of 400. I have qualified as sharpshooter with a score of 394, well above the necessary 80 per cent., but that did not help my hunting shooting. I learned the latter years before I ever went on a rifle range. My hunting shooting I found of great service in picking up skirmish running on the range, because there one has to act promptly and quickly to get in a half dozen or more shots in a halt of thirty seconds with a single shot Springfield. Mr. Risteen wants "a weapon that will get there with approximate adjacency." I want a gun to shoot where I hold it. The gun to depend on me, not I on the gun. The "approximate adjacency" means simply what I referred to in my January letter, a gun so large that a ball from it striking anywhere in the vicinity of the game will deal death and destruction, so making up for the lack of learning to hunt and shoot.

H. B. S wants a scientific explanation of the method of killing game running. When I was a youngster at the University of Pennsylvania we were required to construct curves from their equations. A friend and I used to work out our demonstration as we sauntered homeward across the campus, pocket our notebooks, and spend the afternoon trying to solve the mysteries of $y^2=2px$, incidence and reflection, as applied to a cricket ball. No theoretical demonstration on paper will enable a batsman to keep up his wicket against a good bowler, and if I were to show H. B. S, in a way I thought conclusive, that—M, representing a moose; D, its distance; S, the speed at which it moved; H, a hunter; W, a Winchester; V, the velocity of a ball from the W; $y^2=2px$, the equation of the parabola described by the ball, etc.—P would necessarily be the point at which he should sight in order to "puncture" the moose in a vital spot, it would not enable him to kill a moose running. It is true, that is not a difficult thing for a fair hunting shot to do; but, like killing a bird on the wing, one must know how.

Risteen thinks I should be impounded because I can kill a moose with a .44-40 Winchester.

I went on my first moose hunt in the winter of 1860–61 on snowshoes. I killed my last moose two years ago, not hunting last year. The moose that have got away from me have been those at which I did not shoot. When I have wanted one and shot at it, I have killed it. I do not infer from Mr. Risteen's letter that his record is of that kind, as he seems, with others, to be still hankering after some sort of weapon that will not let game get away.

It may do no harm to my well-meaning advisers to say that I have been hunting with a rifle, more or less, for some thirty-eight or forty years, for thirty-five of which I have used breechloaders, and have handled, hunted with and tried all sorts of makes, shapes, actions, calibers, charges, lengths, stocks, sights, etc., from the old Halls and Perrys of ante-bellum days down to the latest improved Winchesters, Marlins and the like. I profess to know something about hunting, and can track game as well as I can shoot it. I am not wedded to any particular make of gun. I shoot a Winchester because it is convenient and has never failed me, and use a short barrel because, having only my left arm and the hand of that crippled, I can handle it better than a long one. The .44-40 cartridge has so far done all I wanted, so I have not used a heavier one as my standard. I have killed game with all sorts of guns. On one hunt years ago I shot two Maynards, one .50cal.; shot a bear one day with a .66 model Winchester, and two days after another with a Ballard. I have killed a panther with an old muzzleloader when nothing else was to be had, and deer, etc., with all sorts of guns. Several years ago I thought of using the .45-60 Winchester, but let it go. It would be a much more useful gun than the .45-90, which is overcharged with powder and good only for close range. When I reflect that since September, 1864, I have to do my shooting, hunting or otherwise, with only a crippled left hand, earning a reputation from West Virginia to far northern Canada for never letting game I wanted get away from me, it seems strange to find a lot of two-handed people clamoring for a gun that will do dear knows what, instead of using their superabundance of hands and arms. I sum the whole thing in a nutshell: A man who can shoot can kill a moose with almost any kind of gun, therefore learn to shoot and you need only to use whatever gun happens to be about.

As there is no moose hunting now until Sept. 1, I remark that I have fished for many years with a little 6oz. greenheart and bamboo trout rod with a red cedar handle, and have caught quantities of trout with it as well as bass, and big ones too. Now if any of the rifle caliber correspondents are fishermen, I suppose it will be in order for them to write to you to say that I should be impounded for using such a weapon; that a trout can be killed quicker and with more certainty by yanking it out with a catfish hook, cord and "pole," and dashing its brains out against a tree.

CECIL CLAY.

REPORT YOUR LUCK

With Rod or Gun

To FOREST AND STREAM,

New York City.

30CAL. MILITARY AND SPORTING RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"IT is a mistake to suppose that these knitting-needle guns will not shoot straight."

This unqualified statement coming from a man who seems to be somewhat of a rifleman is a surprise to me, and it is also opposed to the experience and observation of other riflemen with whom I am acquainted. The writer has handled and knows the best results obtainable from almost every smokeless powder military rifle used by the different nations and he has yet to see the first gun of this class that can be depended upon to do reliable work at practical game ranges—100 to 250yds. Some of these rifles shoot remarkably well at long ranges, but not one that I know of will do the true and steady work required of a hunting rifle of even the second or third class.

The reason is evident: A quick twist and high velocity gives the long bullet an unsteady initial flight and it does not settle down to sober business until after it has traveled 300 or 400yds. It illustrates in an exaggerated degree the characteristic of the old-time long-range rifle—a vain ambition of the base of the bullet to get ahead of its point. Against military rifles for military uses I have nothing to say; in time they may prove perfectly satisfactory, even for sharpshooting. It is against the misuse of them that I wish to enter an emphatic protest, and also against the questionable action of the manufacturers in pushing upon the sporting fraternity this gun, but slightly modified and disguised under the name of the "latest improved 30cal. smokeless powder hunting rifle."

Too much nonsense is indulged in over these new rifles—both by the manufacturers with their Munchausen tales of the accurate and terrible execution done by these guns in far away lands, and by our inexperienced sportsmen who lose their heads completely over the flat trajectory and 60in. penetration of the steel-jacketed bullet. I have talked with a number of the latter, and they were utterly incapable of realizing that these two features in this arm are of but little practical value for hunting purposes, and that there was really nothing for them to work up any enthusiasm over. This smokeless .30cal. craze reminds one of the "explosive" bullet mania of about twenty years ago. It took many sportsmen several years to learn that the expansive bullet was actually the better killer of the two. For the benefit of the N. B. gentleman I will cite a few extracts from the record of the tests made by Gov. Morton's special commissioners appointed to select for the use of the National Guard the best smokeless powder military rifle made in this country. The tests were concluded but a few weeks ago, and as the ability of the commissioners and the marksmanship of the experts cannot be questioned, the results of the tests ought to be quite interesting to those sportsmen who are contemplating the purchase of the new rhinoceros gun. In order to make a comparison of these military guns with our black powder sporting rifles, I must first classify the latter in the order of their accuracy:

A first-class rifle, .32 40-165, will shoot nearly all of its shots into a 6in. circle at 200yds.

A second class, .45-75 350, will require an 8in. ring to inclose them.

A third class, .38 90-250, needs a 12in. bullseye to hold them.

While a fourth-class rifle, .50 110-300, will not throw its bullets into anything smaller than a 20in. circle at that distance.

What will the .30cal. smokeless powder military rifles do? If we are to credit all that we hear or see in print about these rifles they will simply do wonders; but the truth is, too much vermilion is used in painting the reports of the remarkable accuracy and killing power of these guns. For example, the gentleman in N. B. informs us that "In England last year a battalion team of eight men, shooting at Queen's ranges (200, 500 and 600yds.), averaged 96 points. Another tells us that these rifles will shoot a long series of shots into a 7in. ring at 500yds. Still another claims that they will shoot 5 consecutive shots into a 3in. circle at 200yds. In reply to the statement that 96 points were made by the Englishmen with the Lee-Metford arm, I must first ask the gentleman who gives us such lucid information to be sufficiently definite to name the number of rounds fired by the marksmen while making this score. If it was the 70-round match, the score should be buried, not published, as 96 points out of a possible 280 deserves no better fate. But if the man means that the marksmen made 96 per cent.—oh, shades of Æsculapius and Hippocrates! take him under the sheltering care of your remedial wings at once, and quietly remind the gentleman who wears "rock maple pants" that the best official score made in the English army with this or any other smokeless powder rifle is 208 out of a possible 280—70 rounds, individual firing, bullseye counting 4.

As for any of these guns shooting a string of 5 or 10 shots into a 7in. circle at 500yds., or into a 3in. ring at 200yds., I must place myself on record as a doubting Thomas. I have never seen it done, and as near as I can learn no such score has ever been attempted, much less accomplished. A 3ft. circle at 200yds. strains the capacity of many of these rifles, as you will note by referring to the commissioners' record. Take, for example, the first gun tested. The inventor, an excellent shot, fired from rest two strings of 15 shots each at the regulation 8×10in. ellipse at 200yds. The expert marksman of many medals then took the gun and fired the same number of shots at the same distance. Between them they scored 5 bullseyes; 20 shots struck outside of the 24×30in. ellipse—part of this number missing even the 40×50in. circle—while several of the bullets failed to find the 4×6ft. target. The second rifle was first shot by the manufacturer's expert, then by the commissioner's marksman. The combined score counted 8 bullseyes out of 30 shots, 12 bullets striking outside of the 24×30in. circle and in the 40×50in. ellipse, with two shots off target.

The third gun's accuracy was tested by the private and the official experts, who together scored 4 bullseyes out of 27 shots, 11 bullets striking the 40×50in ellipse, with 3 off target.

The fourth gun, made by the best rifle makers in this or any other country, was brought out to show the commissioners what it could do, and it did the most regular work of any of the six rifles tested. The two experts fired 60 shots in strings of 15 and scored 16 bullseyes, with 9 shots in the 40×50in. circle and 8 on the outer target—none off the target!

Only once out of the many 15 strings at 200yds. did the

experts succeed in placing 10 consecutive shots into the 24×30in. ellipse. Sights and conditions were sufficiently fine and favorable to call for much better shooting at 100 and 200yds. This claim is strengthened by the fact that when the distances were increased the shooting improved—the best by far was done during the contest at 800yds.—which goes to show that the construction of the rifle and the proportions of the ammunition can be held accountable for the crazy short-range work. It is a long-range gun that is unreliable at short distances. When the experts were cut down to the 100yd. range even the 24×30in. target was missed, and 10 consecutive shots were not placed in the 8×10in. bullseye! This kind of shooting might do on the battlefield, where it made no difference which man was hit, but not so for game shooting, where it often happens that your only target is a small patch of black, brown, gray or white hair that your humane heart tells you must be hit fair or not at all.

From the above record, which is a fair sample of the accuracy of smokeless powder rifles in general, we can arrive at but one conclusion: that is, the smokeless powder rifles do not compare in accuracy with the lowest class black powder sporting rifles at their ranges; and in order to classify these new guns we must use a larger circle, and that is impracticable, as the fourth class rifles strain reliability a trifle too much already. Should these military arms in time develop an accuracy sufficient to admit of their being used on large game, their want of power would still place them at a great disadvantage. The readers of the FOREST AND STREAM have already had their attention called to the fact that when the soft nose bullet is substituted for the regular steel-jacketed projectile it loses over 80 per cent. of its penetration and is of but little service for anything larger than small deer at broadside shots; and when we come to consider the "improved (?) smokeless powder sporting rifles" this defect is increased to an alarming extent, as these hunting humbugs have but a trifle over one-half the penetration of the military guns, or less than one-quarter of the power of the .45-75, and should be thrown entirely out of consideration when a rifle is wanted for moose or big bears. As my friend Brannock knows the killing power of bullets I was not surprised to see him brace himself to keep from falling in a faint when a certain barbarian rifle maker told us that in India his gun repeatedly killed with a single shot the biggest elephants found, and that it was a common trick among sportsmen to bag two rhinoceros with a single bullet, shooting them while standing end to end, the bullet going through both animals and killing them like a stroke of lightning. H. B. S.

NORWICH, CONN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Forestry Commission.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 16.—Three members of the U. S. Forestry Commission were in Chicago this week on their way West to inspect the new forest reserves in northwest Montana and the forests of the Puget Sound and Oregon regions. The members present here were Prof. W. H. Brewer, of Yola Univ.; Prof. C. H. Sargent, of Harvard, and Gen. H. L. Abbott, U.S.A. There are seven members of the commission, and two more will join the above mentioned later on, only five being on this tour. It is their duty to investigate matters at each national reserve and report any needed legislation for the betterment of the forests and streams thereon.

Uniformed Game Wardens.

Mr. Michael H. Cahill, of Madison, Wis., deserves thanks for an idea entitled to be called new. In a letter just at hand he calls attention to the need of better protection for the big game of the pine woods country, where, he says, the local warden system is useless because no resident dares proceed against another. Mr. Cahill thinks the wardens for the deer country should all be non-residents, appointed from the southern part of the State. He adds:

"All these wardens should be mounted on good horses and armed with a .38cal. revolver and with a .88cal. carbine carrying a sword bayonet. The pistol cartridge should be shorter and carry less powder and lead than that of the carbine. The uniform should be of gray cloth, because that is best and most serviceable, and a badge made out of nickel should be worn with the uniform. Horses are cheap now, and the mounts would not cost the State so much as formerly."

I do not deny that a warden made up as Mr. Cahill suggests would be a very imposing personage, perhaps more so than any game warden of our country has yet been, but I fear Mr. Cahill has not been much in the Wisconsin deer country, or he would realize the difficulty of getting a horse—even if ridden by a man with a badge—more than 10ft. into some of the swamp windfalls where the pack trails go. Mr. Cahill thinks that game protection should be a national matter, and says:

"There should be a plank in the platform of all the political parties pledging them to the protection of the wild game in all our States and Territories. The People's party meets in convention at St. Louis July 22, and the Democrats are in convention now at Chicago. Will you try to get a good plank put in the platform of these parties?"

Unfortunately I was away fishing at the time of the Democratic convention, and I will be away fishing again at the time of the Populist convention, so a great many national affairs will have to go unadjusted for awhile yet; but I will have the planks put in four years from now—unless I should be out fishing again. But I think there ought to be a drum corps go with the brigade of mounted wardens.

Alaska Aztecs.

An item in the daily press states that horses were unknown in the new gold country of Alaska until the present season, when a mining party took some in at the expense of great effort. The natives of the Indian villages were wild with fright at seeing these new creatures, and it is said that even the dogs took howling to the woods in terror at the apparition. It would seem there is some new country left, after all. What will the Alaskan Aztecs say when they see the bicycle?

A Handsome Steal.

Funny things sometimes happen in the newspaper business. Yesterday a reporter came into this office from the Chicago *Tribune*. He bore a clipping from a Chicago evening paper purporting to tell of certain good catches of fish in different parts of the country, especially in Wisconsin. The reporter was instructed to learn whether I could give any information concerning those large catches and the addresses of the anglers named. I looked at the clipping of "news" items, and at once recognized the matter as my own, taken direct from the "Chicago and the West" of the current week of FOREST AND STREAM. Further on came very full news of the salmon, trout and other fishing in Maine and other Eastern States. This I recognized at once as also taken direct from the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. It was a very handsome steal, with no credit of course, and all handled with a lovely air of journalistic confidence only marred in respect of a place or two where the news editor had fallen down in his attempts to be briefer and wiser than the men who paid for the news. So I was able to give the *Tribune* man very good directions about the facts which its less conscientious contemporary had swiped bodily from FOREST AND STREAM. Don't believe everything you see in the papers, unless it's in FOREST AND STREAM.

In Chicago.

Mr. C. E. Willard, of the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., is in Chicago this week, looking well and doing well. Mr. Willard was instrumental in the recent sale of about 4,000 revolvers to the New York police force, of a new, small caliber model. They will probably try it on a dog, and they do say there are several of the "finest" who can hit a dog these days.

Mr. Harry A. Loughran, of the Iroquois Gun and Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., is in the city for a time and called on FOREST AND STREAM here, as I hope every sportsman of the country will when he is in chicago. That is what the office is for.

Mr. Eugene H. Lahee, late of Alton, Ill., a sportsman and rifle shot of skill, has engaged in business in Chicago, being now treasurer of the Indiana Steel Casting Co., of 1121 Monadnock Block. I trust we shall now hear more of those once famous rifle competitions in which Mr. Lahee, his friend Mr. H. R. Wills, of Alton; the Chief-with-two-Stomachs, of New York, and the writer used formerly to engage. I still have the pewter championship cup I won after many struggles, and I were a poor sort of champion if I did not put up my trophies for a few last final contests before retiring from the field. Will anny of these gentlemen step upon my coat?

Death.

Very shocking were the fatalities this week in the family of Mr. M. R. Bortree, of this city, the president of the National Association and well known in protective matters. Within twenty-four hours two of the brothers, Edward L., aged fifty-four, and Franklin S., aged fifty-seven, were taken away by sudden death. The former died on Saturday of cerebral hemorrhage, and the latter the next day of apoplexy. Both were well-known and respected business men. Mr. M. R. Bortree and Mr. H. W. Bortree remain of the family of four brothers, and are entitled to the sympathy of friends at such a serious and so sudden a loss.

Very Ill.

Mr. Chas. Kern, a prominent sportsman of Chicago, often president of the Audubon Gun Club, and ex-president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, lies seriously ill at this writing. His many friends hope his ultimate recovery. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

DOES HOUNDING MAKE DEER SHY?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. W. W. Mosher, in your paper of July 18, says that "just so sure as hounding is stopped deer will be wiped out. Hounding keeps them wild, and not so easily approached by the still-hunter."

Is this so? I have always understood, from what the woodsmen in the northern part of Herkimer county said, that hounding made no difference in the still-hunters' prospects, but if still-hunters hunt the ground over for a few days the deer get so wild that nothing but the hardest kind of work would bring the hunter in sight and range of his game. Van Dyke, in his "Still-Hunter," I believe, says that only a still-hunter will make deer wild as regards still-hunters.

I have still-hunted in the Moose River region of the Adirondacks the day after the hounding season closed, when the deer had been kept on the jump for weeks, and found them far easier to approach than at the beginning of the hounding season. The trouble with hounding is not that it makes the deer hard to kill, but that it renders them easy victims to anybody.

When a deer is running at full speed, with a bellowing brute of a dog after it, it cannot exercise its faculties; it has no time to think, and so it rushes to the deadly foe on the water's edge, where it would not have gone under any circumstances.

When the still-hunter puts his wits against the deer's he does so at a time when the deer is in a quiet, calculating mood; but the one who kills deer before a dog requires about as many wits to kill a deer as an old cow does to eat grass. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK.

HOW TO HOLD A REVOLVER ON GAME.

DENVER, Col.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the mountain and plainsmen there seems to be one word of advice to the tenderfoot trying his first six-shooter: "Let her lie loose in your hand." My .45 Colt's, double-action, 3½in. barrel, jumps halfway to my shoulder, but the tin can has a hole in it all the same. The gun is held as loosely in the hand as possible, and the arm partly bent and as flexible as possible, yet the gun jumps as much as it wants to. No man I have ever seen can hold either the .45 Colt's or the .44 S. & W. to place when it recoils. If the barrel is short enough the bullet is safely out of the barrel before it jumps, on the same principle as a cannon is fired. What our target friends say about the trigger pull is just as true in practical use as at the target.

If you are hungry and want that jack rabbit for supper to help out the bacon, try this way: Sit down (with due regard to cactus), with your knees drawn up, heels together, if comfortable, put an elbow on each knee, hold your six-shooter loosely in both hands, with the ball of your left forefinger resting on the nail of your right forefinger, and blaze away. If you grip your gun good and hard you will probably have bacon straight two times before dinner (beg pardon—luncheon) next day. If you "let her kick" you may have rabbit.

As to shooting from horseback when on the gallop, there is only one way: "Throw your bullet" just as you would a stone—on the same principle as our shotgun friends sometimes shoot—snap shooting. A good shot can gallop along a wire fence and put a bullet into every post for six shots. There is no chance to aim through the sights whatever. Do not look at your six-shooter; look at what you want to hit. Nothing but practice, practice, practice, will give you this art; and on acquiring it, it is as easily lost as it is hard to gain. It takes about as much practice to do this well as it does to play a violin well. It is not for target use at all, remember, and is not as accurate as sighting when standing still; but for a snap shot across a table, from a running horse, or in a tossing boat, where an ordinary sighting shot would be useless, this way of "throwing the bullet" will give you "a fighting chance" to hit your object. SIX-SHOOTER.

Migration of Quail.

MARYLAND shotgun sportsmen anticipate sport near home next fall. For three years disappointment has marked the efforts of sportsmen who have tried to find quail. Harsh winters and the drowning rains of spring have been credited with being the cause of the scarcity of birds.

The absence of birds near home caused gunners to go to distant points, and many who went to Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina found game equally scarce there.

This scarcity has produced some good results, which are now beginning to show. Stock birds were bought in the far South and turned loose in Maryland, where they have increased and multiplied. The fact of young broods of quail being found several weeks earlier than usual in this State aroused careful attention on part of the sportsmen who are ornithologists, and they have decided that the early hatchings were due to the fact that the parent birds were natives of the South, which hatched early under the influence of the warm weather of last spring.

Mr. Joseph Newkirk, an old and experienced gunner, decided to test the question as to migratory habits of the quail. Two years ago he turned loose 200 birds at Grace's Quarters, Baltimore county. Quail have four toes, and he cut off the back toe of each one liberated. He advertised the fact, and shortly afterward found that one of the old birds had been killed ten miles north of the point at which it was turned out.

The questions which present themselves to persons who are interested in restocking and preserving quail are many, and the scarcity of the gamest of birds should now bring the matter to notice more forcibly than it ever has been. Instinct would naturally cause the birds to migrate to the South when a severe winter comes.

Though it was equally as cold in Maryland as it was in Virginia during the last four winters, the percentage of birds found in the autumn to the number usually found was greater in upper Maryland than in the lower counties of the State and in Virginia and in the Carolinas.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Maine Big Game.

DEAD RIVER, Me.—Thinking that perhaps a few items of the prospects of big game for the coming season would be of interest to some of the FOREST AND STREAM readers, I send the following:

Moose are getting to be very plenty; several large bulls have been seen, besides numerous cows and calves.

Deer are numerous; to see four or six at a time is nothing new this season. A drove of eleven deer were seen at two different times recently.

Partridges, ducks, foxes, rabbits and squirrels are without doubt more plenty than ever recorded.

The trout fishing in our lakes, ponds and streams is very good. Guides J. G. and H. E. Harlow were at Otter Pond last week with a party of four gentlemen, and in three and one-half hours' fishing they got 446 trout; average weight better than ¼lb.

More large game was taken in this section last season than in the rest of the Dead River region.

Do not think that we are away back in some almost inaccessible place, for we have a railroad with two trains per day from Boston within six miles of this great game region.

If any brother sportsmen are interested in this new region or have any intentions of coming back here into Maine, we will gladly and cheerfully send them any information they want of the numerous camps and hotels in this section. J. G. AND H. E. HARLOW.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Old Juan Gomez.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue allusion is made to my old friend Juan Gomez, of Panther, Ky., whom I first brought to the notice of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM some fifteen years ago. Old John Gomez, as he is known on the west coast of Florida, is still a hale, hearty and patriarchal old boy, though nearly 120 years of age. He is currently reputed to have been a buccaneer in his early days. I once questioned him concerning this rumor, when he replied:

"Yes, when I was a young-a man I was a little wild-a. I s'pose-a w'at you call a pirat'; but when I got-a married my wife-a she no like-a dat pirat' biz, so I reform-a."

"You reformed and quit such a nefarious business, then?"

"Oh, yes; my wife-a no like-a dat, so I reform-a and go into a respect-a biz!"

"What business was that?"

"I refit-a my schooner and go in de slave-a trade!"

J. A. HENSHALL.

TAMPA, July 9.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

III.—John Atwood.

LOOKED at from later years John was not a bad boy, neither was he a good boy, but just one of those ne'er-do-wells that could not be kept in school nor out of the woods. He was long of leg and could tell where most of the bird's nests were within a circle of two miles with the schoolhouse as a center. His acquirements at school dwarfed beside his knowledge of the best "fishin' holes," and some parents I knew did not look upon John as a desirable companion for a younger boy. He was some three years my senior and his knowledge of the country roads, and of the birds, beasts and fishes made him easily a leader of boys who had a taste for such things.

It was long after Reuben Wood had shown me how to fish that I sat on the railroad dock fishing with a pole and float, for the Albany & Boston Railroad had invaded the village, coming down between the present site of the Episcopal Church and the district school to where the lower bridge to Albany now spans the Hudson, and it made a good fishing place for boys. John Atwood came there that Saturday morning and sneered at my tackle. "Yes," said he, "that's the way Reub Wood fishes, but there ain't no fun in it, for you h'ist 'em out too quick with a pole; throw that away and take off yer float, rig yer sinker below the hooks, and when you get a fish haul 'em in hand over hand and feel 'em wiggle all the way in, that's sport!" John's advice was followed and approved, the heavy sinker with two or three hooks pendant above it was swung around two or three times and away it went with a plunk, and a new style of fishing was acquired, much to Reuben's disgust, but the majority of boys about Greenbush seemed to prefer this mode. The fish that we took in the Hudson then were white and yellow perch, bullheads, shiners, eels, spawn-eaters (which were small minnows) and an occasional sucker; but John knew of the mud creek and the dead creek, a couple of miles down the river, where the fish were larger and more plenty.

One Friday morning while on the way to school John was met. Two boys were with him, and they were on the way to the mud creek with all equipments. It was in the spring of the year, and John said:

"Come along and have some good fishin'; I wouldn't go to school when the fish are biting as they are now. We are going to stay till Sunday night, and have three days' fishin' and birds' nestin'. Come along; you're a fool if you don't."

"Where will you sleep?'

"In Rivenburg's barn in the hay; it's good and warm, and we got lots o' grub an' lines."

Here was temptation in very strong shape, but the consequences loomed up. His mother was a widow, mine was not. I could square it with mother, but— After some debate the books were left at the schoolhouse, a hasty note written to mother, saying that I would be home Sunday night, and we went.

Such fun! John cooked fish over coals of fire, we covered ourselves in the hay at night, and the crickets sang weird songs, the bats flapped about, the frogs sung and the owls hooted. Surely this beat Robinson Crusoe all hollow, for he was all alone for a while. This was life of an ideal kind. Sunday night, when a reckoning might be made, seemed too far off for consideration. The present life was perfect!

We made explorations across the bottom lands and up the wooded hills, saw wild pigeons, and John wished for a gun; chipmunks, squirrels, birds of kinds new to most of us, but which John could name, and a rabbit! Here was big game indeed, and when John oracularly said, "School is a fool to this place," there was no dissenting voice, and all regretted when the time came to depart. We had more fish than we could carry and only took the freshest and best, and toiled wearily homeward, one in the party at least dreading the arrival. What mother said over the torn clothes and spoiled shoes we will not repeat, but when father invited me to a conference in the woodshed she said: "Joseph, I have punished him severely, and he has promised never to go off again without permission, and he should not be punished twice for the same offense." A look of disappointment crossed father's face; he evidently missed something that he had mentally promised himself and me, but as I told John Atwood next day: "Mother spanked hard with her slipper, but it was nothing to what she saved me from," and John agreed that it happened just right. "But," said he, "we are going there next Friday for three days more of it; will you go?"

"No, I can't; I must go to school."

"Ask yer mother; she'll let you."

"Not now; father would object; wait a little later and I'll join you there on some Saturday." And I did.

As near as memory serves, I was about eleven years old when John proposed that I join him and another boy in the purchase of a gun, which could be bought for $1.50. It was an old flintlock musket that had been altered to percussion, and we bought it. A grand hunt was arranged and off we went. By drawing lots it was decided that I was the first to carry the gun until game was shot at and then it was to be passed to the next. No knight who, after watching his armor alone all night, girded it on for the first time to engage in tournament or battle, was prouder than I at shouldering the musket after John had loaded it; nor did Natty Bumpo ever scan the distance for sign of mingo keener than my eyes penetrated each bush and thicket for game. At last I saw it! We were in a road between two rail fences and the game was in plain sight a few feet beyond a fence. Slowly I crept up after John had cocked the gun until the fence offered a rest and the game appeared unconscious of my presence, a tribute to my cautious approach. Surely I was destined to be a mighty hunter! Be still, my heart, your beating may destroy my aim! The game was fully 10ft. from the muzzle and deliberation was necessary. A long sighting of the gun and the trigger was pulled. "Hurran! I killed him! I killed him!" and jumping the fence I picked up what had been a beautiful little summer yellowbird which had been picking the seed from a thistle top, wholly unconscious of danger, but now a stringy mass of flesh, bone and feathers. Reviewing this feat in more mature life it looks this way: If some kind-hearted man had then appeared and taken that gun and broken it on the fence and then whaled me with the ramrod, he might have taught me that the life of that little bird was as valuable to him, and perhaps to the world, as my own, and it had been killed to serve no useful purpose. Oh! ye unthinking fathers who use guns for what we call legitimate sport, do not give your boy a gun. A boy is a savage. I was one, an unthinking savage who would take life without other reason than the pleasure of taking it. Remember this: You can carry a gun all day without shooting it, if no opportunity offers; you have no desire to kill anything except what you consider game; but a boy is bloodthirsty, and his desire to kill is at once intensified when the means are at hand. As a boy I did my share of killing every living thing I saw, whether of use to me or not, and most boys will do the same. Once I wrote: "Don't give a boy a gun until he is ninety years old, and then fit him out and tell him to shoot at every swallow, bat or chipmunk that he may meet." Bless me, how I have preached over that little yellowbird!

John could build bird cages, and in the spring we would wade through the wet grass of the meadows to trap bobolinks, which we sold. He was most successful in rearing robins, thrushes and other young birds taken from the nest, while most boys lost theirs. Later we used to shoot wild pigeons in the spring and fall flights, and with our old musket would bring back from a dozen to a hundred birds in a day, with an occasional snipe, squirrel or rabbit. In winter we set spring poles and box traps for rabbits, and within four years from our first fishing scrape we knew the whole country within a radius of ten miles from Greenbush on the east side of the river. My father was a stern, strict business man, at that time part owner in, and Albany agent of, the Eckford line of towboats, having three steamboats and many barges plying to New York, for then the canal boats came no further than Albany. Thirty years later, when John Atwood was dead, father told me that he once put John in charge of one of his barges; but he would not attend to business, and he had to discharge him and then give him a subordinate place. "Confound him," said father, "he has no sense of responsibility; he is sober and capable, but would just as soon be a deck hand as to be captain." He had John's measure to the fraction of an inch. John worked because he was forced to do it; if by diligently applying himself for a year he could attain a competency, he would have said, "I would rather go a-fishin'."

I have said that John was a long-legged boy. He was also a very quiet fellow—never in any boyish fights or troubles. These qualities commended him to Mr. Charles Crouch, a harness maker and superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-school, and John was in demand for the May anniversary to carry the center pole of the banner, while two shorter boys steadied the corners with cord and tassel. "Jine the Sunday-school," said John to me; I'll get you to hold a corner of the banner, and we will get the first whack at the refreshments when we stop in Albany." I "jined," and at the first meeting there was a pathetic appeal for funds for missionaries, and I chipped in the only sixpence I had, and which John and I had figured to spend in this way: six fish-hooks at Coshy Lansing's, 2 cents; ten knots of blue fish line at Tom Simmond's, 2 cents; lead at Pop Huyler's blacksmith shop, 2 cents. "And you went and threw that to the heathen," said John. "Who are the heathen?" he asked. "What do you care about the heathen that you give 'em your last cent? I thought you had some sense! Now we've got to make a raise to get some fishin' tackle in the mornin' just because you are a blamed fool! I only go to Sunday-school just before anniversary so as to get in on the refreshments; they don't get no sixpence out of me. Why, them heathen is all right; they're satisfied to be heathen an' I'm willin'." I had done wrong and felt abashed in the presence of a superior mind, and to-day I regret the donation of that coin, for John's closing argument is good.

The "nut orchard" lay just out of the village and consisted of something like a hundred trees of shell-bark hickory, straight of stem and tall. It belonged to Glen Van Rensselaer, a man of middle age then, who watched it as well as he could in the nut season, but we boys always had a sentinel out when foraging, and his shabby old silk hat in the distance was a signal to gather the plunder and leave, in order to avoid confiscation of the results of our labor. There had not been frost enough to drop the nuts and several of us who were strong and active climbed the trees and shook the limbs while smaller boys gathered the nuts. A sentinel had just called: "Here comes Glen!" when there was a scream and a thud, and a poor little Irish boy, whose name is forgotten, was lying on his back. We were crying around him when Mr. Van Rensselaer arrived on a run to catch us. The boy's head was bleeding and his brain protruding, but he breathed. We gave him water and a passing hand-car on the railroad took him down to John Morris's rope walk, where his people lived. He died next day. Most of the boys were shy of the nut orchard that fall. The place is now filled with cottages, but the name is retained. The "Indian orchard" is also gone, and not an apple tree is left to hold the nest of a flying squirrel or a woodpecker.

West of the nut orchard some acres of pasture were plentifully sprinkled with hawthorn bushes, which, by the way, were called "thorn-apple bushes," and among these were many of the big paper nests of the bald-faced hornet. What fun it was, with John as the leader, to advance in line, a cedar bush in the left elbow and as many stones as the forearm would hold against the body and a big stone in the right hand. "Fire!" cried John, and the stones flew in rapid succession, and when all were gone the enemy was upon us. Then how we retreated, swinging the bushes about our heads, and how an occasional yell would announce the wounded! Fun? It was the very height of fun, with its spice of danger, without which some one has said there is no sport. Those who know the bald-faced hornet know that he is as swift as a hummingbird and carries a poniard that for penetration and venom discounts a bumblebee or any other stinger with wings, and this reminds me: John Atwood and I had been away beyond Bath after berries, when we passed a house that stood only a few feet from the road. In front, just inside the picket fence, stood a tall pear tree, well loaded. "Them's nice pears," said John, disdaining all grammatical rules, "le's have some." A study of the situation showed that I could easily mount the tree, shake it, and drop about 10ft. into the road, and, if the people in the house were aroused, John would be off with what pears he could get outside the fence. I shook. Hard, burning things struck my face and I saw the nest of a colony of bald-faced hornets within a foot of my head. Something dropped, it was I, and I dropped running. Oh, the agony of eleven stings on head, face and neck, and the swollen face of a boy whom his mother did not know an hour later! Days in bed and a doctor seem a trifle now. The pears were not good and John Atwood did not get a sting. To-day, in 1896, it seems as if it was my mission to volunteer if there were hard knocks to be got, while some other fellow got the pears, but this is a most common case, and we see that same sort of fellow every day and in the economy of nature; he is a necessity to the fellow who gets the pears without the stings.

John taught me how to snare the brook suckers with a noose of copper wire on the end of a pole. Brass wire was too stiff, he said, and horsehair was not stiff enough. We would get above the fish and drift the open loop so as to inclose him, and when it was about his middle a smart jerk landed him on the bank. If the current took the snare one side and the fish was not disturbed we would try it over.

"There's trout in a little crick down back of Kinderhook landing," said John one day so far in the past that it may have been half a century ago, or when I was from thirteen to fifteen years old. The name was strange and aroused no more enthusiasm than that of perch, bullhead or other fish, and John explained that they were "nice fish, handsome and good eatin'." Would I go? We could get a ride on a hand-car on the B & A. R. R., then known as the "Western R. R.," and would have only a mile to tramp. We went, and my first trout on a worm is a most distinct memory. The "crick" was a small brook that in places one could jump across and was fringed with alders and alderberries. Here John went back to the system taught me by Reub Wood, for he said that in such small "cricks" you must use a pole, but it must be short. We took home about forty trout and to my great astonishment my father was interested in them and became enthusiastic over some trout fishing in his boyhood. At last we had tastes in common!

Once we walked down the track of the Boston Railroad to Kinderhook Lake to fish for pickerel through the ice, after planning the campaign for weeks, and we carried knapsacks filled with camping goods of more or less utility. We got a fish and took a rabbit and three grouse from the snares of some poacher and had a good time, all of which was written up for FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 3, 1889, as a "Christmas Reminiscence." The great wonder to me then and now was where John learned all the mysteries which he unfolded to me. He never told this and perhaps his air of mystery helped to magnify his knowledge. He did not consort with Port Tyler, the local Natty Bumpo, who lived by rod, gun and traps, for Port was a solitary man, and later, when I was taken as an occasional companion by Port, he once said: "John Atwood can't stick to one thing nor one place long enough to do anything at hunting, he runs all over, and, durn him, he spoiled some good pa'tridge ground for me once." This remark was a little foggy, but the impression was that John had interfered with some fences and snares that Porter had set; but it was only an impression, for no more was said. Perhaps the snares that we took the grouse from were Port's! Port's remark fitted John in other respects than hunting. A job in John Ruyter's tannery, grinding bark, in Ring's "white mill," or in Herrick's distillery feeding cattle, was not kept long. My father's estimate of him was a just one, but of the boys that I knew in youth few have a warmer spot in memory than John Atwood.

Among the boys of Greenbush was one named Philip Spencer, who came from Hudson, and at one time was a schoolmate of my oldest brother, Harleigh. His father was the Secretary of War in President Tyler's cabinet in 1841. Young Spencer had a copy of "The Pirates' Own Book," and left it with one of the village boys with the remark, "Keep this until you hear that I am a pirate," and through his father he was appointed midshipman in the Navy in November, 1841. He planned a mutiny on the U. S. brig Somers, was discovered and with two others was tried by summary court martial and hanged at the yardarm on Dec. 1, 1842. This book passed around among the boys of the village for years until John Atwood loaned it to me. It had pictures of heroic pirates, with belts well stuffed with pistols, boarding merchantmen and putting the crew to the sword or making them walk the plank, and it had in it Spencer's autograph and newspaper slips of his execution. My mother found it in my trunk, and after making me tell where I got it, took it to Mrs. Atwood with the request that no more books of that character be loaned to her son. John said: "It was a fool book anyway, and there was no fun in sinking ships and killing people," and here again we can agree with John.

An old darky who had been a cook for my father in his young days, when he was a sloop captain on the Hudson, had small-pox, and father fitted up a room for him in the barn, and John Atwood volunteered to attend him, and stayed by him until he was out of danger. As I have said, John may not have been a good boy, but he was not a bad one. Idle, shiftless and lazy? Yes, if you will, but that is a combination to get much out of life, in a way. John may have been "shiftless," but legs that followed him on a day's tramp would deny the charge of laziness. It would be fairer to say that he could only apply himself to things which interested him. That is my latter day summing up of his character. Men who think that the accumulation of money by continuous industry is the main thing in life have always decried those who did not follow their precepts and examples, but there are other standards of life than those of old Ben Franklin, who thought that a boy or man should work like Gehenna and never spend a cent. John Atwood followed the bent of his inclination and was happy when he did not have to work at uncongenial labor, yet who could be more energetic at removing a stone heap and digging out a rabbit? But as he approached manhood the necessity of labor that was more remunerative gradually pressed upon him, and the day came when John had to leave the birds and the fish in their haunts and take a place as fireman on a railroad locomotive. The engine which startled the wood duck from the lilypads had to be fed with great pieces of wood, and the puffing monster drowned the song of the bobolink and the whistle of the quail. John never could have loved such a noisy, obnoxious thing. One winter day about forty years ago his engine stood at a side track at Poughkeepsie, the boiler burst and the mangled body of John Atwood was thrown far out upon the ice of the

river. As I read the account of it in a distant territory the thought came, who will say to the boys, "A flock of geese went north yesterday and the fish ought to bite good now," or "The bluebirds are building in our pear tree and it's time to go in a-swimmin'." Who indeed?

The geese have gone north many times since, and the bluebirds nested in their old homes until the aged tree broke and left the stump, which I saw last year when on a pilgrimage to the place, but the poor torn and shapeless thing that was taken from the ice no longer notes the seasons by the coming of the birds or by their nesting.

FRED MATHER.

SALMON POOLS OF THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA.

SAGINAW, Mich., July 14.—All the anglers seem to be telling their fish stories, and I have read with a good deal of pleasure their various tales as to big fish and numbers of them. Now I will have my say, and will take a few leaves from my pocket memorandum book of this year's outing.

First, we left Saginaw June 1 and arrived at our cottage on the Grand Cascapedia Wednesday, June 3. My friend Robert C. Lowry had preceded me three days and reported plenty of fish, he having taken the 40-pounder that he told the readers of FOREST AND STREAM about a week or so ago.

We were most of the day getting our cottage in order, for it had not been occupied since '94, as I was unable to get away from business last year, but my wife and the two youngsters, respectively three and six years old, were delighted to do the settling, while I got out the rods, oiled the lines and reels and put the leaders to soak. In the afternoon I went into the boat a little while with my friend Mr. Lowry and had the satisfaction of seeing him kill a 20lb. fish. My wife concluded she would not begin her fishing until the following Monday, so with Peter and Wm. Barter in the boat Thursday morning, June 4, I started out, bound to do or die. I tried the Lowry Pool, where the 40lb. fellow was taken a few days before, also the Icehouse Pool, with no success. Peter then said that a new pool seemed to have formed on the back of a piece of land I bought some years ago, where the Northwest Branch puts in, and I concluded to try it. I had not made half a dozen casts before an enormous fish took it with a tremendous rush, and the fun commenced. Never have I seen a better fighting fish. Once when he jumped 5 or 6ft. out of the water an exclamation was brought forth from everyone in the boat: "A 40-pounder, certainly." This branch of the river was new to us, and as the water was high it proved dangerous, for many roots and trees were encountered in dangerous parts. The fish was now running down stream at a tremendous rate, and we were doing what we could to keep pace with him and to lead him out of the snags and pitfalls. Three separate times did he pass under the boat, and three separate times did I pass the rod around one end or the other without mishap. It was tiresome work, and though I had a good leader and put plenty of butt to him—for I usually kill my salmon quickly—it must have been forty minutes before we had him safely in the boat, and he proved to be a prize indeed—43lbs., good and strong. As my oldest boy was with me, we immediately christened the new pool the Little Billy, and said it was the youngster that gave us luck.

Of course there are always two where there is one, and if you get the second one you always think there is a third; and we were soon back, and dropping the fly in the same place soon was fast to a 26lb. fish, as bright as silver could make it. It was a vicious fight, the salmon jumping a number of times, and once made as high a jump as I ever saw a fish make. He cleared the water at least 8ft., but in less than twenty minutes we had it in the boat; and then trying for the third, raised one three times, but somehow or other did not hook it.

This completed the day, and an excellent start it was. The next day I was rather unlucky. I saved two good fish, but lost three more, one by breaking the tip of my rod rather carelessly; the next one the hook came out of his mouth, and the third one I forgot myself and struck too hard, snapping the leader.

June 9 it rained hard all day and we did nothing, and the next day we only fished a little while, as the water was dirty, though Lowry killed a 30lb. bright fish and also was fast to three kelts. As Peter had hurt his hand with the gaff the day before, I had him go to New Richmond to see the doctor about it, and took the two boys in the boat with me—Ellis and David. Neither one of them had ever gaffed a fish, and I gave my wife the pools that were allotted to me for the day and went on a voyage of exploration further down the river, where we had some untried water, with the expectation, however, of finding the river still too high to fish it successfully. The water was high, but I directed the boys where to hold the boat, and gradually creeping down over the ledge of the bar, cast into a deep, swirling pool that certainly looked good. All of a sudden there was a splash and a commotion and a fish darted after the fly, but missed it. Waiting about a minute, I put it back, and he came again with the same result. I concluded that the jig was up, but made one more effort with a faint heart. There was no rise, and as I was taking it out of the water to make another cast Mr. Fish broke water at the same instant and I was doubly disgusted, for I had taken it clean away from him. I was dead certain he would not come again, but sometimes the unexpected happens. I sat down, lit a cigar and waited about five minutes by the watch, and then carefully placed the silver doctor in the right spot; this time Mr. Salmon was not going to be fooled, for he nailed it instantly, and he was a Jim Dandy. How he did rush and tumble, jump, jig and do everything but sulk! For the water was heavy and we would not let him do that. Every time he attempted to rest I instructed my inexperienced boatmen to get the boat below him so that we could haul him down stream, and it was done with good success. I had to kill this fish thoroughly before I dared trust one of the boys to use the gaff; consequently it took nearly three-quarters of an hour and we went down stream a good ways, but at last David struck, and struck well, but the fish weighed more than any of us had calculated, and he nearly threw the gaffer out of the boat. He hung on well and finally tugged him in, and then in his excitement jumped astride of the fish and struck him with his fist. We had a good laugh at the boy, who went home that night fully a head taller, and a bigger man than a delegate to the Populists' Convention. It was a beautiful fish, and weighed 41lbs. It was not so long, but extraordinarily deep and thick. An excellent photograph of it is hanging in my office now.

The banner day was June 15, the day that Mr. Davis killed his thirteen fish. The water was just the right color, the river was full of salmon, and every one of them seemed to try to get the fly quicker than the other one. I took three in the Ice House pool by lunch time, then sent to the house for my wife to come down and try her hand at it. She did, and took three more, while I, dropping below, lost one and put another in the boat. Mr. Lowry that day got four, making eleven fish that we saved.

I cannot help mentioning an incident of the day, viz., the killing by me of the first salmon I ever killed with a trout rod, one of 25lbs. The fish were rising so well I concluded to try it with an 8oz rod that Devine made for me two years ago, 10ft. 6in. long, with lots of backbone. I had, however, my regular trout reel, with about 60yds. of trout line on it, a salmon leader and a moderate-sized dusty-miller. The fish missed the fly the first time he came up, but was well hooked the second time, and made as lively and pretty a fight as one ever saw; he jumped three or four times, and seemed to fight quicker than with the salmon rod. It was exciting, and the little rod stood it beautifully, so that when the fish was in the boat, after about fifteen minutes' work, the rod was as straight as when it was first taken from the case.

After doing this so well I frequently cast with the trout rod, as it was easier than handling the heavy salmon rod, and the result was that I killed four salmon with it, all with the same fly. One of the fish weighed 37lbs., and I was just thirty-one minutes bringing him to gaff.

At the end of two weeks Mr. Lowry left for home. We figured up our record, and he had taken twelve fish, average weight 27½lbs.; my wife had taken seven fish, average weight 24½lbs.; I had been lucky with big fellows, and had taken thirteen, averaging 30½lbs., and it strikes me this is pretty nearly top notch for weight, and I would like to hear who has beaten it.

In the order they were killed, the weights were as follows. If only the last two had been left out how the average would have been helped up: 43, 26, 23, 26, 33, 41, 28, 42, 25, 35, 37, 18 and 21lbs.

Up to this time Mrs. Mershon had been very fortunate, having boated every fish that had taken her fly.

The next week was devoted mostly to taking the big sea trout that were coming in in large numbers. Mrs. M. had the misfortune to hook and lose a very large salmon. She was well below it when it dashed up stream and around a tree that was all roots and branches; and after the line was well wound around it jumped to show its disdain for fishing tackle. My wife's largest trout was 4½lbs., mine was 4¼lbs., but it was not unusual for either one of us to get from fifteen to twenty trout in our day's fishing. The smallest one was 1¼lbs. and most of them over 2½lbs.

There was not a fly or mosquito to bother us. We did not even put the screens in the windows at our house. Salmon were to be seen every day and everywhere, and on June 26, in one of the lower pools, we counted twelve salmon. They seemed to be coming in all the time, and were the best fighters I have seen in years. This was the report from nearly everyone we met.

All too soon the time came for going home. The boys must have their Fourth of July firecrackers, so on the morning of June 29 we bade good-bye to the Grand Cascapedia and its beautiful hills, and left the grand old river still shimmering in the morning light, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

W. B. MERSHON.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our party, consisting of J. D. Brooks, J. J. Redner and Wm. M. Brownell, of New York, went trout fishing in the Adirondacks the last week of May. Our route was via D. & H. R. R. to Port Henry, on Lake Champlain, thence by stage to Mineville, a distance of about eight miles, where we were fortunate in securing for guide John J. Howe. A drive of thirty-two miles over a fairly good mountain road brought us to the Boreas River, where we secured good accommodations at reasonable rates with a family by the name of Liberty.

Our first fishing was in Sand Pond, where we fished two days, catching 161 trout. The largest, weighing 2½lbs., was caught by Mr. Brownell, and was weighed at the pond by Mr. Brooks; it was then dressed by the guide and taken to the house, where he was again weighed and tipped the scales at 2½lbs. This trout was caught on a Chub-tail, which seems to be the favorite bait in this particular pond. Mr. Brooks said he had lost one about twice as big as he was drifting along the south shore and humming:

> The hungry and keen to the top are leaping,
> The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping.
> Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
> Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy.

The honor of losing the largest fish, however, was disputed by Mr. Brownell, who claimed to have lost one over twice as large. This was a surprise to Brooks and the guide, because they had not seen Mr. Brownell visit the bait basket for more than an hour.

Our next fishing was in Dergen Brook, a small stream near Sand Pond; the fish were small and scarce and an hour's fishing was enough for us in that stream.

We fished next day in the Boreas River, where we caught twenty-three beauties, the smallest weighing ¼lb.

We then started for Underwood, about twenty miles north by the way of dead waters. Underwood is a little hamlet of but one house and a barn. The house is known as New Pond Inn, and is run as a summer resort by one Mark Sherman, the "King of the Loggers," who knows very little about fishing, but can tell a pretty good bear story.

We stayed at New Pond Inn two days, the first of which we fished in Moss Pond, a small but very deep pond. We had very poor success, not getting a single strike, although the guide told us it was a great pond to fish in a little later in the season.

The next day we tried the Boquet River, which tumbles down the mountain about one mile from the inn. The river is alive with trout, but they are very small. In fact we caught but one large enough to take away. I think it would be greatly to the advantage of the gamekeeper of that district to visit the stream.

We next turned our attention to the Barton Pond stream, near Mineville, from which Mr. Turnbull, ex-paymaster of the mines, said some fine fish had been taken.

We had fished probably a quarter of a mile down the stream when Mr. Brooks, who had just cast a brown dume fly into a deep, dark eddy that came boiling and foaming from under an old half submerged hemlock log, saw a splash in the water and felt a sudden tug at his line that nearly yanked his rod from his hand. He yelled to Mr. Brownell, who was casting near by, "I've got a hoss." Well, he had a "hoss." It lashed the water into a foam in vain efforts to free itself from the hook, until in one of its mad rushes it jumped from the stream and landed high and dry on the bank near Mr. Brooks, who quickly pounced upon it and shouted triumphantly, "That's the way to land heavy fish." It was a speckled trout; Mr. Brownell weighed it with his pocket scales and declared the weight 4lbs. The fish was dressed by the guide and taken to the house, where it was weighed by Mr. Turnbull, and tipped the scales at 3¾lbs.

This ended our fishing trip, and we returned to the city on the sleeper that night with over 50lbs. of speckled beauties. We must acknowledge Mr. Brooks the hero for catching the biggest fish, although we all consider that Mr. Brownell lost the biggest one also, and Mr. Redner, well—he thinks he caught them all. But we have not heard the guide's story yet.

ANGLER.

ANGLING IN CANADA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The ouananiche season is at its height just now and will continue so for the next month or so in the northern tributaries of Lake St. John. This is particularly true of the Mistassini, where a number of distinguished anglers have been whipping the water from the Fifth Falls down to the First. The two Messrs. McCormick, of Florida, are still fishing above the Fifth Falls some distance. At these falls are now camped the Rev. Dr. Joseph Gamble, of Plattsburg, N. Y., and E. J. Meyers, barrister, of New York city. These gentlemen, as the writer can testify, are the most hospitable of hosts, and nothing is too much for them to do for favored callers at their very complete and prettily situated camps. Both too are old-time campers upon the island that divides the falls and attractive writers upon their favorite fish. Mr. Myers has just returned from a successful salmon fishing trip to the coast of Labrador, where he was accompanied by Mrs. Myers. Though so far only a few days encamped at the Fifth Falls, he has already enjoyed excellent sport. In his fishing Mr. Myers is indefatigable, and 3:30 o'clock in the morning seldom finds him in bed in his camping out season.

Other parties who have recently fished the Fifth Falls are Col. Chevalier Kitchener, of Bermuda, and son, and Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D. S. O., the novelist and author of the new Egyptian book "Under Crescent and Star," as well as the writer of the charming introduction to the recently published book "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment." Before visiting the Fifth Falls the Colonel fished with good success the Grande Décharge, and has now left with a friend for the headwaters of the Little Peribonca, intending to explore the trout and ouananiche waters of the rivers and lakes Epipham, Des Aigles, etc. The Colonel travels and angles, not only for pleasure, but also in search of incident and setting for his novels and other sketches, and his present trip to Canada is solely for the purpose of visiting the country of the ouananiche.

The Grande Décharge has yielded its full quota of good spring fish this season, but the best return to the angler at present is yielded by the tributaries of the lake.

Among those who have had good success to date in the Discharge may be mentioned Dr. Mundé, of New York, one of the earliest visitors to the land of the ouananiche; Dr. Yates, of Montreal, and Dr. Brush, of New York, the Senator from the Fourth District of New York.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, July 13.

HELL GATE CAMP.

BOSTON, July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May I trespass upon your space once more to the extent of a brief outline of our '96 outing? Our party consisted of six and we left Boston on the evening of June 26, via Portland boat, our objective point being Hell Gate Camp, Dead Diamond River, northern New Hampshire. We had a good night's rest upon the boat, breakfasted in Portland, and at 8:40 took train via Grand Trunk for Berlin Mills, where we arrived at 11:50. Through previous arrangement Walter Akers, of Errol, met us at Berlin and soon after dinner the entire party was seated behind a sturdy pair of blacks and we went merrily bowling alongside the crooked Androscoggin to Errol and the Umbagog House, where we arrived at 6:30. We took supper there, which gave Walter a chance to change horses, and at 7:30 we were again headed for Fred Flint's, Wilson's Mills, Me. We drove into Flint's yard at 9:45, having made the run from Berlin, of forty-five miles or thereabouts, in about seven hours, and which on the whole proved the most comfortable trip I ever made to that region.

The next morning being Sunday we all snoozed it out, and it was past 9 o'clock when we breakfasted and nearly 10 when, in light marching order, we started on the eight-mile tramp to Hell Gate Camp. The morning was bright and pleasant, the trail good, the woods delightful and six business-ridden individuals never enjoyed tramping more. The hospitable arms of the "dear old camp" seemed outstretched to greet and welcome us, and in the music of the falls and in every balsam-laden breath Old Injun seemed to live again. Dear old Amasa: the place you loved so well and for which you worked so hard shall always be hallowed ground to me. This year the camp is owned and handled by only two, Fred Flint and Win York, who bought out the interests of the other three. Win York is at the camp all the time; and assisted as he is by an A1 cook, the comfort of every guest is assured.

Contrary to expectations, we found the water in the river quite low and large trout rising indifferently, though plenty of them were to be seen in the pools; of trout running from ¼ to ½lb. there were plenty, and they were to be had at all times for the anglihg. Deer signs were abundant and moose tracks frequent, which augurs well for the shooting season.

Thursday, July 2, five of us left Hell Gate Camp to visit Deer Park Lodge, the Narrows, Richardson Lake, o

which one member of our party—Mr. Ambrose—is part owner. I looked to this part of our trip with keenest interest, for up to that time I had never visited the Rangeley region. Thursday night we went from Errol by team over Errol Hill to Lakeside, on Umbagog, so as to get the early steamer across the lake to Sunday Cove, and thus save a day.

That ride from Errol over the mountain and in a very dark night will be remembered by every member of the party for years. But we got there all right, and landlord Chandler, after he was routed up, provided us with good, nice beds. The remainder of the night we slept the sleep of the jolted. We made the middle dam house a few minutes before noon, and at 1:30 steamed across Richardson Lake toward the Narrows and our friend's camp, which was to be our home for the next few days.

Everything was new to me, and as vision after vision of beauty unfolded itself I became entranced and said to myself, "You old muttonhead, how is it that you have kept out of this, God's country, so long?" and echo still keeps repeating, "Why?"

Our friend's camp is beautifully situated. Standing fully 50ft. above the water, it commands views of the entire length of the Narrows, and as it is nearly midway between the Upper and Middle Dams all points are easily accessible. It is paradise without a serpent.

We took a trip to B Pond, with Steve Morse for guide. He told us the trout would not rise freely to the fly, as it was not the season; but we could probably get enough to eat, which was all we cared about. During our stay at the pond we visited many times the island on which is built the Oxford Club house and we often gazed through the windows at the well-appointed interior, and Steve told us of the jolly times and the great catches due there every spring, and he spoke particularly of one member of the club, Gov. Russell. How inexpressibly sad the thought. He has made his last cast, the silken line has parted, the reel is silent forever.

On the afternoon of July 8 my old eyes rested upon that grandest of all trout pools, the Upper Dam Pool. There is poetry and rhyme in every wave and twisting eddy of its foam-crested, limpid waters, and there are trout too—monarchs, battle-scarred and deep-hued, which have resisted the lures of generations of anglers. And—to their shame be it written—there are men who go there and finding themselves unable to capture those fish with the fly, resort to every means known to the poacher's art—with gobs of worms, with live and phantom minnows, with fins, with spoons and spinning bait, until, no matter which way he turns, the harassed fish is confronted with some devilish scheme for his destruction. In the name and interest of every angler who believes in fly-fishing pure and simple, I register my protest against it. Let that pool become the one sacred reservation of the fly-fishermen. It will pay in many ways. It will increase the revenue of the pool, and, greatest and best of all, it will pay in the increased satisfaction a man feels in knowing he has captured his fish by the cleanest and most skillful art known to the angler. Mr. Chadwick, upon you this matter rests. You can stretch over that pool the angler's "bow of promise," and in the end all men will thank you for it.

J. W. B.

ANGLING NOTES.

Red May Fly.

IN a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM I mentioned Mr. Edward Marston's experiments with an artificial May fly of regular form, but dyed a bright red. It seems that Mr. R B. Marston sent some of the red May flies to Mr. Andrew Lang, who writes of experience with them in *Longman's Magazine* for July. He says: "Trout do not take bloody Marys. This statement may seem enigmatical and needs explaining. Sir Herbert Maxwell has an heretical opinion that trout do not distinguish color. Therefore Mr. R. B. Marston has sent me some scarlet May flies which, on the Itchen, he finds that trout refuse. * * * Accompanied by another philosopher I carefully dropped the bloody Mary or scarlet May fly into a small brook, where trout were taking the natural insect. The flies floated, cocked up and quite dry, over plenty of feeding trout, which rise eagerly at a well-directed and properly colored artificial green Drake, but not a fish would move at a bloody Mary. They liked her no more than John Knox liked his namesake. Moreover, trout will not take the gray Drake when the green alone is on the water." (This is exactly my experience, previously mentioned I think in the note making reference to Mr. Marston's experiment.) "This seems to settle the question; but that salmon make minute distinctions of color, as between a Popham and a Childers, I do not believe. Salmon do not rise in that way (as trout do); they sally up from the deep to a fly which is only a glittering vibratory object." This seems to me to be the best possible test of trout being able to distinguish color; for when the May flies are rising they rise from the water in clouds, and when one fly out of thousands is refused in the general rush because it is off color, although of the same form and general appearance, it must cause those who advocate form as against color to do some deep thinking to explain why it is so. The fact that there are times and places where trout will rise apparently at any fly offered does not convince me that they cannot distinguish color. In dry fly-fishing the imitation floats on the surface of the water as lifelike as the natural fly, and the trout have every opportunity to examine it, and perhaps it is not so strange that under such circumstances trout distinguish the green from the gray Drake, and reject the latter; but in my own experience, when the trout refused the gray Drake and eagerly accepted the green Drake, I was using the wet fly, yet they never made an error; and to the human eye, when the two Drakes are wet, and draggled and moving through the water, they would look very much alike.

May Fly and Caddis.

In Mr. Hough's notes last week he speaks of the "sand fly, May fly, cisco fly, shad fly, caddis fly or whatever local name may be given to the creature." Later he refers to the fly repeatedly as the caddis fly, but when he describes it he describes the May fly. The May fly and the caddis are quite unlike. I believe there are some fifteen or more species of the May fly, and I think Prof. Lintner, the State entomologist, told me there were more than twenty species of caddis flies. The May fly is he Drake, be it green, gray, brown, iron-blue, amber, lack or yellow, and has the upright wings, slender ringed body bending upward and terminating in sometimes two and sometimes three slender stylets which gives them the name of "cocktails," but May fly, day fly or Drake are the more common names. The caddis fly, in England belonging to the class of Duns, has four hairy wings and lacks the stylets and upturned body of the Drake. This is the little beggar that makes a house of bark, stones, etc., in the larval state and is called a caddis case. The wings of the caddis fly when at rest are folded lengthwise of the body and not cocked up like the May fly.

A few days ago my brother told me that during a rise of May flies in the evening at Elmira they were obliged to shut the doors of the street cars when crossing the bridge over the Chemung River, and pedestrians had to turn up their coat collars and pull down their hats, and even then their garments were coated with the flies. When the flies are rising like that is the time to secure them for transplanting into waters where the trout are bottom feeders and it is desired to make them look up for their food, about where an angler would cast his artificial fly. There is little, if anything, done in this country to educate trout to take their food from the surface of the water, but the system of surface feeding is practiced abroad. Mr. Halford, the well-known angler and author, feeds his yearling trout floating food in the rearing ponds before they are turned into the river to shift for themselves. He says: "If anything could make artificially bred and artificially raised trout surface feeders, it should be such treatment as this, and unless the whole education theory is fallacious should produce a new generation of more freely rising fish than even the naturally bred denizens of the river. The major portion of the food of the indigenous fish is undoubtedly in the form of shrimp, snails, caddis and other larvæ, which are invariably found among the weeds in mid-water or at the bottom." If a water is to be stocked with the May fly the flies should be procured from both an early and a late rising river, for they adhere to their seasons when transplanted, and the planted water affords a May fly season nearly twice as long as either of the original waters from which the stock is obtained. Of course in transplanting May flies they furnish fish food in the form of flies for only a brief season at best, but they furnish food in the larval state the balance of the years, so they are most desirable trout food and they can be transplanted so easily that I wonder it is not done more than it is.

Fifty Mascalonge in One Day.

A gentleman was telling me about his fishing experience when I met him on his railroad car yesterday, and as he has fished quite extensively he had much of interest to tell me, but one thing he told me was not pleasant to hear. He said that an acquaintance of his was fishing in one of the remote Canadian lakes last year (and by the way he was the son of one of the Dominion officials), a lake well stocked with mascalonge, and as the fish were feeding ravenously the fisherman caught and killed fifty odd mascalonge in one day. "He had to go ashore and unload his boat before he could continue his fishing, for the mascalonge weighed from 10 to over 30lbs. each." The funny thing about it was the conclusion of the story, for my friend said: "I suppose they have better laws in Canada than we have or he could not have made such a score."

Here is a man who caught say 750lbs. of mascalonge, in a lake far from any place where they could be utilized as food—and there might have been half a ton of the fish for all I know—and because of this inexcusable slaughter or butchery another man thinks such a score is owing to better laws than we have in New York. To me it would appear to have been owing to a lack of law restricting a man within the bounds of decency when the opportunity offers to kill a lot of fish. The desire to make a score has much to answer for in the grand round-up when an accounting must be made for fish and game exterminated. The "pot fisher" or the "abominable netter" is a saint with harp and halo compared with some alleged sportsmen turned loose in the backwoods to make a score to boast about.

Good Boiled Eggs.

In Mr. Cleveland's description of his fight with a foul-hooked tarpon (FOREST AND STREAM, July 11) he mentions that he had a couple of good boiled eggs for his early breakfast, the yolks of which did not break when opened. I neglected to say that a diagram went with that joke, but I was so interested in the pen picture of the struggle with the fish that I forgot all about the explanation of the joke.

Three of us were spending the summer at Schroon Lake. Mr. Cleveland was one, I was another, and the late Maj. B. A. Botts, of Houston, was the third. We fished rather persistently, as that was what we were there for, and for black bass fishing we would get up at dawn, get a cup of coffee and a couple of eggs, go out on the water and return to take breakfast with our families. The major was standard time (although Cleveland thought he was), and was the first one up, and would then send Lewis, his servant, to my cottage to call me and to Cleveland's cottage to call him. Poor Lewis! if all the language hurled at him between dark and daylight had been more material he would not have survived the summer. Cleveland had an insane idea that an egg was not fresh unless the yolk would drop into a glass unbroken, and I have heard him lecture on the subject from Canada to West Virginia at a score or more of fishing resorts. Cleveland could not shave himself, and he would not let Lewis shave him oftener than once a year, as he said that was as often as his face would stand the operation, and therefore was dependent upon a barber that he engaged to come from Schroon village on stated occasions. The major and I knew that we could start the day in lively fashion by coming to the early coffee with clean-shaven faces, and we did it frequently. One morning Lewis called me as usual, and called the second time to say that breakfast was waiting. When I entered the dining-room I got the first chapter of the morning lecture before I reached my chair, and to my surprise I found a couple of eggs opened in a glass at my place. Cleveland said: "As you are late, as usual, I have opened your eggs for you, simply to save time." In a few moments the waiter brought two eggs and put them before Mr. Cleveland, who opened them, pushed the glass containing them toward me with the remark that "Here are two more eggs for you like those you are eating," and then he read the riot act to the waiter. If the hotel had any fresh eggs he wanted them, and at once, but he did not want any more heirlooms in the shape of eggs. The situation dawned on me then. He had opened the first egg for himself, but as the yolks broke in the glass he had passed them to my plate. He admitted it all, and I told him I liked that kind of egg and took the second glass. The third couple of eggs were brought to him, and as he opened them he exclaimed:

"Now, these are fresh eggs!"

"Let me see what you call fresh eggs."

He pushed his egg glass toward me and I lifted it, looked at the eggs, tilted my nose upward and said, "I am glad to know what you call fresh eggs, but your judgment is not worth a copper cent."

That look of disgust on my face settled the matter, and he would not eat his fresh eggs and I did, although six eggs were about four more than I wanted. From that day to this he has heard more or less about the fruit of the hen, and frequently writes me of his test for fresh eggs.

Trout Fry.

In the mention that I made of trout fry sent to me by Commissioner Thompson (FOREST AND STREAM, June 27) it would appear that the specimens sent to me had been fed on the flesh of minnows peeled from the bones by steam process. Mr. Thompson tells me that the trout fry sent to me never had been fed artificially. At his club the trout are admitted to a spawning race, where they spawn naturally on the gravel, and the parent fish are then driven back into the pond below and the eggs are hatched very nearly as in a wild stream. This is because the club desires to hatch and rear each year only a certain limited number of trout. The fry after hatching are confined in a rearing box, where the tide contributes rich sea food to the young fish, and it is this treatment which causes them to grow to exceed any trout fry or fingerlings that I have ever seen. The yearlings and two-year-olds from the same club would easily pass for much older fish.

Big Trout and Little Trout.

The movement to forbid, by law, trout fishing through the ice, in New York State, originated at Lake George and applied at first only to lake trout. The lake trout season opened, I think, April 1, and usually at that date there was ice on the lake, and the fishermen caught little trout from ¼lb. to 2lbs. in weight through the ice and sold them in large numbers. These little fish came from restocking the lake, and were caught only through the ice. When the ice was gone and trolling commenced, large fish were taken with rarely a small one. The season was changed by law to open on Lake George May 1, and has so remained ever since, and after a time the law was made to apply to fishing through the ice in any waters of the State.

The stocking of Lake George has continued through the efforts of Gen. Robert Lenox Banks, and 500,000 fry are planted annually. Formerly buoy-fishing was a favorite method of fishing for lake trout, but little was heard of it after trolling came in vogue.

Buoy-fishing is now resorted to by many of the summer cottagers and, strange as it may seem, only small trout are taken. One gentleman, who has four buoys near his cottage, told me recently that he had never caught a trout at a buoy that weighed over 2lbs., and that they were generally 1lb. to 1¼lbs. fish. The men who troll either at the surface or at the bottom rarely get these small trout.

In one day, July 4, one fisherman caught two trout of 5¼lbs. each, and then went to the buoys and caught seven, all under 1¼lbs.

A. N. CHENEY.

OUR 1896 OUTING AT STAR LAKE.

CHICAGO, July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Not being quite "chained to business," though pretty near it, my wife and I have just completed a most enjoyable three weeks' outing at Star Lake, Vilas county, Wis., over 400 miles from here, and most comfortably reached via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in about twelve hours. There are no roads out of Star Lake, except from the south, only trails, and hence one is in the old, old forest land, barring the cleared space right at that place necessary for the operation of the extensive saw mills of Messrs. William Salsich & Co., located there.

There was much to contribute to one's enjoyment there besides the excellent fishing to be found in Plum, Ballard and Partridge lakes, reached by making short and easy portages from Star. Plum gives an abundance of black bass, both small and large mouth, plenty of pike, wall-eyes, and an occasional muskellunge, likewise the rest of the waters named. In one day in Ballard we took fully fifty black bass, large and small mouths, returning about twenty, because of under size, to their homes. Except a fish was fatally injured, we kept none less than 14in. in length. The same day Mrs. W. took a 12lb. muskellunge on a No. 19 Natchaug line and a 3 0 Pennell-Limerick hook on double silk gut, bringing the fish to landing net handsomely. The general practice up there is to treat a muskellunge when hooked and within reach of the boat as though in the act of burglarizing the craft, for he is speedily shot through the head. The question arises, is there anything sportsmanlike about such a procedure?

Hotel Waldheim, located immediately on the banks of Star Lake, in a thicket of heavy pines where one gets the pine flavors in the air all the time, besides other sweet woody scents, is well conducted and the table is good, suited to the other surroundings. We had a real good time there and record the few facts relating thereto as above that others may do so too, who like such things and can.

AMMONOOSUC.

British Columbia Trout.

THE *Daily Colonist*, of Victoria, B. C., for June 11 chronicled: "Mr. J. A. L Waddell, C. E., of Kansas City, chief engineer of the Omaha Bridge and Terminal Railway Co., Omaha, in company with E B. McKay, of the Lands & Works office, has been on a fishing expedition to Cowichan Lake. He states that he had the finest trout fishing there he ever enjoyed. On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday he succeeded in landing 150lbs. of fish, many of them weighing 3lbs. and over."

Mr. Waddell writes us: "I caught in three days 154lbs. of trout, the largest weighing 4lbs., and a good many between 3 and 4lbs. The average weight was, as nearly as may be, 1¼lbs. for the whole catch. I did not think that I was doing such extraordinary fishing, but after I got through I was told that I had broken the three days' record for the lake.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Camp "Forest and Stream."

CAMP FOREST AND STREAM, July 10.—Under the inexorable law of change, all things must have their origin and ending, and so it is with the annual sojourning of Camp FOREST AND STREAM. It is our aim, however, always to so regulate our actions as to appear as much as possible independent of the law of fate, setting ourselves as it were outside its action even while we admit its existence as a law. Compulsions are for slaves, not for campers. We evade all idea of compulsion about closing our camp by the way in which we buy our bacon. Any camp must come to a close when the bacon runs out. Last year we had about four yards of bacon, and it took us almost too long to use it up in the natural course of events. This year we bought a little over three yards, and accordingly our camp will come to its close, naturally, decently and independently, about to-morrow or day after; for we are now well down toward the further end of our last piece of prime breakfast. The bags holding the coffee and sugar are also now capable of being tied rather close down toward the bottom, and the canned soups and fruits are getting low, and we are upon our last jar of butter, so it may be seen that the camp is coming to a peaceful, rational and natural end. This fact we accept calmly. There would be mutiny at the thought of any other kind of end to a camp so dear to our hearts. We could not, as men and gentlemen, go home with bacon in our box. I doubt not, if through some error or by design of some evil-minded person we should find ourselves in camp with 40lbs. of bacon instead of less than 20lbs., we should be obliged to stay there more than a month, such is our devotion to principle.

There are men who have worked so long and so much that they cannot enjoy a vacation, and there are other men who never take a vacation except in a halfway fashion, with one eye upon the telegraph office. All these go home with their vacations half baked and underdone. In Camp FOREST AND STREAM we always do everything there is to be done. Every plan we make is carried out. No experiment and no enterprise of pleasure is left unproved. All our side trips are made, all our fish are caught, all our voyagings are completed, so that when the law of bacon tells us to go home we go as happily as we came, knowing that, though the world is full of pleasures for another year, we have found what pleasures are calendared for this. Thus in regard to those trout which I mentioned last week. We went, we saw the trout and we conquered them, eleven of them, and of a most beautiful sort, such as fit admirably in an aluminum frying pan. We could have taken more, but thought that enough to ask of our little stream. On that same day, which we devoted to driving about over some new country, which we deemed it our duty to explore, we found a vast frog pond, filled with great bullfrogs of generous development as to the hindlegs. Here we had fine sport with a .22 rifle, and got us a dozen and a half of frog legs in a little while. There are those who do not eat frog legs, but there are also those who do not believe in churches or the law. All normal human beings love frog legs. If for breakfast they may have, as we did, both fried trout and fried frog legs, they may be content. Fortune will never harm children upon whom she has once smiled so pointedly.

We have found the bass fishing rather poor this year in our lake and the waters near by, owing to the advanced condition of the season, which is a month earlier this year than last. The bass have probably gone into deeper water and are not feeding much. J. B. H. takes all this philosophically, and says that bait-casting tires his wrist anyhow, and that he would as lieve fish for something demanding less labor. This he can afford to say, for never before in his life has he caught so many fish in two weeks as he has this year. The fly-fishing for rock bass has been so easy and abundant that we have stopped doing it. Our great *piece de resistance* has been our newly-discovered croppy bar, a little conical reef about 50ft. across, which runs up out of 100ft. of water in the middle of the lake. Here we have had our main sport of the trip, and have caught the finest croppies I ever saw, most of them averaging over a pound and some nearly reaching 2lbs. These fish, taken from the deep cold water, are very much better for the table than any black bass ever is, and we have enjoyed eating them as well as catching them. Yesterday we made our last fishing trip, this being for the purpose of making up certain little baskets of fish which each year we send down to the city to our friends. We fished for only a couple of hours, and caught as handsome a string of fish as I ever saw. We had a few for our neighbor Mr. Schwartz, who has been so kind to us in many ways, and moreover have in our cold storage spring all that our modest table demands for the rest of our stay. J. B. H. says we have fished enough now, and that he does not want to go to any more new lakes. So we have taken our rods apart, and are now simply living and being happy in camp, waiting for the law of bacon to take us home.

This little bar out in the middle of our clear, deep lake is a secret known only to a few. It was accidentally discovered by Billy Tuohy (the same courteous and obliging sporting landlord who runs the popular Eagle Lake Hotel, a few miles below us, on Eagle Lake). Billy has always done everything in the world he could for us up in this country, on account of J. B. H., for whom all men have regard. He told us about this bar, but we did not find it last year. This year we put out a buoy upon it so that when we wanted a mess of croppies we could go and get them, and stand a chance meantime of picking up an eminently respectable bass or pickerel out of the numbers which use that spot as a sort of club lounging place, the fish elsewhere in the lake being fished down to an inferior size. Yesterday, just before we started out to do our fishing there, we noticed a boat in that part of the lake, containing some young men from a camp near by, and when we rowed out we discovered that these persons had taken away our buoy, probably for the sake of the fish line which made its anchor rope. Little did those young men know that that floating board marked the best fishing in all the lake, and that in cutting it loose they despoiled themselves! J. B. H. and I rowed about for over four hours, but the wind was high and we could not hold our bearings, and we could not find our bar! Here was a pretty kettle of fish uncaught, and we felt considerable chagrin. At length I got out of the boat and walked the intervening miles down to Billy's hotel. Billy couldn't come to show us the bar, but made me a chart, and by means of this, after over an hour of further search, we hit upon the little round shallow place, and our dependent anchor caught and held. It was then 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and by 6 o'clock we had our string, after wasting eight hours of time in locating our bar. In the middle of our sport, while the rods were all bending and the landing net was busy, our young men who had cut loose our buoy came by at a little distance, concluding a doleful day of unsuccessful trolling. It is quite probable that a great light fell upon them then, and that they realized the import of the floating bit of wood they had stolen. After we had ceased our fishing and were pulling home we saw this boat go out again, this time hunting for a buoy. Alas! for their hopes. This time we were the aggressors, and we took our buoy home with us in our own boat. And they were the very young men to whom we had charitably given a mess of fish that very morning. They are very welcome to our buoy. The lake and the bar are there, but I defy them to find the bar, search how they please, unless they come to Billy or to us and make proper application. I am much pleased that these folk are hoist with their own petard. Indeed, if this bar were generally known as a fishing place the result would be a butchery of the fish, which now are evidently very little fished for there. Had we cared to do so, I believe J. B. H. and I could have taken 200lbs. of fish there in a day, should they bite as furiously as they did yesterday. A great many would be quite willing to take that many if they could in a day, and as many more in the next, and so on until they were gone. I counsel Billy to be discreet.

Billy Tuohy thinks the bass fishing will be slack for a while during the hot weather, but believes the waters here have as many bass as ever. Reports from Phantom Lake and the Mukwonago mill pond say fishing was good there last week, and we have invitation to fish a private lake which we know to hold large bass, but we have not gone over in that direction yet this year, and will probably let that remain among the things we are to do next year.

We never had a prettier camp than we have this year, nor do I believe that a prettier was ever pitched. Our little tents are on top of a high hill overlooking the lake, but back of us is a rim of still higher hills, shutting out the world. All around us is a beautiful broken farming and grazing country. The harvest is now in progress, but from our spot, the quietest and most restful one in the world, I think, we cannot see a farm or hear a sound suggestive of civilization. All around us is forest, and the lake is fringed with trees around its circle, and we see nothing but the trees and the lake, and the skies—two skies, one above and one in the lake. We have not yet found any better country, and were it not thus perfect we should not have called this Camp FOREST AND STREAM, and would not have come here for the sixth annual camp.

Meantime, a hundred miles or so above us, there are many parties out in the pine woods country who are having a great deal more of what they call sport. Sometimes a single rod will kill a barrelful of fish in a day. I ask J. B. H. if he would rather go up there and have some of that heavier fishing, but he says he does not think it would be so much fun as we have here. The fishing is more capricious and difficult here, but that only serves to make it interesting when one is out on this sort of a vacation. We could not use more fish than we got here, and indeed dare not go out fishing very often. The scenery is varied and quietly beautiful, the springs of water numerous and cold, and the climate singularly healthy. The nights are cool enough for blankets, and the days are never very warm. The whole region was made for outdoor purposes, and it is no wonder that it yearly comes more and more into vogue as the great resting place for the city of Chicago as well as for many parts of the Southern States, which annually send up many visitors. The wild creatures hold their own remarkably well in Waukesha and Walworth counties. There are bass and pickerel and trout if you know where to find them, and in season there are a few squirrels, and a few rabbits, and a few ruffed grouse, and a few prairie chickens, and a good many jacksnipe, and a few ducks, and a great many bullfrogs. Also there are rock bass for all, and croppies—for those who know the bar!

From all this let it not be supposed that this little paradise will suit all. Indeed, the other day down at Billy Tuohy's hotel I overheard a gentleman (to whom I was later introduced) remarking that "that FOREST AND STREAM man had picked out a mighty poor fishing lake to camp on"—he not knowing that the FOREST AND STREAM man was there present. At least, it may be seen that Camp FOREST AND STREAM has come to be regarded as one of the established institutions of the country. When J. B. H. and I tramp off over the hills now, four or five miles from home, as we often do, for bass, or chubs, or frogs, or just for instance, we meet a great many city people from summer resort hotels who look over our heads, and a great many country people who know us and speak to us pleasantly, in spite of our slightly disreputable look. The residents here are for the most part mildly tolerant of city people, but I fancy they have been more than tolerant of J. B. H. and me, and we have many acquaintances scattered around over a circle six or eight miles about Camp FOREST AND STREAM whom we call our friends. Where, then, should we go another year, when the time has come to pitch again the two small tents and to stretch between them the banner with the name of FOREST AND STREAM? We might go to the Rockies and fare worse. In my boyhood I have often sought to pot ducks which I have seen swimming in the water, and have observed, after firing away both my barrels, many larger and nearer and fatter ducks spring out from under the bank at my feet. Vaulting ambition doth often o'erleap itself, but never in Camp FOREST AND STREAM. There all things come to pass as desired. Each day slips happily by, bearing its own completed pleasures, small and not momentous though they be. The term begins with pleasure and ends with content. The first slice of bacon is cut with zest, and the last one with serenity and satisfaction. Thus, though we near the end, we do not murmur. Who hath found more than this?

E. HOUGH.

Montana Game and Fish.

IN coming into town from camp to-day, I ran on to four fine elk, ten miles south of town. Game is plentiful, both small and large. Fishing in Bennett Creek, Line Creek, Clark's Fork and Rosebud Lake is superb.

WABASH.

COUNTRY VS. TOWN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was greatly interested in the editorial in FOREST AND STREAM on June 13 and the comments on a day's trout fishing trip taken by myself in Connecticut. Especially was I interested in your suggestions of the benefits and pleasures that could be enjoyed by thousands of home anglers but for the exceeding barrenness of the streams.

There is no doubt that this barrenness is largely due to the indifference of those who own or control the land through which the streams flow. Few are the farmers who manifest any interest in the pleasures of trout fishing. The trout fishing season is the farmer's busy time, when plowing, planting, hoeing and other important work have to be attended to. Besides, constant contact and intercourse with nature and the free outdoors has to a great degree deadened the taste in him for such pleasures.

It is impossible for him to enjoy as does one from the town the glories of a beautiful sunrise or sunset. He is like the stage driver who was accosted by a fellow driver with "Hey, Bill, what in highgo ails you? Look as if ye hed bin to a funeral."

"Oh," answered Bill, with deepening disgust, "ye'd orter heerd the 'ohs!' and 'ahs!' of them blamed dudes over one of them thar common red and yaller sunsets. It was enough to make a hoss sick."

Being unacquainted with those other extremes that cause such blessings to stand out in their full worth and beauty (of the stuffy office or the greasy confinement of the factory, with its noise and unwholesome air, he knows nothing), his sense of appreciation is naturally dulled to the beauty of his surroundings. For recreation he is attracted to the artificial glitter of the city. Then, again, should he go fishing he is apt to fish for results in weight. He figures that 10lbs. of suckers, bullheads or eels will go further in his large family than 3 or 4lbs. of trout. He fishes for results rather than pastime; a set line, net, club or spear is more to his liking than the slower, more artistic process of taking them with rod and reel.

By far the greater majority of real anglers live in the cities. In many instances their boyhood days have been spent on farms. When they seek recreation they eagerly return to such sights and sounds as they knew in their younger days, and to fish the streams in an artistic manner with rod and reel.

Now it would seem that these are the persons who should individually co-operate to make effective the fish and game laws and personally see to it that many of these barren streams are reclaimed.

Throughout Connecticut and other New England States are to be found a large number of idle, deserted farms many of them in close proximity to large towns and cities. In most cases streams flow through these farms; at one time it was not unusual to take large strings of trout, now, however, there is scarcely a trout to be found, they have literally been fished to death.

Now, knowing that trout flourished there at one time, also that in most of them the conditions for trout are as good to-day as ever, I am sure that, under my plan, many of these streams could be reclaimed and the supply of game improved at the same time.

My plan is this: The idle farms can be leased or bought for a song. Whenever there is one in close proximity to a city, let some sportsman secure it by lease or purchase and live upon it. There would be no need to engage in the farming business; in fact, it would be better not to do so; only hire the brush cut and hay put into the barn.

After having secured a place, then, with the assistance of sportsmen friends, see to it that the stream running through the land is restocked; see to it that no partridge snares are tolerated in the neighborhood; have an eye upon the welfare of any young birds that may be about and give the dogs an occasional run in the woods.

I think I hear some one say, "What an impracticable, foolish idea. Why, what would become of my business or employment in the city if I should move into the country?" Undoubtedly it would be impossible for many to do anything of the kind; but then, on the other hand, there are many who could live in such a manner, and their business in the city need not be neglected one minute.

With the exception of last winter, which was spent in the city, my family and myself have spent the past five years in this manner, and we derive great enjoyment and plenty of health from this way of living. Even as I write a quail is calling within a biscuit's toss of me, and there is a half-grown family of his kind not far off. From the tree under which I am sitting I have but to glance to the southeast over ten miles of verdured hills and plains; then on, over harbor and Sound, the eye sweeps for another twenty-five miles to where the sandy cliffs and shores of Long Island, like a long, low cloud, meet the horizon, just thirty-five miles in a straight line. Think you such privileges would be bartered for a confined city existence after once being indulged in? Yet there are many lovers of rod and gun who could live in this manner and at the same time materially assist in solving the great problem of fish and game protection.

While I am seven miles from the great gun factory in which I gain my livelihood, still I lose but very little time and drive the fourteen miles to and from the city nearly every week day winter and summer, and enjoy it.

The stocking of a stream on a place leased or bought, the attention paid to any stray snares that might be about and the looking to the welfare of young birds would require but little time, and need not interfere with a person's business at all. It would simply be spending the spare moments in brain resting and nerve strengthening recreation. Then there is the perfect transmutation from the close office, or noise of whirring machinery, to pleasant rural sounds and scenes each day. But think of the glorious springtime, with its scented breath and wealth of blossoms, and the well-stocked trout brook flowing near. Then again there would be the cool, quiet summer nights with the cricket chorus to induce delicious sleep. Then the glorious fall, with its wealth of red, purple and golden fruit, and the days and half days afield with dog and gun. Winter, too, is not without its charms, for at that time of the year fox-hunting is in order; besides the music of the tinkling bells can be enjoyed while being whirled swiftly to and from the city in the sleigh. Of course there would be drawbacks, but taken all in all the pleasures to be derived from such an existence far outweigh all the drawbacks, and the assistance to fish and game propagation would prove a real public benefit.

Mr. Charles Stevenson, a Government inspector of am

munition, told me the other day of a string of five trout taken by him from the Woodbridge stream six years ago that weighed over 7lbs. Mr. E. M. Warner, of Hamden, also told me of a string of seven taken by him from a stream near New Canaan about seven years ago that weighed nearly 10lbs. The largest fish weighed over 2lbs. Should fifty streams in Connecticut be given such attention as set forth in this article, it would not be many years before there would be home fishing in abundance, and other strings would be taken as good as Mr. Stevenson's, Mr. Warner's, or my own. I know of two streams in this neighborhood that in the future will receive just such attention if I live. WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HAMDEN COUNTY, CONN.

BOSTON ANGLERS.

BOSTON, July 20.—Mr. Edwin C. Stevens has been spending his vacation at Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt. He writes that the fishing is excellent. He captured 75lbs. of pickerel and bass in two weeks, not a pound of which was wasted, the camps and Lake Dunmore House taking all the fishermen had to spare. In one half day's fishing Mr. Stevens caught eight pickerel, averaging 4½lbs. each, and two fine bass. He writes of the location as a "most lovely spot," the fishing as above, and the boating all that could be asked. The Lake Dunmore House and the cottages have a good many guests, but they are mostly from New York and Brooklyn. His wonder is that not more Boston sportsmen go there. Mr. Stevens and his friends were camped on the shore of the lake about a mile from the hotel.

Mr. C. S. Robertson, with his cousin and camping and fishing companion, John S. Vial, has lately returned from a most successful fishing trip to Big Fish Lake, in the further Aroostook region. Their route was first to Ashland, the end of that branch of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad; thence they went by team, over an excellent road, ten miles to Portage Lake; thence by canoe eighteen miles to Big Fish Lake. This canoe part of the trip was novel and interesting to both fishermen. Game was plenty, which they did not trouble, having no guns in the party. Occasional fishing was obtained in the rapids. Arrived at Big Fish Lake, the fly-fishing began in great earnest. Mr. Robertson has fished many waters in Maine, but he is willing to pronounce Big Fish Lake among the best. They caught brook trout up to 4lbs., and a great abundance of smaller fish, very many of which they returned to the water. As for a game country, it is a wonderful one. Mr. Robertson gives an account of a big moose that came out and wallowed in the shallows nearly every day, in plain view of them. As for deer, they were seen almost every day. In one afternoon the record was nine deer and one big bull moose. Let it be remembered that neither Mr. Robertson nor Mr. Vial has any interest in booming Big Fish Lake as a hunting and fishing resort. Mr. Robertson, in fact, never shoots; considers it cruel and dangerous sport. They simply give an account of the game and fish they saw. Partridges were also very abundant. Their guides expressed themselves as surprised at the number of birds seen.

Death of ex-Governor Wm. E. Russell.

The saddest death of all the year to the New England sportsman must now be chronicled in the FOREST AND STREAM. Ex-Gov. Wm. E Russell died at Little Pabos, St. Adelaide, P.Q., on Thursday morning, July 16. He was at B. F. Dutton's beautiful camp, on that gentleman's salmon river. He was accompanied by his brother, Col. H. E. Russell, and Francis Peabody. They were intending to spend the rest of July at that river. The Governor retired apparently as well as usual, but was found dead in the morning by his brother. The position of the body showed that death was painless. Worn out by his labors at the Chicago convention and much grieved by the action of his party there, he came back to Boston, and after a day at his office and a night with his family at Magnolia he went to seek rest in the woods. As an angler Gov. Russell was well known and greatly beloved. He made a number of trips to the Rangeleys even while Governor, the guest of the Messrs. Bayard and John Thayer, at the beautiful Birch Lodge, head of Richardson Lake. Later they built the camp at B. Pond, a camp of which Gov. Russell was exceedingly fond. Within a year or two the Governor has taken up salmon fishing, and grasped it only as a true angler can. He had spent a couple of weeks at Mr. Dutton's camps before the Chicago convention, an account of which has already been given in FOREST AND STREAM.

Genial and kindly, with nothing of snobbish aristocracy, Governor Russell took to angling naturally. He always had some anecdote or good joke, and it was all the better to him if he was involved himself, even to the extent of making fun for others. In camp he was generally known as "Billy." At one time, and the very year he was serving his first term as Governor of Massachusetts, he was fishing in Molechunkamunk, the guest of the Thayers. A couple of ladies—guests at a camp below—were trolling at the same time, and frequently passed the Governor. Their guide was also named Billy. Unaware that there was any other Billy within a hundred miles, the ladies called upon their guide to bait their hooks just as the Governor's boat passed them. Unconsciously the Governor doffed his hat when his name was called upon, and was ready to be of any possible service in baiting the hooks in question. Explanations followed, at which the ladies wished they might sink through to bottom of the boat to hide their mortification. But the Governor enjoyed the joke hugely, and in the evening he was instrumental in starting a paper on which several hundred dollars were subscribed, for the good of a charitable society of which one of the ladies was treasurer.

On Monday last he visited the tackle store of Messrs. Appleton & Bassett for the purpose of instructing his brother and Col. Peabody as to what to buy for the salmon trip. There he purchased a beautiful case of flies and ordered them sent to Mr. B. F. Dutton, owner of the camps they were to visit. He was extremely anxious that his brother and Col. Peabody should each take a salmon. Arrived at camp on Wednesday night, he was greatly delighted at the coming of a shower, about 9 o'clock in the evening; the rain would cause the salmon to rise freely the next day. They would "have salmon for dinner," but his noble nature had made him declare that he would not put his rod together till his brother and the Colonel had both taken a salmon.

He went to Chicago with no political ambitions. A call from the Hon. William C. Whitney was in his hand at the very time he was planning the fishing trip with his brother Harry and Col. Peabody. It was his duty to answer the summons and go to Chicago, but the fishing trip was near his heart. Once the ordeal at Chicago was over, he flew back to Boston by a fast train, having already telephoned his brother and Col. Peabody to be ready. Two weeks of seclusion in one of the most inaccessible and one of the most beautiful spots in America was what he most desired.

The end came silently—evidently without a struggle—and on the very spot, doubtless, he would have selected had the choice been vouchsafed to him. Anglers will miss his gentle presence. Even the simple country folk in the province he passed through on his fishing trip previously had learned to love him. They turned out in sorrow as the steamer and the carriages bearing his remains passed. Flags were at half mast on the little churches and Government stations.

Word has been received from Mr. D. H. Blanchard, at his salmon river—the Northeast Branch of the St. Marguerite—and his success is remarkable. Mr. Keeler has returned. He had excellent sport. Up to nearly a week ago there had been taken by Mr. Blanchard seventeen salmon, one of 33lbs. Six of the number weighed over 30lbs. each. The average of the seventeen fish was 24lbs.; none less than 20lbs. Mr. Richard O. Harding expects to start for that river next Thursday, and everybody hopes that the good fishing will hold out till he gets his share.

SPECIAL.

Mr. Russell as Angler.

B. F. Dutton, interviewed by Boston *Journal*.

You know that he was down fishing with me in June. There were four of us, the ex-Governor and his wife and Mrs. Dutton. And never have I enjoyed a week's outing as I did that week. The river was very low and the fishing was not extra good, but we had a splendid time. And only the other day, when he left for camp, he promised to telegraph me if there had been any rain to raise the river, and I said I would pack my grip and start at once. Therefore you can understand the shock that I felt this morning when I opened that telegram. I fully expected to hear that the river was high and the prospect for sport fine; instead I read the news of the death of one of my best and dearest friends.

He was such a genuine sportsman! Of all the men I ever fished with I know of none that are his superiors and but one his equal—my boy Harry. He never complained, no matter how hard his luck, no matter what misfortune came to him. Why, the last time I fished with him, I remember one day when he hooked a large salmon that soon made for the rapids. Without waiting to get into his boat, the ex-Governor ran down the rocks into the water. Twice and three times did he fall his length into the water, but he never gave up. He was bound to get that salmon, and he did. And we all had hard work for the next hour hunting for his watch.

Toledo as an Angling Point.

THE waters of the vicinity of Toledo once abounded with all kinds of game fish. They were more abundant here than elsewhere on the American continent. After a careful examination of these waters, including the Maumee River, Maumee Bay, Ten-Mile Creek and the marshes adjacent to the bay, an expert of the fisheries department of the National Government at Washington pronounces the opinion that they are the most superior in the world for the abundant propagation of all manner of food and game fishes.

Toledo may be made one of the most attractive angling resorts in the country, and thanks to the efforts of Commodore Gunckel and other writers, the fame of the waters of this vicinity for that kind of sport is beginning to extend all over the country. A writer in FOREST AND STREAM, who has fished in all the accessible waters of the continent, after a week of variated angling on the Maumee rapids, in Ten-Mile Creek and Maumee Bay, says that for all-round sport; that for the exciting pleasure of always catching something and not knowing just what you are going to catch; for being constantly employed in taking a string of a dozen kinds of fish; for the ever changing scenery of land and water, of green islands, of forest-clad mainlands, of marshes like floating gardens, in which are blooming the most beautiful flowers ever seen; of pure air that gives life and health and the appetite of a horse, the angling waters of the vicinity of Toledo lead the world.

Favored by the ice, which prevented the fishermen from getting in their nets early in the spring, and by the currents of surface water flowing down the streams, as much as the enforcement of the laws in Michigan, the fish of Lake Erie have again come back to their old summer haunts at this end of the lake. They are more numerous in the waters and the catches of the angler larger than they have been before for the past eighteen years. With a reasonable enforcement of the laws that already exist and better ones in the future; with the destructive gill nets driven from Maumee Bay, as they are now and will be in the future; with all inland streams kept clear of nets, the waters of the vicinity of Toledo will become famous angling resorts, drawing to this city thousands of people who spend their money freely.—*Toledo Press.*

"Forest and Stream" Fishing Postals.

Drop us a line about the trout or bass, and where to take them.

DENVER, Colo.—I was up on the Gunnison River a few days ago and had some very good trout fishing. Sport is unusually good in Colorado this year owing to the low water. H. M. J.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
346 Broadway
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING
Present Entrance on Leonard Street

A STAR ISLAND YARN.

STAR ISLAND, Mich., July 17.—I never see any notes in your paper of the catches of small-mouthed black bass made in the neighborhood. This particular sport seems neglected in that respect. Here are a couple: Mr. W. R. Post, of Detroit, caught 216 in one week, his catch one day being sixty-four, with a total weight of 203½lbs. Mr. C. S. Cross and wife, of Emporia, N. D., caught in ten days 196 black bass and 282 pickerel and pike.

I inclose a brand new and original fish story which was never in print before last Sunday's Detroit *Tribune* (July 12), to whom I gave it. I think it could be used by you.

JAMES SLOCUM.

Mr. Slocum's Brand New and Original Story.

It was a party of ten or twelve on the broad veranda of the Star Island House last Friday evening that heard the following fish story—a party of old habitues of the Flats, a crowd that assemble at this resort about the same time each year, and after the day's sports are over smoke and chat and tell stories. It was the turn of the young man in the light suit, and he crossed one leg over the other and started:

"Izaak Walton was a good fisherman and he was also a philosopher," said the young man thoughtfully, "but his abstruse philosophy isn't to be compared to Will Post's natural philosophy, and the latter is also a very good fisherman. It happened like this: Two weeks ago, while angling for bass near the lighthouse, a 50lb. muscalonge appropriated the top joint of Will's new steel rod, together with about 40yds. of line, and as the rod had been presented to him only a few days previous, he consequently felt rather bad over his loss. Well, here's the strange part of the story. Last Saturday he was fishing near Sni Borro rather early in the morning when he saw a big 'longe pass by his boat in the clear water, and he at once recognized his former finny acquaintance.

"Now, as you all know, Sni Borro is about five miles from the lighthouse, and if you have studied the habits of the muscalonge you will know as Post knew, that when hooked he will always endeavor to escape by going up against the stream. Post, making a rapid mental calculation, arrived at a satisfactory explanation of the changed geographical position of that fish, and also concluded that the missing part of his steel rod was attached to the line and in the immediate vicinity.

"Promptly repairing here, he borrowed half a dozen of the cells used for working the electric bells and the spark coil from an electric cigar lighter. Then he went over to the aquarium and secured a good, large and active pike. The coil he fastened firmly to the pike, after making it water-tight (the coil, not the pike), and then supplying himself with about 40yds. of good insulated wire he returned to the spot where he last saw his fish. After another calculation, rapid and mental as before, he easily located his 'longe, and connecting the coil and the batteries with the wire he threw the pike in the water and turned on the current, thus converting the coil into a powerful traveling electro-magnet, operating in a 15yds. radius.

"Pretty soon there was a continual pull on the wire, and after Post had payed out nearly all of it, the pulling ceased and a smile of satisfaction developed itself on Post's face. The result justified the means, for when he hauled the pike back to the boat there was the missing part of his rod held firmly against the attracting pole of the electro-magnet. It didn't take long to capture the big 'longe and bring him back to the hotel, where he formed part of the menu last Sunday."

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF SURF FISHING

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 14.—Perhaps nowhere is the uncertainty of angling more powerfully illustrated than in surf fishing. One week the waters fairly teem with fish life, the next will be apparently entirely devoid of everything except the ubiquitous skate and the exasperating spider crab.

The week just closed has been one of extreme discouragement to the fraternity. The extraordinary run of bass that was with us two weeks ago has apparently gone on a vacation, but those who are familiar with their habits know that it only needs a good easterly blow to send them to the front again. Kingfish too are not nearly so plentiful as in the past, but a little stirring up of the surf will speedily produce them in abundance. Even the plaice or fluke, usually so abundant in all the cuts along the beach, are exceedingly scarce, but their absence is easily accounted for. The rapidly increasing number of pound nets along the coast throw out daily many tons of small fish suited to the appetites of the plaice, and as a consequence they stay where food is most abundant and easily secured. While the plaice is in no sense a game fish, and is—and I presume ever will be—classed among the "old boot" variety of fishes, still if taken in a good tideway, with tackle such as is used in taking weakfish and kingfish, it affords really good sport, and I have spent many pleasant hours effecting his capture when other fish were not to be had.

It is really astonishing to those not on the inside how many anglers are dividing their time between salt and fresh water fishing; even those who are the most pronounced salt water adherents can be seen daily on some of our lakes enjoying the quiet and glorious sport of taking the white perch, which is particularly abundant in Deal Lake, and runs of large size, 1½ and 1¼lb. specimens being not uncommon. When one considers the advantages to be had in lake fishing, there is small cause for wonder at the change. There is perhaps no more beautiful body of water in our State than this same Deal Lake; it embraces several hundreds of acres, and extends in an unbroken sheet nearly a mile straightaway from the ocean, where it divides in three arms, whose borders are covered by a heavy growth of timber. It is here the angler can have the restful quiet which dignifies the sport, with boat quietly at anchor beneath the outspreading arms of some patriarch of the forest, whose dense mantle precludes the possibility of sunlight reaching the water. Here goodly strings of white perch and pickerel can be lured from their watery homes. What though occasionally strings be not large or individual weights great, full recompense is had in the sweet, bracing restfulness of the contemplative man's recreation. LEONARD HULIT.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Kingfishers will Wind their Reels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am much beholden to Br'er Starbuck for his kindly mention of ye Kingfishers in issue of July 4, but he is a little off on the location of our summer camp for this year. We are not going to camp on Burt Lake. We have taken a new departure.

The boys have "prevailed over me," and we leave on July 31 over the C., H. & D., Monon and Chicago & Northwestern railways for Presque Isle Lake, in Vilas county, Wisconsin, going via Power's Junction, as recommended by Brother McCrea in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 2, 1895.

The lake is eighteen or twenty miles southwest of Gogebic Lake, and lies, with a dozen or more other lakes near about, a few miles from the State line dividing the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and Wisconsin.

The lake is said to afford splendid bass fishing, but the chief reason for making the camp there is to give "poor Charley" (Furr) an opportunity to "hive a maskinonje"—the ambition of his (angling) life—in Pappoose Lake, which can be reached by a couple of short portages.

There will be a dozen or more in the party, including Adirondack Murray, who "got lost in the middle of the road" last year; Dr. A. E Elliott, of Lodi, Ohio, a new recruit of last year and an angler and sportsman after our own hearts; Dick Morris, George Payne and a couple more bluegrassers of the right sort, with another one or two to hear from; the big 4 (old Sam, poor Charley, Col. Culbertson and old Hickory, yer humble sarvent), and last, but not least important, old Mack, the black prince of camp cooks; and if we don't pull a heap o' comfort and sport out of that camp, it will be because ye Kingfishers have "forgot their ways;" and if ye editor of FOREST AND STREAM, Bre'r Hough—may his shadder never grow less nor his pencil wear out—or any other brother of the rod has a doubt about it, let him follow up our trail to Marenisco, get John McLaughlin to "buckboard" him out and drop him in the shadow of Old Glory to share our blankets for a few days, and we'll make it warm for him.

The latest from Bre'r Starbuck is that he is on his way to his favorite waters, the north shore of Lake Superior, and here's a hopin' that he'll get his "satisfy" of luring crimson princelings, scarlet-*headed* and red-*hooded* trout and other varieties of the *fontinalis* that are seemingly indigenous only to those waters, albeit I never before heard of a red-*headed* trout. They must be a new species not classified by naturalists. I'm a trifle loose in my Latin, but how would *fontinalis topknoti, rubri, Starbuck-eye* do? or words to that effect, which being interpreted liberally stands for Starbuck's red-*headed* trout.

KINGFISHER.

Their Pictures in the Papers.

THE Boston *Globe* gave a portrait last week of a Maine boy who had distinguished himself as a rising young angler. The story of his exploit runs:

"John Merrill, the Cobbosseecontee fisherman and guide, is the proudest man in Kennebec county, Maine, just now, because his son and heir, aged three, has caught two strapping great bass, and has won the distinction of being the high-line fisherman of his age in Maine, so far as it is possible to determine. If there is any other child of three years who has landed two 3lb. black bass, one within half an hour of the other, John Merrill has yet to hear of him."

In the mail which brought this to the FOREST AND STREAM came a copy of the San Francisco *Chronicle* with with a portrait of Miss Maud Pryor, who has seen but ten summers and is declared to be "entitled to the palm as champion fisher maiden of California, for she caught seventy large trout in Donner Lake in one day recently. The little girl is the daughter of W. A. Pryor, of Shasta. She left home in May to visit friends in San Francisco, and after a few weeks' stay went to Truckee, where she is at present. Miss Maud is very fond of fishing and other outdoor sports."

Dr. Webb and the Quebec Fish and Game Club.

FISH AND GAME PROTECTION CLUB Province of Quebec, Montreal, July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been brought to my notice that articles have been published in some American papers claiming that Dr. Webb, the president of the St. Lawrence & Adirondack Railroad, has been arrested and fined by the wardens of this club for alleged infraction of the fishery laws of the Province. As Dr. Webb is *de facto* a resident of this Province and pays taxes as such, I need hardly point out how void of foundation such statements must be, and as they may be productive of mischievous results if allowed to remain uncontradicted, I shall feel much obliged if you will be kind enough to publish this in the next issue of your valuable journal. J. S. LEO, Hon. Sec'y.

Game and Fish Protection.

MINNESOTA ASSOCIATION.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual meeting of the Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association will be held at the Windsor Hotel, in St. Paul, on Thursday, July 30. A pleasure programme for visiting members has been arranged, and the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club will on Friday, the 31st, give an all-day trap tournament as a compliment to our Association. Several hundred dollars in merchandise prizes will be shot for. A banquet will also be given on one of the evenings named.

While in all probability most of the old officers will be re-elected, the meeting will be of much interest to Minnesota sportsmen in general, for after an existence of a year it has been practically demonstrated that an organization of such a character can do much toward shaping the sentiment of the masses in the interests of game and fish protection.

While in reality this Association has made no startling demonstrations of activity during the year just closed, we have conducted a dignified and worthy campaign and have made friends and recruits in all quarters; yet our attitude has been such as to warn violators that we are in the field for business, and in this connection the State Game and Fish Commission has given us full credit for our work and influence as an auxiliary body. Though we have reason to be satisfied that we started this volunteer movement, we have learned several weaknesses to be guarded against, and have some changes to make in our constitution that will make it thoroughly possible to assimilate with the various local protective bodies and gun clubs throughout the State, extend our line of usefulness and make our work effective in all quarters. Our constitutional provisions for admitting these local bodies to membership have not been satisfactory to the major number of clubs. But with the changes we propose making this result will be accomplished, and this being a legislative year, we will, with united action, be able to voice any alterations in the fish and game laws that may be thought desirable before our legislative tribunal. Our present laws on these subjects are for the most part admirable and have stood the tests of the highest courts, and it is doubtful if more than a few minor alterations will be brought forward. WM. L. TUCKER, Sec'y.

Fishculture.

NEW METHOD OF POND CULTURE.*

BY DR. JOUSSET DE BELLESME.

[Translated by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, by permission of the author, and read at the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society.]

[*Concluded from page 52.*]

FISHCULTURE should be a methodical process, producing returns with certainty and regularity. Carp culture has for its object the bringing of this fish to a size advantageous for market purposes, but the carp is not marketable until it reaches a minimum weight of 1 kilogram, and it finds a better sale when it reaches a weight of 2, 3 or 4 kilograms. If we wish to keep them long enough in a pond to attain this weight and the best perfection possible, we must arrange the ponds in such a way as to secure this as rapidly as possible.

The case is by no means the same either with trout or California salmon. These fish are marketable when they have attained the weight of 200 grams, and it is to be observed that they bring a better return at this weight than those weighing 2, 3, 4 or more kilograms. As a matter of fact in the Paris market the large trout bring 8 francs, while the small ones of 200 grams are sold at 10 francs a kilogram.

But a carp weighing 200 grams is not edible. It is precisely this difference between the California salmon and the carp which serves as a basis for organizing the new method of culture which I have the honor to explain. We seek merely to obtain small *Salmonidæ*, and this permits us to secure an annual return, a thing which the carp rarely furnishes.

Doubtless this difference in the method of culture will incommode not a little the fishculturist who is in the habit of raising carp. But pond culture of the California salmon, as I shall explain it, is very simple.

As in all intensive culture this requires care, frequently greater care than with the carp; but we shall see that it yields nearly ten times as much as carp culture.

We will now for greater clearness inquire successively into the different conditions which may present themselves in pond culture.

Suppose in the first place a property contains many ponds, some with warm water, others with cold water, a condition of frequent occurrence, how shall these ponds be arranged for use in the culture of *Salmonidæ*?

The principal prerequisite for a pond culturist should be to insure abundant nourishment for the fish. In the culture of the carp, which is herbivorous, the ponds must be well supplied with certain species of aquatic plants. I have insisted so strongly upon this point in my recommendations for the last ten years that many proprietors of ponds begin to recognize its value.

At present we seek to raise carnivorous fishes, and all our efforts should lead primarily toward securing an abundant supply of animal food. Certain specialists have believed that they could solve this problem by an unlimited supply of crustaceans; this is the system of Lugrin. I have demonstrated in experiments made at the Trocadéro Aquarium that feeding by Daphnia is simply a dangerous illusion. These little animals possess very small value as food, and fish which are subjected to this regimen do not grow. But it is important to the fishculturist that his products grow as quickly as possible, and to accomplish this we must not forsake food materials of rich quality, like meat, blood, etc.

We employ the two series of ponds, of warm water and cold water, for different purposes. The warm ponds, in which fish reproduce and grow rapidly because plants grow in them, are used to raise herbivorous fish of rapid growth, like the carp, tench and roach.

In this new method of culture the carp and its rearing does not entirely disappear. It is simply relegated to the second place and cultivated, not for the purpose of obtaining fish of marketable size, but for the fry, which are intended for feeding the *Salmonidæ*. Carp, roach and tench, hardy fishes of which the multiplication is unlimited and the growth rapid, will be grown in warm ponds, but produced in such a manner as to remain small, and in order to obtain this result we allow the breeding ponds to be overstocked with eggs, a thing which was avoided carefully under the old methods, but which on the contrary we wish to attain because we desire nothing but to produce fry smaller than the carnivorous fish which are to feed upon them.

Besides, the American *Salmonidæ*, and particularly the California salmon, develop much more rapidly and much earlier than the fry of the *Cyprinidæ*. In August the young carp measure scarcely 4 centimeters, and at the same time the California salmon are 10 centimeters long, at least if they have been properly raised. Thus the new method of culture is based upon the abundant production of minnows with a view to their transformation into flesh of the *Salmonidæ*, and in the two series of ponds we conduct two methods of rearing, each of which is equally important. It is clear that each type of pond will be differently managed. The warm ponds should have the banks sloping, should be shallow and well exposed to the sun. The bottom should be furnished with an abundance of plants of suitable height.

* *Nouvelle Méthode de Culture des Étangs.* Par le Docteur Jousset de Bellesme, *Pêche et Pisciculture*, Brussels. Nos. 1, 2, 3, Jan.–Mar., 1896; pp. 2-11, 38-40, 50-54.

The choice of these plants should not be left to chance, but made with judgment according to the different species of fish which are to inhabit the ponds. As these aquatic plants are not well known to fishculturists, I will mention those which are useful for ponds intended for the cultivation of carp, tench and roach. * * *

At the end of February or the beginning of March the breeding fish are placed in the pond according to custom, but in double the usual number, in order to insure a surplus production of fry, the securing of a very great quantity of eggs here being the sole object of the operation.

Spawning will take place at the end of May and the pond will contain a considerable number of alevins which will be 3 or 4 centimeters long in August. It will be easy to catch them with fine seines and to transport them quickly to the cold ponds devoted to the rearing of *Salmonidæ*.

The fishculturist must proportion the number of young of the *Cyprinidæ* which he will need to the number of *Salmonidæ* which he desires to feed, and experience will quickly teach him this proportion, which will of course vary with the surrounding conditions, and the additional nourishment, more or less, which can be obtained from the worms and insect larvæ in the pond; besides, if there should be a surplus of food for the *Salmonidæ* he can easily sell it to other fishculturists.

As a general rule the young carp and tench will be eaten up before they have reached the length of 8 centimeters. No advantage is to be derived from allowing them to grow larger. Every year the fishculturist will then secure a new production of fry. There is nothing in this which is either complicated or calculated to embarrass the fish breeder.

Let us proceed now to the arrangement of the cold ponds (I repeat that by cold ponds I mean ponds in which the water is not more than 16° centigrade). Nevertheless, since we have to do here with California salmon, we may consider as cold ponds those in which the temperature rises to 24° centigrade during the heat of summer; that is to say, a truly cold pond of the ordinary kind for *Salmonidæ* is not a necessity in this method of culture, which has succeeded marvelously in regions provided almost entirely with warm ponds, as at Sologne.

Since a locality always contains some ponds which are cooler than others, I recommend to the fishculturist to give the cooler ones the preference in rearing the California salmon. There are a number of reasons for this which I will not enter into here.

It will be well to arrange beside these ponds one or two moderately large elongate basins, in which the water can be circulated. These basins are intended for the rearing of the salmon alevins, and in this way time may be saved, because the young increase much more rapidly in them than if they were at liberty in a pond. The rearing basins, dug in the soil, should have a depth of at least half a meter to 1½ meters, and the banks should be sloping. A width of 1½ meters will be very practicable. They need not be fully stocked with aquatic plants; a few clumps may be placed in them, which can be arranged in pots buried in the gravelly bottom. The plants which should have the preference are the large-leafed potamogetons and the nenuphars. At first they will serve to oxygenate the water, and later to furnish shade for the young.

The breeder may have recourse either to eggs or to alevins; the latter are always high-priced and difficult to transport. It is therefore much more practical to procure the eggs, and, from another point of view, it almost always happens that alevins which are purchased have been injured and have not been properly fed. It is well to know that in this case the inevitable result will be an arrest of development. They will not become large, no matter how favorable the conditions in which they are placed.

Preference should be given to eggs, which involves a slight complication, it is true, because it will be necessary to hatch them; but nothing is easier, and we have to-day hatching apparatus so simple and practical that hatching is merely a pleasure.

The price of fertilized eggs of California salmon is about 18 to 20 francs a thousand.

After hatching, the fry are transported to the rearing basin, and at the end of about fifteen days, without waiting for the complete absorption of the yolk sack—I insist especially upon this point—the feeding should be commenced. The food should be suspended daily in the water by means of a zinc vessel placed about 20 centimeters from the bottom. The general principles of rearing fry should be followed rigorously. In feeding them one should not seek for variations or for imaginary improvements. It should be our aim to grow the alevins rapidly, and give them the richest and most easily assimilated food.

For more than ten years I have employed for this purpose the spleen of beef, calf or horse, the price of which is low and its preparation very simple, because it is given raw and its nutritive properties are very great. This substance has been employed for food of the youngest salmon at the Aquarium of the Trocadéro almost exclusively since 1883, and many fishculturists have followed our example. Blood is an excellent and cheap food. It should be slightly cooked in hot water. One may ignore all other forms of nourishment, particularly Daphnia and the prepared foods which are so extensively advertised.

What number of alevins can be reared per hectare? Experience has shown me that if the conditions are favorable one may raise without danger in a hectare of water, with an average depth of 1½ meters, 200 kilograms of *Salmonidæ* at least. If then the fishculturist follows my advice by raising California salmon to the weight of 200 grams he will place 1,000 alevins in a hectare. If he desires to raise fish of a larger size he must use fewer per hectare. Here are in this respect the approximate numbers:

1,000	salmon of	200	grams	per	hectare.
500	"	" 400	"		"
200	"	" 1	kilogram		"
125	"	" 1½	"		"

These numbers are the results of numerous experiments which I have made upon this point, and I have taken pains to give the minimum, which may often be surpassed under favorable conditions.

At what time should we place the alevins in the pond and in what time may we expect them to reach marketable size?

The spawning of the California salmon takes place very early, and on account of this precocity it is chosen as the

basis for pond culture. With it we are able to complete the culture in one year, a very great advantage, which one cannot realize either with the common trout or the rainbow trout, because the former grows very slowly and the latter does not spawn until April. The eggs of the California salmon, deposited at the end of October, hatch in the middle of December. If they are placed at this time in the rearing basin and properly fed they will measure on an average 12 centimeters by the middle of July, and will then be very suitable for liberating in the pond.

If the temperature of the year has been very high and the spawning of the carp takes place early, we may doubtless place the salmon in the pond earlier.

By all means the young salmon should be placed in the pond not later than in August. At this time a great many of the *Cyprinidæ* will be sufficiently developed to answer for their food. The fishculturist then proceeds to seine the alevins with a fine net, and to place the salmon in the pond which has been well furnished with its food.

The breeder from this moment should exercise a continual supervision over the pond, and assure himself that there is constantly an excess of small fish, for it is essential, in order that the salmon may grow rapidly, that they should find a superabundance of nourishment. Besides, one should be careful not to place too many in the pond at a time and thus cause difficulty.

These young *Cyprinidæ* do not find favorable conditions for their existence in the salmon pond, and will become sickly and furnish indifferent food for the young salmon.

Beginning from the commencement of August, in what time may we hope that the salmon will attain the weight of 200 grams? Herein the superiority of the California salmon over other fishes is demonstrated. I do not know any other of which the growth is so rapid when placed under favorable conditions. It does not require more than six months for a young salmon of 12 centimeters, placed in a pond at the end of July, to acquire the weight of ½lb. One may obtain even better results by placing these fish under certain conditions, but this is about the average with current methods. We may therefore, at the end of January, market our salmon.

It will be seen that pond culture by the method which I have indicated can be made to give a very gratifying annual return.

If the breeder desires to obtain larger salmon, instead of catching them at the end of January he should continue the rearing in the same manner, and at the end of the second year he will obtain salmon measuring 45 to 50 centimeters. I need not add that if one cultivates fish of greater weight than 200 grams the number per hectare ought to be reduced in proportion to their size. Upon this subject I refer to a table which I have given above.

As far as my experience permits me to judge, the breeder should limit himself to the average weight of 200 kilograms per hectare under ordinary conditions. I have reference to a hectare of standing water, for if the pond is traversed by a sufficiently rapid current, such as would be furnished by abundant springs, it is evident that this proportion may be increased. I therefore give the amount of 200 kilograms as a good average, rather low, but it may serve as a rule in the majority of cases. If one exceeds this amount very much, he will experience disastrous results, which should be avoided at all cost.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's fourth show, Kingston, Ont., Canada. C. H. Corbett, Supt.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Sept 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Central Beagle Club's trials L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y.

The Bicycle Dog.

As new wants arise with the changes of civilization, enterprising individuals forthwith set their ingenuity at work to devise a means of a supply. By the same token, when there is space to be filled in the news department of the daily press, the bright young men in charge of the news industry see that the supply is equal to the demand.

It was necessary for the complete rounding out of the bicycle habit that there should be a bicycle dog, otherwise the bicycle would be a dogless world, and therefore cheerless. The following has started on its long distance travel through the columns of the daily press. It has that nice precision of language and broad grasp of fact which are ample data for the formation of a standard. Here it is:

"At last a bicycle dog has been developed. It is a well-known fact that any dog of the ordinary breeds will be left behind by the confirmed bicyclist or killed by exhaustion. But an English breeder has discovered that by interbreeding specimens of two particular sorts of dog he can obtain a creature of strong constitution, able to travel fast and to stay almost any distance. For nearly three years he has been experimenting, and during that time some of his creations have been very strong beasts."

It would have added much to the value of "his creation" had he bred the dogs so that large gills were developed, to the end that the dog could readily dispose of a peck of dust each hour without swallowing it; also the dog's legs should be so adjusted as to be about 90 gear. To breed scorching dogs in three years by interbreeding two "particular sorts" is indeed a great stride in breeding. By crossing the produce of two other particular sorts on these, a breed of "strong beasts" should be produced which would be able to follow the limited train from New York to Chicago.

A "long and low" dog would best answer the purpose for many reasons; first, if he should stand in the way, there would be but little obstruction in running over him crosswise, and no eccentric cyclist could run over the narrow body lengthwise, let him try ever so hard. Again, a long and low dog could penetrate the atmosphere and dust with little exertion, and if his nose be sharp, it adds so much the more to his power of penetration. A long dog furthermore harmonizes better with the wheel in the matter of symmetry, though whatever his form it is necessary at all times that he be a "strong beast." On this problem of the bicycle dog, which can reel off a century in a few hours, we know of no better authority than "Uncle Dick" for the promoters of the bicycle dog to turn to in their hour of need, and the longer and lower the dog is, the more ground he will cover, and there is no reason why he should not be "yaller."

The Development of the Pointer.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. C. E McMurdo's letter on the pointer in a recent issue of the FOREST AND STREAM contains a statement of facts which should make the heart of every pointer admirer rejoice. From obscurity in the public competitions at the start, and from a grade of competition when the pointer did run that excited only ridicule, the pointer has forced his way through the competition to a level with the setter, if it be not even higher. Considering the number of the pointers—they were always inferior and consequently at a disadvantage—their record is for that reason better than that of the setters. They were always conceding odds to their long-haired opponents. Even in the days long ago when the pointers and setters ran separately, when it came to running off the absolute, the pointers were oftenest the victors.

Now that the setters are degenerating, there is little doubt but what the pointer will be the favorite dog of the American sportsman in the near future, and the setter will be relegated to the rear as the inferior dog for work. From what I can gather of the present condition of the English setters, they are not a type at all. We read of Laveracks and Llewellins, and I have great doubts whether at the present day there is a genuine one of either strain in the United States. Even if there were such, the breeding has deviated from the lines of the original Laveracks and Llewellins to such a degree that they now are widely different from the old stock which was first imported, and this for the worst, too, for I think that the dogs shown at the bench shows now are much inferior to those of ten or fifteen years ago. All this, I believe, is the result of inbreeding, and hence bad breeding.

A. D. M.

Providence Bench Show.

PROVIDENCE, R I., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In explanation of Rule 6, p. 99, in our premium list for 1896, covering the receiving of exhibits in our bench show, we would say that the object of the regulation was to enable us to have every department of our fair in full operation at the opening of the gates, Monday, Sept. 7, at 8 A. M. This being Labor Day, with an expected large attendance, it now seems that in some cases the strict enforcement of this regulation would be a hardship to the dogs and it has met with some objection by the owners. We have decided to waive the rule in special cases, more particularly in regard to exhibitors coming from a distance. We will therefore, where circumstances will warrant, receive dogs on Monday morning at the convenience of the owners, but we desire to call special attention to the fact that the judging will commence promptly at 10 A. M. on that day, and dogs not in position at that time will be disqualified. Exhibitors will therefore see the necessity of acting promptly in this regard and make their shipments in proper time.

W. W. DEXTER, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The new edition of "Modern Dogs," recently from the press, is devoted to the different breeds of terriers, and is up to date in all particulars. Mr. Rawdon B. Lee, the author, has made a decided improvement on what already seemed a perfect work. Every breed of terrier is given minute attention, and there is a broadness of treatment and a thorough knowledge of the subject which at once win the confidence and interest of the reader. Excellent illustrations by the well-known artist, Arthur Wardle, add materially to the value of the work. In all there are 458 pages of matter presented in a manner both instructive and entertaining.

Mr. F. E. Rogers, Hiawatha, Kans., under date of July 1 writes us as follows: "There was stolen in Kansas City, Mo., an Italian greyhound dog, fawn color; weight, about 7 to 9lbs.; four white feet; white tip on tail; star in face; diamond-shaped white spot on back of neck; name, Diamond." Any information will be thankfully received by Mr. Rogers.

In our advertising columns the Continental Field Trials Club announces two stakes, its All-Aged and Northwestern. The former has a purse of $350, divided into four parts, $125, $100, $75 and $50. Forfeit $10, $10 additional to start. The forfeit of the Northwestern Stake is $5 and $5 additional to start. Mr. W. S Bell, who is an experienced, competent and popular judge, will officiate in that capacity. Besides the pleasure of participating in the field trials, there is an unequaled opportunity for an outing for all those who love to shoot or fish. In this connection it may not be amiss to mention that the open season on chickens in Minnesota is from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1. Quail and ruffed grouse, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. The killing of moose, elk or caribou, or having in possession, is forbidden before Jan. 1, 1898. Deer may be killed between Nov. 1 and 20. It is illegal to catch trout between Sept. 1 and the following May 1 nor any other food fish between the first day of March and the first day of May following, except that whitefish, lake trout, lake herring, sturgeon, pickerel, and any variety of pike, except wall-eyed pike, may be taken in international waters at any time. Each person is limited to twenty-five birds and fifty fish in one day.

The Collie Club offers for competition at Toronto one club medal for the best collie owned by a member of the club and one club medal for the best collie owned by a Canadian member. If two additional members are secured from Canada before the Toronto show opens, an additional silver medal will be given, competition for which will be restricted to Canadian members Applications with $5 for annual dues should be sent to James Watson, 203 Broadway, New York.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the running rules of the Dixie Red Fox Club, a most interesting brochure, which can be obtained of Mr. J. H. Wallace, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer, Huntsville, Ala. The club has a strong membership, numbering upwards of eighty. The next meet will be at Rowland, near Athens, Ala., commencing on Dec. 14.

We are indebted to Mr. W. B. Converse, Montreal, for a photograph of his imported fox terrier Bellevue Tackler, together with a list of his winnings. Mr. Converse will show him in the Canadian circuit.

Under date of July 20 a telegram to us from the honorable secretary of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, Mr. John Wootton, contains the information that the closing of the Derby entries has been extended to Aug. 1, owing to delay in issuing the customs circular.

Mr. Chas. H. Mason, of New York city, at the close of the bench show season will have been a very active factor in the judging, both in the United States and Canada He has accepted an invitation to judge at Kingston, Ont., that show commencing on Sept. 1. It is possible that Mr. Kirk may judge sporting spaniels at Kingston. Mr. Mason will also judge at Montreal.

The premium list of the Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association can now be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis. The prizes are liberal, being $15 in challenge classes, $15, $10 and $5 in open classes, and $5 and $3 in puppy classes of the more popular breeds. The other prizes range from $10 in challenge classes; $10, $5 and $3 in open classes, and $5 and $3 in puppies. Other open classes have $10 and $5 Entry fee $3 The special prize list will be published later. John D. Olcott, superintendent. Major J. M. Taylor will judge all classes.

The "late entry nuisance" is disturbing the English bench show interests seriously. The Irish Kennel Association announced a hard and fast condition that late entries would not be accepted. As a consequence, the show was abandoned for lack of entries.

The members of the Ladies' Kennel Association, of which so much was expected for the betterment of canine interests and general elevation of the canine world, are rapidly drifting into what has the appearance of a battle royal squabble, which shows that in life's mission they are the equal of man in many things heretofore denied them.

The fact that a dog is now considered in most States as being property seems to be learned slowly. Too often vindictiveness and malice are considered good enough law by the individual. From an exchange we learn that a Detroit man who shot his neighbor's dog for tearing up his garden has been worsted in the courts by the decision of the judge, the latter deciding that such action is not warranted unless the offense becomes chronic. We do not believe that a repetition of the offense would justify the killing of the dog. If so, why could not the same line of reasoning justify the killing of a horse which repeatedly broke into a garden?

Says the Boonville *Herald:* Dog poisoners will do well to read and profit by the following lines: "A person who unjustifiably administers any poisonous or noxious drug or substance with intent that the same shall be taken by any animal, be it the property of himself or another, is guilty of a misdemeanor. The penalty of such a conviction is a fine of not more than $500, or not more than one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary, or both, in the discretion of the court."

The New England Kennel Club open their new club house and boarding kennels at Braintree on Saturday, July 25. Lunch will be served at 1 o'clock and the afternoon sports will commence at 2 o'clock. A special car will be attached to the 11:30 train from the Old Colony depot, Boston, for the convenience of members and their guests. We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of an invitation from the club, and regret that we are unable to be present at an event so important and enjoyable. Our good wishes go forth for the club's greater success.

Under date of July 17 Mr. G. M. Rundle, secretary of the Danbury Agricultural Society, writes us that the annual bench show will be held in the building for dogs, 60×100ft. in dimensions. Spratts will bench and feed. Mr. E. M. Oldham will superintend. There will be an increased list of prizes and specials.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

SQUIRREL SHOOTING WITH A BICYCLE.

I HAVE never seen much in the sporting press relative to New York city as a game center, yet at times there is pretty good woodcock and shore bird shooting within the limits of the Greater New York, and very occasionally quail and partridges are found within range of the nightly electrical illumination.

Rabbits and squirrels, however, are the game that manages to hold their own best against the encroachments of civilization within a radius of twenty-five miles of City Hall, and within this distance on Long Island, Staten Island and Jersey, as well as Westchester county, N. Y., there are enough to make a pretty fair census report, provided the census taker is a man of experience and not over-exacting in his expectations. For instance, within this distance from City Hall, the enumerator with a shotgun should be satisfied if he records from one to three or four of either variety for a day's work, and he will not go to Mulberry street either to make this record.

Now, the point at which I am aiming is this—twenty-five miles from City Hall is easily within the powers of a bicycle rider living in New York city, and if that man likes shooting, whether he goes by the name of "sportsman" or not, he can get it by the aid of his wheel on off days or half holidays, reserving his longer vacations for more distant shooting trips.

Gray squirrels are my favorite game about New York, and they can be found almost anywhere where there is large timber. On Long Island or in Westchester county, however, they are not found as near the city as on Staten Island or along the Palisades. There are grays on the Palisades where the first large timber begins, but they are very few and far between till one gets above Fort Lee. Above that point, however, they are found in every piece of woodland where there are hollow trees to protect them. Grays so close to the city rarely nest, for they have learned by experience that hollow trees are better protection against the shots of dagos and hoodlums who swarm through the woods on holidays. And here let me give a bit of advice, which is not to go shooting within 100 miles of New York on a public holiday, unless you go very early and return by breakfast time.

Even hollow trees do not always protect the grays, for after a light fall of snow I once saw a party of hoodlums capture a number of squirrels just above Fort Lee by the aid of telegraph linemen's climbers. When they had located a den tree, one of the party was sent up with an axe to chop the squirrel out, while the rest, including some dogs, waited on the ground to give the unlucky squirrel a warm reception.

One can take an early morning boat across the ferry at West One Hundred and Thirty-first street, and within an hour, by the aid of his wheel, be on fair squirrel ground, where if he knows his business he can bag two or three grays before breakfast.

Over on Staten Island there are also some pretty fair squirrel woods. Last Election Day I killed four before 8 o'clock in the morning on Tode Hill, which is in the center of the island, possibly fifteen miles from City Hall in an air line.

To reach this point the bicyclist can leave South Ferry at 3:40 A. M. He will arrive at St. George half an hour later, where he transfers to the Rapid Transit R. R., taking the train which stands at the right as he leaves the ferry house. His bicycle is carried free of charge on both boat and train, and the entire cost of the trip is but 10 cents. At the fourth or fifth station he can leave the train and strike south for the center of the island. The fourth station is West New Brighton, and if one gets off at this point he can follow the street car tracks almost to his destination. After leaving the station he should first go a couple of hundred yards parallel with the railroad, and in the same direction taken by the train, till he comes to the first street leading off to the left. After this, where there is a branch in the street car line he should always take the right hand turn.

The wheeling is all up hill, but the roads are macadam and kept in very good condition. Between two and three miles from the station, at say a little after 5 in the morning and pitch dark still in November, our early riser will pass a large isolated building on the right, which is Eckstein's Brewery. Half a mile beyond he will come to a road to the left climbing the last hill on the island, from the top of which, on a clear day, a magnificent view of ocean, bay and hills may be had.

He should follow this road to a point where at the last rise a path strikes off to the right up a steep bank. He will have to dismount here and push his wheel along the path, as it is not ridable before daylight.

A quarter of a mile from the road he strikes the first big timber. Here the squirrel hunter may leave his wheel, taking good care to hide it thoroughly, or he can take it along with him through the woods if he feels safer to have it by him.

And now, having directed my friend to the hunting grounds, I will give a short description of my Election Day hunt in these same woods. A little to your left as you enter the woods, and 100yds. or so from the boundary fence, is a very large hickory that leans toward the east at an angle of 20 or 30° out of the perpendicular.

This tree springs from the foot of a bluff, so that its top branches are not a great distance from the sportsman as he approaches on the higher ground; and as the tree is a prolific bearer of very sweet nuts, it is a great resort for the grays.

This was my objective point as I entered the woods in the first faint dawn that November morning, and I soon found a good point of vantage commanding the tree where I could wait for the early squirrel.

Aside from my wheel my sole companion was my .22 repeater, fitted with Lyman sights front and rear.

The morning was very still and a trifle misty—just the kind of a day to hunt—and my heart was filled with pleasurable expectation. Before long, however, these were rudely dashed, for, looking over my shoulder to ascertain the cause of some distant noise, I discovered two other hunters approaching.

Without seeing me these men came within twenty paces of the spot where I sat, and there one took up his position to wait till sunrise, while the other moved on and was soon lost to sight.

My neighbor was not a good squirrel hunter, for he lacked patience and fidgeted a great deal. Several times he changed his position a little, but at length he spied me, and after that he kept more quiet.

Though the usual accompaniments of sunrise were not in evidence that morning—owing to the mist—it gradually grew lighter, and presently, far off through the trees, I saw a leafy bough suddenly bend downward under the weight of a squirrel.

I kept my eyes riveted on the tree, which was a small hickory gorgeous with its golden autumn coloring, and a second later I saw a splash of gray moving rapidly down the trunk of a nearer basswood.

I made up my mind that the nimble rodent was coming my way, and I looked out of the corner of my eye to see if the other fellow had caught on. But he was busily engaged with a late mosquito, and I did not wonder that his companion had preferred to hunt alone.

The squirrel came rapidly along its aërial pathway and soon reached a tall, spindly maple, which had no branches worth mentioning short of the top. Here it stopped, having no doubt seen some motion of my neighbor, and as there was no good cover for the squirrel in the immediate neighborhood, I resolved to open the campaign on the offensive. Accordingly I arose and walked over to the tree where I had marked him down, keeping my eyes peeled for a sudden break and the little rifle in position for a snap shot.

But Mr. Gray diagnosed the case wrongly and imagined he hadn't been seen, for instead of attempting to get away, he flattened his body against the opposite side of the tree and tried to hide. I walked very softly directly up to the butt of the tree, and once there caught hold with my left hand and swung my body around till I could look up on the side where the squirrel was hiding. Meanwhile I had raised the rifle to my shoulder and held it with my right hand aimed in a general way toward the top of the tree.

Scarcely 30ft. above me hung the squirrel, head down, and looking for all the world like other knots and protuberances on the tree, and whether from surprise or because he did not think he had been seen, he did not move. Slowly I steadied the rifle, for it was a difficult shot, and when it spat out its leaden missile the squirrel did not immediately fall. Instead it jumped into a neighboring tree and hung for a minute from a branch, evidently badly wounded. It was but the work of a second to step aside and take a second shot, and the squirrel was stone dead when its body struck the ground.

I picked up the bushy-tailed fellow, and noting that the first shot had struck too far back, dropped him in my pocket.

Then having secured my bicycle, I moved further south along a line fence till I came to a nest tree where the claw marks on the trunk were very recent. Here I was out of sight and hearing of my late neighbor, and as it was hardly yet light I was content to rest a while.

J. B. BURNHAM.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW BICYCLES ARE SOLD.

THE following statement of the part that advertising plays in the sale of bicycles, taken from the columns of *Profitable Advertising*, is worthy of consideration as being the opinion of a man who handles the advertising of one of the best advertised and most widely sold bicycles of the day:

"More money has been spent in this country during the past twelve months in advertising bicycles than any other article of manufacture, and yet out of the several hundred bicycle makers there are less than a score who could properly be classed as 'general advertisers.' Further, notwithstanding the overwhelming demand for bicycles, both this season and last, the 'general advertisers' have done and are doing the bulk of the business, and with one or two exceptions they have not found it necessary to resort to the cutting of prices. This is only natural, for people will not pay $100 for the indifferent product of some unknown manufacturer.

"The hundreds who rush into the bicycle business this season without any experience, and the non-advertisers among the older manufacturers, are the ones who are now disposing of their bicycles at any price they can get regardless of list, and the writer will stake his reputation as a prophet that these same manufacturers will have 'bicycles to burn' before the season is over.

"The above statements are not mere words, but in the main are solid facts. The natural deduction for the unfortunate manufacturer, if he wishes to avoid a repetition of this deplorable state of affairs, is to advertise. By this is not meant the desultory spending of a few hundred dollars during the season, but the laying aside of an appropriation for advertising that is consistent with his standing and condition. Most important of all is the selection of the man who will buy the space and attend to his advertising. An experienced and capable advertising manager will produce better results than will an inferior one with double the appropriation at his disposal. In this instance, as in many others, the best and highest priced talent is the cheapest in the end.

"The competition next year among the bicycle manufacturers will be most keen, as the demand is even now practically supplied, and before the present season is over there will be a surfeit of bicycles stored away for next season's trade. Under these circumstances there must of necessity be more advertising that ever, which will also have to be better and more carefully looked after. Next year a demand will have to be created and many a bicycle manufacturer will find it not so easy sailing as heretofore. Bicycle advertising is only in its infancy, and the coming season will see more of it, and as necessity is the mother of invention, it will naturally be much better."

The World's "Hundred."

ONE hundred miles being a sort of standard distance, cyclists are usually interested in how the records stand. The following are the best authenticated safety, path, paced records, as prepared by Chairman Gideon:

English amateur, 3.54.20⅘, A. E. Walters, at Catford, Sept. 7, 1895.

American amateur, 4.37.56½, A. G. Harding, St. Louis, Oct. 24, 1894.

American, Class B, 4.22.15, R. P. Searle, Nov. 13, 1895.

TIRE EXPEDIENTS AND COMMON SENSE.

THE most vulnerable part of a good bicycle is the tire. In a well set up bicycle there is very little danger that the frame will break or come apart, or that the wheels or bearings or cranks or pedals will suddenly play out, and the rider is very rarely put to the inconvenience of walking home except for the single cause of an injured tire. A pneumatic tire at best is a delicate thing, and we Americans have gone to the extreme of making them very light, though it must be acknowledged that weight for weight ours are the toughest in the world.

Owing to the adventurous tendencies of bicycle riders as a class it frequently happens that tires give way in the most out-of-the-way places, and consequently a knowledge of the art of tire repairing is of the utmost importance. Directions are given with all repair outfits, and by studying these the average cyclist can make a pretty good job of the commoner class of punctures; but frequently for one reason or another, either for lack of time or because the cut is not to be treated in the ordinary way, he is at a loss for a remedy, and his wheel instead of being a help is only a hindrance to his movements. It is under such circumstances that quick wits and common sense come into play. There is a way to stand an egg on its end, and a way to accomplish a good many other apparent impossibilities, and the particular exigency of the case will frequently suggest a remedy. Tire tape is perhaps one of the most useful articles in the repair kit of the cyclist, and its use will stop most leaks more expeditiously and certainly in untrained hands than plugs and cement. Lacking this, the old expedient of a bit of chewing gum over the seat of the injury, held in place by a tightly wound cincture made from a pocket handkerchief or necktie, frequently works equally well.

Sometimes one runs over thorns that the hedge trimmer has thrown into the middle of the road by way of tidying up the strip alongside, and in this case it frequently does to break off the thorns in the wound even though they penetrate the inner wall of the tire, as they fit so tightly as not to permit an escape of the imprisoned air. Possibly the man who first thought of this expedient was acquainted with the story of the swordfish which first pierced the ship and then left its blade to caulk the leak.

At other times the tire is so badly damaged that it is a waste of time to try to make it hold air; but even this difficulty has been overcome by fertile minds. We all remember the joke where the cyclist gets himself out of a predicament by replacing his burst tire with a string of sausage, but the principle that governed him was not so ridiculous as the means he adopted.

A piece of rope of large size has been used effectively in place of a tire, care being taken to bring the ends closely together and bind them securely to the rim, and similarly the outer sheath of a double tube tire has been filled with bran, and the rider, as a reward for his ingenuity, gone home on his wheel instead of his feet.

In cycling, as at other times, it is best to think before acting. Most people have the capacity for doing the right thing provided they take the time to reason it out. A certain course is likely to give the man who adopts it plenty to worry about afterward when some simple expedient might have saved him all.

Many riders, for instance, have ruined the easy running qualities of their bicycles by riding home with a broken ball in the bearings to grind the cones and create havoc generally, whereas, having ascertained the cause of the trouble, the simplest of reasoning would have dictated the removal of the broken parts, for even if the rider was not aware of the fact that the full number of balls is not essential to the fine running of the wheel, common sense would tell him that the wheel could not possibly run worse, and that the broken parts were certainly of no advantage.

COULDN'T MOUNT.

THE other day an absent-minded man walked down the middle of a street in a large city pushing a bicycle ahead of him and gazing abstractedly at the cobblestones. A friend spied him from the sidewalk, and after some difficulty succeeded in attracting his attention.

"Hello, Jones," he said, "why aren't you riding your wheel?"

"Can't get on the blame thing," replied the absent-minded man. "I took it to the repair shop, and the man there put on the step on the right side, which is the wrong side, and though I've tried it half a dozen times I can't mount from the side where it is, and I can't make a pedal mount or a mount from the curbstone."

The man on the sidewalk looked at his friend quizzically and then said:

"Give me your wrench."

The other obeyed in a hang dog way, for the point was beginning to dawn upon him.

The man with his wits about him stooped over and in a jiffy he had removed the nut and step and put them on again in their proper places.

"Now," he said, "you can get on your wheel and ride home; but I would advise you in future either to learn some new mounts or else get a new set of brains," and the absent-minded man took his medicine meekly.

"WHEN a wabbler meets a scorcher," says the *Wheel*, "the safest course for him to pursue is to head for the approaching flyer with a grim determination to collide with him. Such is the perversity of all bicycles, when mounted by novices, that only those things the rider attempts to avoid are ridden into, and those he seeks to reach are always avoided. By remembering this in the moment of danger the wabbler will emerge triumphant from the ordeal."

Forest and Stream's
Fishing Postals.

"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.

Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught, Fishing Incidents.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

JULY.

S 25. Sea Cliff, An., Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
M 25. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
25. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
25. Winthrop, ladies' day, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
25. Squantum, moonlight sail, Squantum, Mass.
25. Chicago, club regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
28. Ogdensburgh, 15ft. cup, Ogdensburgh, St. Lawrence River.
M 29-31 Quincy, summer cruise, Quincy, Hull Bay.
30. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.

AUGUST.

1. Beverly, 3d cham., Buzzard's Bay.
S 1. Indian Harbor, An., Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
1. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
1. Waterside, special.
1. Squantum, cham., Squantum, Mass.
M 1. Savin Hill, open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
1. Chicago, dinghy race, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
New York Y. C. cruise—
3. Rendezvous, Glen Cove.
3-6. Interlake Y. R. A. regattas, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
4. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
4. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
S 5. Huntington, An., Huntington, L. I. Sound.
5. Plymouth, ladies' day, Plymouth Harbor.
6. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
8. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
S 8. Hempstead Harbor, An., Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
8. Beverly, open, Marblehead.
S 8. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
8. Winthrop, race to Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
8. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
8. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
8-9. Interlake Y. R. A. cruise, Put-in Bay to Cleveland, Lake Erie.
M 10-11. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
12-14. Corinthian, summer series, Marblehead.
15. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
S 15. Corinthian fleet, An., New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
15-20. Erie, open regattas, Erie, Lake Erie.
15. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
S 15. American, special, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
15 Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 15. Stamford, Hoyt cups, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
15. Cor. Atlantic City, ocean race, catboats, Atlantic City.
15. Chicago, race and run, Menominee, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
15. Eastern, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.
17-22. Hempstead, An. cruise.
M 17-18. American, open, Newburyport.

THE criticism has been very generally made, both this year and last, that such yachts as Ethelwynn, Ideal and Two Step would be much faster if rigged with the ancient and conventional gaff to fan them out to windward in some unexplained way than with the leg-o'-mutton sail, devoid of a peak. Last year, however, Ethelwynn was speedy enough to defeat six of her class under boom and gaff rig; and this year Glencairn has scored a decisive victory under the leg-o'-mutton rig. As the picture shows, her rig is identical in principle with the "Scarecrow" rig, differing only in mechanical details. When under full sail the single pole mast of the "Scarecrow" rig is in every way better; when reefed the shorter mast and separate yard are advantageous in lowering the weight and lessening the windage. As far as the argument between the gaff sail and the leg-o'-mutton is concerned, the weight of evidence is now on the side of the latter.

Guesswork Criticism.

As a racing class, the 15-footers are probably quite able to take care of themselves; they have furnished good sport in international racing for two years; they have increased in numbers to an exceptionally large fleet; they have attracted the interest of the yachting public, and have enlisted in their service many skilful designers and sailors, both amateur and professional. While they need no defender or apologist—especially at this time, when they represent with the new thirties the two live racing classes of the year—we are nevertheless not inclined to let pass unchallenged the malicious and untruthful attacks upon them from a certain quarter.

For some unknown cause the class from its first establishment awakened the enmity of the expert known to fame as the "Boston *Herald* Man," and he has persistently attacked it throughout the present season. Even were the class so bad and so useless as to call for condemnation in the interests of yachting, it is hardly probable that it would be entirely devoid of good, and that nothing could be learned by a technical study of the individual boats and a comparison of their qualities and performances; far from being extreme, expensive or in any way detrimental to the advancement of yachting, the class is in many respects an excellent one, and beyond this again its history up to to-day is replete with instructive data that no progressive yachtsman can afford to ignore. The character and animus of this attack upon it is shown by the wholesale and indiscriminate condemnation of it and the yachtsmen connected with it, as well as by the absence of all attempts to understand and explain the important lessons of the races. We quote the following extracts from various articles by the same writer in both the Boston and New York *Heralds:*

"So far as science of yacht naval architecture goes, the result of races between any boats built under guesswork rules amounts to nothing. The difference in the dimensions and the area of the sails shows this, and the result of the guesswork of those getting up the craft indicates that the Glencairn people had hit it the better.

"The boats were built under a guesswork rule—that is, a specified rating was named, and, in order to get this, you may cut off sail if you wanted waterline length, and add sail if you took off waterline length. The result shows that, under the guess rule, the Canadian boat has 60ft. more sail area to make up for her shorter length, and it is history repeating itself, for the Boston 21-footers, with their larger sail spreads, could beat the Herreshoff 25-footers Wenonah and El Chico, with their longer waterline lengths and smaller sail plans. Many will claim, and with justice, that there is considerable guesswork in yacht naval architecture. There is, but not to so great an extent as the boats which raced yesterday. On limited waterline lengths, the same as the Defender, the designer is not fenced in in his driving, and there is no limit on sail area. Consequently, he does not cut down the sail area to gain on the waterline. It is quite evident that the Glencairn's designer thought more sail and less length would be better than the dimensions of El Heirle, both on length on waterline and canvas area."

"Perhaps now that the promoters of this 'inland pond' type of yacht have lost the international yacht race, they will be willing to come back again to sensible, comfortable boats, where 'hit and go' does not have so much to do with the result as that of the guesswork designed boats which raced to-day. They are hardly the boats grown-up men should sail an international race in."

"The above table shows clearly the guesswork business indulged in by the different designers. The In It, with 10ft. on the waterline, has 300sq. ft. of sail, while the Answer, with 16ft. waterline, has 194 q. ft. Here are a dozen and more boats built under a rule which is restrictive, and they show that the boats with the lesser waterline length have a greater sail area than those with longer waterlines. It is come and go on the guess business.

"The designer of the Ethelwynn does not relish the work of showing up these boats, which offer no information whatever so far as giving any ideas about actual racing. He does not like the great 21-footers, built wholly for racing on the widest differences in type ever constructed in this country, a class which furnished more information for Cup defending purposes than any class yet built on either side. If the wide-beamed 21-footer had a ton of pig lead below and a jug of lemonade in a race off Marblehead, the Ethelwynn offered no such comfort, for she capsized, was deserted by her owner in a race, and such a thing as the comforts of a jug of lemonade were not to be thought of. Besides, the owner of the big, wide 21-footer has the comfort of taking his family out for a sail How about Ethelwynn in this regard?

"The Herreshoff boats Gnome and Olita were built for the class, but the racing list shows that the Olita did not start. The Gnome started in three races, finished ninth in the first and was 27 minutes astern of the Ideal on a wild fluke. She was not placed in the second and third races, although she started; neither was she selected to start in the supplementary race. What better evidence could there be that chance and opportunity have a great deal to do with results in yacht racing? Here is the case of Mr. C. H. Crane, with one boat for his chance, beating Stephens and Herreshoff, each with two chances, and this in a match where Mr. Stephens had the Ethelwynn to work on and Mr. Herreshoff twenty-five years' experience. The *Rudder* truly says: 'There is not one boat in the lot in which a man of sense would venture to take out his best girl for a sail.'

"The result of the races will prove nothing—it is hit or miss, as between the respective designers, and yachtsmen will not be at all benefited by the races; indeed, they are not greatly interested. It is an Anglo-American fad, this class of boats, and when any writer says they 'go like torpedo boats' he is telling 'banshee' stories."

In order to understand the true nature of the above attack, it must be remembered that the author of it is not a mere general reporter sent off for a day to try his hand at a yacht race, but an expert, a man to whom the inner working of the minds of such designers as Herreshoff and Watson is as plain as the palm of his own hand, who can detect a difference of a hundredth part of a foot in the location of the centers of two such yachts as Defender and Valkyrie, and who, by his own admission, can look down on the deck of two 15-footers and discern that one has a half inch more draft than the other. He comes from Boston to see for the first time the objects that he has been deriding for a year; he looks on with contempt while many ignorant and deluded yachtsmen watch with keen interest the series of races, and turns homeward in disgust because "thousands of dollars have been put into the 15-footers and knockabouts, yet no intelligent yachtsman can claim that they help in knowledge for future Cup defenders. No man knows, nor can he know, what the best elements of a 90-footer are."

The talk about guesswork in this class is not only absurd and untrue, but is an insult to the dozen or more designers who have worked out so carefully and conscientiously the problem of the fastest 15-footer. They at least have understood what the Boston *Herald* man professes to be ignorant of—that a yacht of half a ton displacement, sailed by two men, the ratio of crew to displacement being about 33 per cent., can necessarily have little connection with a yacht of 150 tons displacement and sailed by fifty, or a ratio of say 3 per cent.; and also that no man to-day would build a yacht for international racing in any class and at the same time try to make a safe family cruiser of her. Apropos of the guesswork in this class, it is interesting to note that the four gentlemen associated with the winning boats of the trial and cup races—El Heirie and Glencairn—are all engineers by profession, men educated in technical schools and engaged in exact scientific pursuits other than yacht designing. In the case of El Heirie, her designer was impressed by a chance suggestion thrown out in the course of last season's races; he took up the idea, studied and elaborated it, and produced a craft whose originality and excellence has attracted the well-deserved attention of experts.

In the case of Glencairn her designer and his associate worked in another direction, starting with the winner of last year's races as a basis. A number of yachts were designed, built and tried under conditions far more severe than those prevailing about the Sound, one change after another was made, both in dimensions and model, and as a result the championship in yachting has been won by a foreign nation for the first time. The winning yacht herself cannot be disposed of by mere platitudes about guesswork, best girls and Anglo-American fads; but she is likely to cause some very serious thinking among those who are desirous of regaining the cup.

As for last year's champion, she was no more the result of guesswork than of elaborate calculations involving the higher mathematics; far from these two wild extremes of designing, she was the result of a careful comparison of results in many small craft, none exactly like her, for the same class and purpose, as none such then existed. The qualities and performances of various small bulb-fins were carefully weighed, and much attention was given to the 16x30 racing canoe, with its large sail area and sliding seat, as in a measure connected with the problem of the 15ft. class.

The designer of Ethelwynn does not relish the task of ascertaining, if possible, and of explaining to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM why, in this class at least, El Heirie possesses certain elements of advantage over anything of the general type of Ethelwynn, Sorceress or Riverside; nor of unlearning and learning others; but at the same time he does not propose to shirk the responsibilities of his editorial position by venting his disappointment in mere abuse.

As to the safe family side of the question, here is an extract from the Boston *Herald* concerning one of the type to which its yachting editor is so devoted as to see no good in any other:

"The Eureka carried a big racing jib, which was torn badly. Just after starting she was struck by a heavy puff, took in barrels of water and, after quite a hard struggle, regained her feet."

The statement that Ethelwynn capsized and was deserted by her owner is simply a bald untruth with no foundation of fact; that her owner was frightened for no reason at all, and abandoned a race that he might have easily won, proved no more against the seaworthiness of the yacht than did Lord Dunraven's withdrawal on the last day against Valkyrie's speed.

Perhaps the most extraordinary part of this attack upon what is in one sense a New York class, though it is now really a national one, is the action of the New York *Herald*, a paper presumably devoted to the interests of yachting and of New York. This journal has on its staff an old and experienced writer, who has for years conducted its yachting department. On this occasion it set aside its own man and imported from Boston this expert to report the Seawanhaka races; his chief qualifications being a violent dislike of the 15ft. class, of the Seawanhaka rule, and a strong jealousy of New York.

Yacht Racing on the Miramichi River.

THE Miramichi Y. C.'s annual race for the championship pennant presented to the club by Vice-Com. Stewart was sailed between Murdoch's Point and Oak Point, four miles and return, on July 1, in a howling nor'wester. It was a run to Napan buoy, a reach from there to Oak Point, a reach back to Napan buoy, and a dead beat to the finish. Maude, Learig and Oriana were the entries. The two latter were rapid, while the more powerful Maude had only one reef turned in. Learig led to Oak Point, closely pursued by Maude, when Com. Miller captured the lead by making a shorter turn. Oriana was close astern, and in the windward work on the homestretch she split tacks with the leaders, crossed their bows soon after, and kept the weather gauge to the finish, winning the race by 1¼m. She has been classed as a light wind boat and her owner, Vice-Com J. L. Stewart, was warmly congratulated on having won in a two-reef breeze.

Quincy Y. C. Open Regatta.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 18.

THE Quincy Y. C. had but a light easterly wind for its open race, the times being:

	Length.	Finish.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	30.05	2 15 41	1 42 24
Ida J., F. E Beckman	29.04	2 16 42	1 42 48
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.04	2 23 15	1 48 47
Heroine, C A. J. Smith	29.00	2 26 15	1 52 32
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	2 39 15	1 51 25
Mudjekeewis, Davis *et al*	Withdrew.		
SECOND CLASS.			
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	2 20 25	1 37 19
Satanic, Wm. Daly, Jr	22.07	2 23 28	1 41 45
Gleaner, F. O Wellington	23.00	2 23 16	1 42 00
Tacoma, S. N. Small	22.00	2 30 00	1 47 18
Romance, L. Sears	24.04	2 29 08	1 49 40
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	22.04	2 33 25	1 50 18
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	22.01	Withdrew.	
Raccoon, C. D. Lanning	21.06	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Rooster, Adams Bros	19.08	2 30 26	1 43 47
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	2 26 50	1 47 07
Wawanda, Benner *et al*	19.11	2 27 50	1 51 36
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice	20.11	2 29 38	1 55 07
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.09	2 24 29	1 58 07
Enigma, G. F. Mayburry	18.05	2 27 50	2 08 16
KNOCKABOUTS.			
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	2 49 28	. . .. ..
Hobo, T. W. King	21.00	2 55 58	. . .. ..
Spinster, L. M. Clark	21.00	2 59 04	. . .. ..
Nike, C. A. Cooley	21.00	3 01 58	. . .. ..
Torpedo, J. J. Souther	21.00	3 05 57	. . .. ..
Tautog, W. O. Gay	21.00	3 09 10	. . .. ..
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	1 20 25	0 50 42
Sphinx, A. Keith	17.11	1 22 31	0 52 19
Sunbeam, H. B Faxon	16.05	1 24 31	0 53 25
Fantasy, W. Allerton	15.09	1 25 58	0 55 56
Primrose, W. B. Burrill	17.04	1 22 57	0 55 42
Wachita, G. F. Hills	16.09	1 20 25	0 59 45
Swan, Louis Cate	17.06	1 25 40	1 03 57
Myrtle, L. A. Haley	16.00	1 26 16	1 05 25

The judges were: Com. Chas. F. Fettengill, James S. Whiting, John W. Sanborn, William P. Barker, George E. Pfaffman, George E. Saville, Eben W. Shepard and Harrison A. Keith.

Larchmont Race Week.

THE present season witnesses a new event in New York local racing the attempt to establish a week of regular racing every year under the auspices of the Larchmont Y. C. The full programme for the week is as follows:

Saturday, July 18.—Seventeenth annual regatta, open for all classes. First race of series for 34ft. rating class. First race of series for 30ft. special class. Special race for schooners in cruising trim. Evening, musical frolic.

Sunday, July 19.—Evening, sacred concert.

Monday, July 20.—Special race for schooners in racing trim in one class. Special race for schooners in cruising trim in one class. Second race of series for 34ft. rating class. Second race of series for 30ft. special class. Special race for 21ft. class. Race for ¼-raters. Evening, local talent.

Tuesday, July 21.—Four-oared gig race for "Hen and Chickens colors," presented by Com. Gillig. Two-oared gig race for "Dauntless colors," presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley. Dinghy race for "Execution colors," presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley. Race for naphtha launches exceeding 21ft. load waterline. Race for naphtha launches 21ft. load waterline and under. Race for the "Eastward and Westward challenge cup." Tub races and water sports. Afternoon, ladies' reception and band concert. Evening, ball and illumination of club house and ground.

Wednesday, July 22.—Open regatta for all classes. Third race of series for 34ft. rating class. Third race of series for 30ft. special class. Evening, musical symposium.

Thursday, July 23.—Race for Class 5 yachts with cabin trunks. Fourth race of series for 34ft. rating class. Fourth race of series for 30ft. special class. Race for cabin cats all in one class. Race for special 21ft. class. Race for ¼-raters. Evening: amateur minstrels.

Friday, July 24.—Schooner race, all in one class. Race for Class 5 yachts with flush decks. Race for Class 6. Fifth race of series for 34ft. rating class. Fifth race of series of 30ft. special class. Race for special 21ft. class. Race for ¼-raters. Evening: legerdemain, magic and other tricks.

Saturday, July 25.—Open regatta for all classes. Sixth race of series for 34ft. rating class. Sixth race of series for 30ft. special class. Evening: music and a pyrotechnic display.

Saturday's race was that postponed from July 4 on account of the fog, the open regatta originally set for July 18 being abandoned. This time the weather was more favorable, there was a clear sky and a light N.E. breeze. After the start a calm set in, but in time it gave way to a moderate S.W. wind, with which the course was sailed out in good time. Special handicaps were made between Ramona and Atlantic, and Liris and Uvira, the other classes sailing under the club rules. The usual triangular courses were sailed, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—CLASS A (HANDICAP).				
Ramona	11 26 04	2 50 14	3 14 10	3 14 10
Atlantic	11 28 00	Did not finish.		
CLASS B.				
Emerald	11 37 22	5 00 57	5 23 35	5 21 48
Colonia	11 36 27	4 56 30	5 20 03	5 20 03
CLASS D.				
Amorita	11 38 00	5 07 26	5 29 26	5 29 26
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 5 (FLUSH DECK) HANDICAP.				
Uvira	11 45 14	4 43 40	4 58 26	4 58 26
Liris	11 44 14	4 50 15	5 06 01	4 58 01
CLASS 6.				
Norota	11 45 30	4 46 05	5 00 15	4 41 39
Carmita	11 44 36	4 44 30	4 58 04	4 58 04
CLASS 7.				
Infanta	11 45 01	4 52 36	5 07 06	5 02 34
Coya	11 46 00	5 01 37	5 15 37	5 10 29
Cymbra	11 45 31	4 52 36	5 07 06	5 07 25
CLASS 8—SPECIAL 34FT. CLASS.				
Dragoon	11 43 20	4 51 25	5 08 05	5 08 05
Acushla	11 43 37	4 51 50	5 08 23	5 08 23
SPECIAL CLASS FOR YAWLS.				
Audax	11 44 29	4 58 51	5 14 29	5 14 29
SPECIAL CLASS—30-FOOTERS.				
Musme	12 01 00	4 51 24	4 50 24	4 50 24
Mai	12 01 00	4 50 15	4 49 15	4 49 15
Carolina	12 01 00	4 59 53	4 51 53	4 51 53
Argonaut	12 01 00	4 55 37	4 54 37	4 54 37
Raccoon	12 01 00	4 52 35	4 51 35	4 51 35
CLASS 10.				
Quantuck	11 53 47	3 58 31	3 58 44	3 58 44
Hyale	11 51 46	3 11 29	3 17 53	3 04 43
CATBOATS—CLASS 11.				
Volsung	11 51 54	2 43 00	2 51 06	. . ..
Oconee	11 52 04	Did not finish.		
Dosoris	11 52 34	2 58 51	3 04 17	. . ..
CLASS 12.				
Weasel	11 54 01	3 55 27	4 01 26	4 01 26
Presto	11 51 20	3 19 17	3 27 51	3 25 20
Ethel	11 52 54	3 51 22	3 58 28	3 58 28
CLASS 13.				
Edna	11 54 42	3 55 55	3 44 13	3 44 13
Edwina	11 53 10	Did not finish.		
Zelica	11 56 00	3 52 50	3 56 50	3 50 50
CLASS 14.				
Starling	11 53 50	3 55 11	4 01 01	4 01 21
Chippie	11 52 01	Did not finish.		
Whiz	11 54 11	Did not finish.		
CLASS 15				
E. Z. Sloat	11 52 44	3 51 19	3 58 35	3 58 35
CLASS 16—21-FOOTERS.				
Celia	11 51 26	3 35 05	3 42 39	3 42 29
Vaquero	11 53 17	3 52 42	3 59 25	3 59 25
Houri	11 51 49	3 42 31	3 50 49	3 50 49
CLASS 17—15-FOOTERS.				
Trilby	12 06 20	Did not finish.		
Paprika	12 06 20	3 55 46	3 49 46	3 49 46
Ideal	12 06 00	4 02 23	3 56 23	3 56 23

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Saturday, July 18.

THE Plymouth Y. C. sailed its second regatta on July 18 in a light east wind, the times being:

	Length.	Finished.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS CATS.			
Cleopatra, Melbourne McDowell	21.07	1 13 58	0 52 10
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Magiathlin	21.00	1 16 06	0 55 58
Ishtar, A. M. Beals	22.04	1 19 23	0 58 15
Future, W. T. Whitman	21.11	1 09 20	1 01 09
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Glide, G. W. Shiverick	16.01	1 22 09	0 55 06
Amie, M. S. Weston, Jr	17.09	1 20 45	1 04 56
Honest John, J. C. Dawes	17.02	1 23 55	1 07 06
Nemo, F. Carl	18.05	1 29 38	1 15 06
THIRD CLASS—SPRITSAILS.			
Yankee, A. E. Walker	16.10	1 26 20	1 00 09
Major D., C. H. Drew	16.01	1 27 46	1 00 48
No Name, E. A. Ransom	16.02	1 28 38	1 01 41
Natalie, H. M. Jones	17.09	1 28 12	1 02 28
Gypsy Girl, T. W. Steele	16.09	1 34 42	1 06 25
Ideal, C. F. Bradford	18.08	1 25 18	1 06 44
E. B. Weston, I. Symmes	17.08	1 28 14	1 09 30
Fair Play, G. D. Bartlett	15.09	1 30 26	1 11 21
FOURTH CLASS—GAFFSAILS.			
Aphrodite, A. G Fay	17.06	1 28 20	1 08 11
Vigilant, A. M. Watson	17.04	1 30 30	1 04 58
Thelma, C F. Holmes	16.08	1 24 48	1 07 51
Dolphin, N. Morton	18.06	1 26 12	1 09 39
Nereid, C. Clapp	17.00	1 29 27	1 13 27
Tom Jeff, S. Richard	17.08	1 41 00	1 15 38
Myra, S. B Cheney	18.00	1 41 27	1 16 39
Trouble, T. S Diman	17.08	1 43 30	1 18 48

New Jersey Athletic Club.

ELLSWORTH CUP.

THE second race of the New Jersey Athletic Club for the Ellsworth cup was sailed on July 18, the winner being a 15-footer built by W. F. Brown, of Bayonne, for his brother, Samuel Brown. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Iroquois	3 05 00	4 17 36	1 12 36	1 44 08
Drift	3 05 00	4 21 38	1 16 38	1 42 47
Doctor	3 05 00	4 23 40	1 18 40	1 45 00
Brownie	3 05 00	4 24 06	1 19 06	1 39 25
Tiache	3 05 00	4 24 13	1 19 13	1 46 58
Chips	3 05 00	4 24 23	1 19 23	1 40 48
Yankee Boy	3 05 00	4 19 43	1 14 43	1 44 21
Volage	3 05 00	4 26 24	1 21 24	. . ..

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. International Cup.

SECOND CONTEST.

Oyster Bay, July 13, 14, 15, 1896.

THE international contest which occupied the first three days of last week at Oyster Bay was a remarkable one in many ways; in the first place, the American defender was for the first time in the history of international yacht and canoe racing defeated by the foreign challenger, and this in three straight races, the defending yacht being practically outsailed from the start. Beside this, the contestants represented in both quantity and quality extremes never before seen in international yacht racing. So far as mere size and cost are concerned, the competitors were most insignificant, the smallest class by far that has ever taken part; the total cost of both would not buy a boom for Defender or Valkyrie III. In actual quality, however, they represented a distinct advance on their larger fellows. It cannot be said of Glencairn, as it was said of Genesta, Galatea and the last Valkyrie, that they were not the fastest of their class, and that other yachts were better entitled to be classed as the representatives of their nation in a foreign challenge. Both defender and challenger in the present case were admittedly the best of two large fleets specially constructed for the cup racing, and each was good enough to stand forth as the representative of a great nation. Another important point is that this year the professional has given place to the amateur, the two yachts representing in both design and handling the highest class of Corinthian skill; each being sailed by her designer, an amateur, and manned by other amateurs who have also done their part toward the construction and working up of the boats. It is particularly interesting to know that each of the four men is an engineer by profession.

Another point that is most gratifying after the protests and pamphlets that followed the races of Valkyrie III. and Spruce IIII last year is the general good feeling that attended the whole competition. Before the races it was informally agreed among the two crews that protest flags should be left ashore, and that every effort should be made to avoid a necessity for them on the part of either. This agreement was fully lived up to by both. While the millennium is hardly yet at hand in yachting, and we doubt whether the time has yet come when even the fairest and most generous of competitors can abandon entirely the red flag, especially in international contests, when excitement runs unusually high, we hope that this race marks a new era in international yachting, in which the wholesale protestant and the disappointed pamphleteer will give place once more to such generous losers as the late Sir Richard Sutton and Lieut. Henn.

As regards the nature of the racing, it was most conclusive, a perfectly fair test being made in both very light and moderately strong winds, covering quite completely the average range of racing conditions.

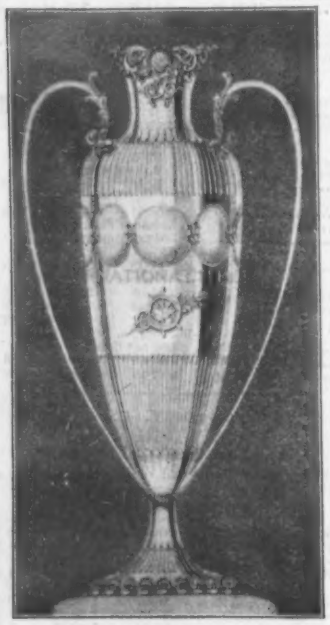
It may be said that the result of the three races was as gratifying to all interested parties as it could possibly be. While the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has lost the possession of its cup after but one season, it still has the satisfaction of having introduced a new and useful class in American yachting; of having stimulated a new interest among the younger element of Corinthian sailors and designers that must bear good fruit in time; of having carried out two series of contests in a manner that was not only fair, but most generous to the challengers, and of having shown a most commendable spirit in instantly tendering a return challenge.

That the result is most gratifying to the challenging club and its two representatives is a matter of course—this would be the case even under different circumstances; but they have additional cause for self-congratulation in that their yacht represents not the mere money of the club, paid out for the brains of some noted designer and builder, but a purely home production, the result of skill, labor and perseverance on the part of many individual members.

That their defeat was a serious disappointment to the crew of the defending yacht goes without saying; but they have this to console them, that their skill and pluck and their demeanor throughout the races has won them the respect of the club which they so ably represented, of the competitors whom they labored so hard to defeat, both in the trial and final races, and of all who have watched the races as spectators.

If there is any one cause for regret over the result, it is in its technical moral, that extreme power pays in this class, a conclusion reluctantly reached by the designer of Glencairn, and that will be quite as reluctantly accepted by many designers and yachtsmen. Whether this is indeed the true and only moral of the victory of Glencairn, and if so, just what deductions are to be drawn from it, is entirely too broad a question to be discussed off hand.

The trophy, which was on exhibition at the club house during the



SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C. INTERNATIONAL CUP FOR SMALL YACHTS.

races, is a handsome urn of solid silver 30in. high, made by Dominick & Haff, Union square, New York.

First Day—First Race.

Monday, July 13.

LEEWARD AND WINDWARD COURSE.

The story of the first race was told in detail last week; for the sake of the complete record we merely recapitulate the result:

FIRST ROUND—LEEWARD LEG.

		Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	1 31 04	0 26 04	0 57 00
El Heirie	1 32 01	0 27 01	

WINDWARD LEG.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	First Round. Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	2 42 50	1 11 46	0 45 58	1 47 50	0 05 55
El Heirie	2 49 45	1 17 44		1 54 45	

SECOND ROUND—LEEWARD LEG.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	3 16 54	0 26 04	0 02 11	0 09 06
El Heirie	3 28 00	0 28 15		

WINDWARD LEG.

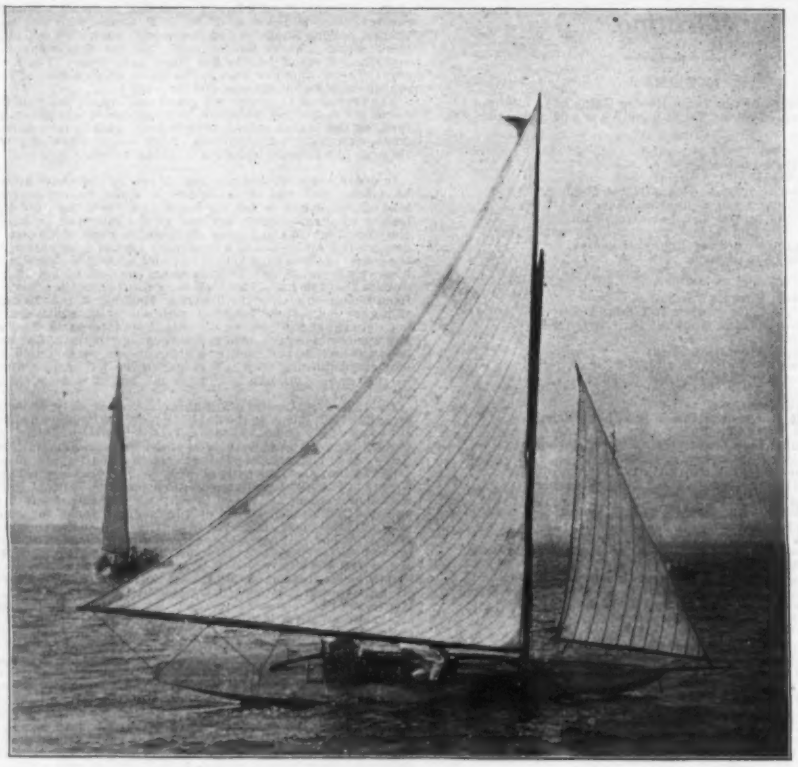
	Last Leg. Finish.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Entire Race. Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	4 44 29	1 25 25	0 36 08	3 49 29	0 47 11
El Heirie	5 31 40	2 03 40		4 36 40	

Second Day—Second Race.

Tuesday, July 14.

TRIANGULAR COURSE.

Several light showers fell on Monday evening, and one came up about 8 A. M. Tuesday, but the sun soon dispersed the clouds and gave promise of a very hot day in spite of a light N.W. breeze. The two yachts lay afloat all night, but were brought up to the float about 9 o'clock and put in readiness for the race. They started out a little after 11 o'clock in tow of naphtha launches. Hope and Riverside also started out, the latter with a new cotton mainsail and jib. Since the trial races her hull has received some extra plank fastenings and has been smoothed down and repainted, and her fin of $^{7}/_{16}$in. Tobin bronze has been stiffened by plates of $^{1}/_{8}$in. bronze, one on each side, and riveted through.



GLENCAIRN. DESIGNED BY G. H. DUGGAN.

From a photo, copyright, 1896, by J. S. Johnston, N. Y.

The fleet did not reach the mark until noon, and the preparatory was given at 12:35, with the start at 12:40. The two kept well apart in working between the guns. El Heirie, with balloon jib in stops, broke it out and set her spinaker well above the line, but Glencairn, heading over the line by 7s. and crossing promptly after the gun at 12:35, set her balloon jib flying and at once drew ahead. She set her spinaker about 8m. after the start and carried it for a time, but finished the leg under balloon jib only. El Heirie, after trying her spinaker well forward, finally capsized it over to leeward and used it in addition to the balloon jib as a balloon jibtopsail. Glencairn gained very fast, though the wind was light. The times at the first mark were:

FIRST MARK.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	1 07 51	0 32 51	5 09 00
El Heirie	1 13 00	0 38 00	

After sheeting down at the mark and standing for a short distance on port tack, Glencairn found the wind ahead and went about and stood to the westward for a short distance, then tacked for the second mark. El Heirie, after rounding, was able to hold the port tack for the whole leg and fetched easily, while Glencairn came for the mark with eased sheets. The times were:

SECOND MARK.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	1 36 12	0 28 21	
El Heirie	1 38 48	0 25 48	2 33 00

This decided gain of El Heirie was largely due to the short tack made by Glencairn on the start of the leg. With a light, streaky air they stood across slowly. Both made a short hitch or two to the westward to pick up a breeze, but fetched the line easily.

	Third Leg. Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	First Round. Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	2 19 48	0 43 36		1 44 48	2 28 00
El Heirie	2 28 16	0 48 28	0 08 00	1 47 16	

Coming for the mark on starboard tack, Glencairn bore away, eased sheets with boom to port and set spinaker to starboard; El Heirie, however, jibed at the mark and set spinaker to port. This was the proper thing to do, and Glencairn soon jibed mainsail and spinaker. Both set balloon jibs and headed for the first mark with a very light air astern. El Heirie appeared to gain on Glencairn, but, as the times show, it was more apparent than real. Glencairn took in kites as she neared the mark and jibed when some little distance away; El Heirie jibed just before rounding. The times were:

FIRST MARK.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	2 54 28	2 19 48	
El Heirie	2 56 40	2 22 16	0 00 11

The second leg was a close reach in a moderately strong breeze, the best of the day. The two were very even, with a small gain for the leader.

SECOND MARK.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	3 15 30	0 21 07	0 00 13
El Heirie	3 18 00	0 21 20	

Glencairn stood on for a minute and a half before coming on starboard tack, but El Heirie went about at the mark.

There was now a moderate breeze, the boats driving along in a lively manner, the sun lighting up the white sails of Glencairn and the yellow ones of El Heirie. The leader continued to gain and also managed to fetch the line on the one long leg across by the aid of her short hitch out at the mark. El Heirie was in hard luck, not only being obliged to tack for the line in the strong tide, but failing to weather the buoy and having to make a second tack to cross. The times were:

	Last Leg. Finish.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Entire Course. Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	3 53 16	0 37 46	0 03 52	3 16 16	0 06 22
El Heirie	3 59 38	0 41 38		3 24 38	

Third Day—Third Race.

Wednesday, July 15.

After the race the two yachts were carried up on the beach in front of the boat house and carefully placed on trestles. The plan of turning on the bilge, adopted by Ethelwynn last year, was not followed by either. At midnight on Tuesday a merry S.W. wind was rattling the halyards on the big pole in front of the club house, and it was still blowing at sunrise, though with diminished force. Later on, however, it freshened up, and after the two yachts were put in order and launched Glencairn turned in a reef and went out to try its force in Oyster Bay. El Heirie bent her cotton mainsail instead of the silk one and took a turn about off the club float, after which she ran in and hauled down her first reef. The change of weather was warmly welcomed by the friends of the American boat, as it was generally felt that her only chance lay in a breeze so strong that Glencairn must either reef or lug sail, while the smaller sail plan and increased length of El Heirie were pushing her ahead.

At noon, when the Dunderberg reached the Center Island buoy, the sky was overcast, with a haze on the horizon and a fresh breeze blowing from W. by S., with a little sea. The launch was sent away at 12:15 to lay off a course E. by N. 3 miles, to leeward, and at 12:30 the preliminary signal was given. The two yachts were working about the line under single reefs and whole jibs. The preparatory was given at 12:30, with the start at 12:35. The two kept far apart working for the line, Glencairn being the nearer. El Heirie ran away some little distance and set her spinaker to port in stops, while Glencairn kept close to the line. With the gun she filled away and crossed 15s. late, but El Heirie, her crew busy with spinaker, was half a minute astern of her. Glencairn started with boom to port, and when over the line Mr. Shearwood at once got the spinaker on her. Both boats set balloon jibs as soon as possible. On board of Glencairn Messrs. Duggan and Shearwood sat on deck with feet in the cockpit and bodies upright. On El Heirie Mr. C. M. Crane, at the stick, laid out flat on his chest on the starboard quarter, while his brother sat up on the weather deck with his back against the spinaker boom. El Heirie gained slowly but steadily from the start, and at 12:20 passed by Glencairn, to windward of the latter.

Glencairn at once jibed her boom to starboard and spinaker to port, but in some way the sheet of the balloon jib went adrift, and the sail flapped for a minute or two before it was sheeted home. Meanwhile El Heirie had run some 50yds. ahead, but when Glencairn settled down to work after the jibe she began to lessen the distance and was dangerously close when both passed to the north of the bell buoy. As they neared the mark and began to shift sails El Heirie ran away a little, carrying spinaker a few minutes longer. She was the better handled at the turn, sails being shifted and sheets trimmed very handily. The times were:

FIRST MARK.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
El Heirie	1 06 10	0 31 10	0 00 12
Glencairn	1 06 22	0 31 22	. .. ..

The real gain of El Heirie on the 5-mile run is greater by the difference at the start, 30s., or 42s. in all.

So far as it went, this was very encouraging. The American yacht was ahead for the first time in three days, and many looked to see her stay there. While conceding, as they could not well help doing, the speed of the Canadian yacht when she could carry to advantage her large sail plan, nearly 25 per cent. in excess of that of El Heirie, the friends of the latter looked for a point, in some considerable strength of wind, where she could still carry her 340ft. without heeling beyond an effective angle, and this by no means a small one, her true length as well as the marked increase of length at this angle giving her a long, easy list line. When this point was reached it was also expected that Glencairn, if carrying full sail, would be so overcanvased as to lose in speed and be in danger of capsizing; or, if reefed, would lack the power to force her hard, short list line at a high speed.

The windward work began with the sky cloudy and overcast, and a lively breeze sweeping over the water, the tide still running to windward. As soon as sheets were well aft and made fast, the crews began to slide around outside the yachts as they heeled, El Heirie taking a harder angle than Glencairn. The latter started a dozen yards or so in El Heirie's wake, the two pointing high. Slowly but steadily Glencairn crept up to the other's weather quarter; she hung there obstinately for a few moments, the two lying over and only a couple of yards apart, then she started, inch by inch, to overlap El Heirie. The sight was a fine one, the two yachts perfectly matched, each jammed on the wind with all the breeze she wanted, the helmsman lying out to windward with hand on tiller, the crews sliding out around the bottoms in the effort to keep the two from capsizing. Barring the vast difference in size, which one forgot in the intense interest of the battle, the sight was reminiscent of the few moments shortly before the end of the last race for the America's Cup in 1885, when Genesta ran up on Puritan's weather quarter only to drop back and lose the race. This time the result was different, the challenger was soon on the defender's weather beam, then she passed to the weather bow and soon was clear ahead, having her rival completely at her mercy. All this happened with the first six minutes on the wind; at 1:13 El Heirie came about, on port tack, Glencairn at once following. They were so close to the bell buoy that Glencairn barely squeezed to windward, while El Heirie passed to leeward.

As they went on Glencairn drew rapidly ahead and soon had a safe lead. The wind still held and she had much more than she wanted, but she was making very good weather of the seas, even better than El Heirie. After four minutes Glencairn tacked in for the beach, El Heirie at once following, but Glencairn immediately swung back to port tack. She held this but a minute and then once more headed inshore. Something parted about El Heirie's main sheet and it was slack for a minute. The sky had been gradually clearing and the wind falling a little, and at 1:27 El Heirie shook out her reef, showing the whole mainsail. Glencairn held her reef, but set her working jib in place of the No. 2. At 1:33 Glencairn also shook out her reef and essayed her full mainsail, the wind being lighter. At the same time she had more sail than she wanted, and her helmsman jilled her along with the utmost care, with both sails lifting. With it all she was going fast and easily and steadily leaving El Heirie.

They now stood along, well out from the Lloyd's Neck beach, Glencairn tacking whenever necessary to keep her rival between her and the mark, and gaining all the time. The turn was timed:

	Second Leg. Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Entire Round. Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	2 04 50	0 55 37	0 06 35	2 29 50	0 06 23	0 06 28
El Heirie	2 11 22	1 05 12		2 36 22		

The run was made with a strong ebb tide and a lighter breeze, the sky being now clear and bright, the sun shining and quite a large fleet of yachts, mostly sloops and catboats, attending the racers. They ran down with booms to starboard and spinakers to port, but as on the first run both fetched to the north of the mark and had to run down on it. Glencairn jibed easily before she reached the mark, but El Heirie carried her spinaker well up to it. The times were:

SECOND MARK.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	2 58 53	0 53 53	
El Heirie	2 49 32	0 31 32	0 02 21

El Heirie made a part of her gain by bringing up with her a better breeze that sent them off at a good gait to windward, but this time

with an ebb tide to buck. While on the previous tack Glencairn had weathered the bell buoy, she now fetched far to the eastward of it, and held her course in to the shore well down on Lloyd's Neck. There were some hard spots in the breeze, and she had her mainsail shaking much of the time, while both boats rolled their sides out. It was 2:54 when Glencairn went on port tack close inshore. She began to work the beach in short tacks, and went along well enough for some few minutes, then she stopped as though she had struck a wall and El Heirie began to overhaul her. However pleasing this prospect was, it meant nothing and was highly deceptive. Glencairn had struck the ebb tide and was barely breasting it, while the other was still in the slack; when her turn came she also stopped.

They worked the beach for nearly half an hour in short tacks, many of them not more than a minute each. When off the sand dock Glencairn was through with her troubles and stood up the harbor on a longer leg El Heirie was a little bothered by a tug and canalboat off the dock, but went clear of them. The flagship Iroquois was knocking about the course with Com Rouse and a party aboard to see the race, and when Glencairn was through the worst of the tide and speeding rapidly for the finish Mr. Kerr, of the committee, left the Dunderberg in a launch and boarded the flagship, returning to the steamer just prior to Glencairn's finish. She made several tacks in the harbor mouth in order to keep El Heirie well outside of her, and finally crossed the line after quite a long leg on port tack, with El Heirie a long distance astern in her wake. When the latter came up she just failed to weather the lee end of the line, the Center Island Buoy, and had to tack twice to cross. The finish was timed:

SECOND ROUND.

	Mark	Elapsed.	Gain.	Entire Course. Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	3 46 51	1 07 59	0 1 48	3 01 51	0 5 50
El Heirie	3 54 41	1 09 07		3 07 41	

The salute that greeted the victor was as hearty as though the American boat had led over the line; guns, whistles and loud cheers joined in celebrating the loss of the cup to such gallant adversaries. The greeting of El Heirie was no less hearty. Hardly was she over the line before the following was handed by the race committee to Mr. J. C. Almon, secretary of the Royal St Lawrence Y. C., who was a guest of the club on the committee steamer:

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Montreal, Quebec:

GENTLEMEN—The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. hereby challenges for a match to be sailed during the yachting season of 1897 for the international challenge cup for small yachts, with a yacht to be named later, under the 25ft. racing class, the contest to be governed by S. C. Y. C rules. H. C. ROUSE, Com.

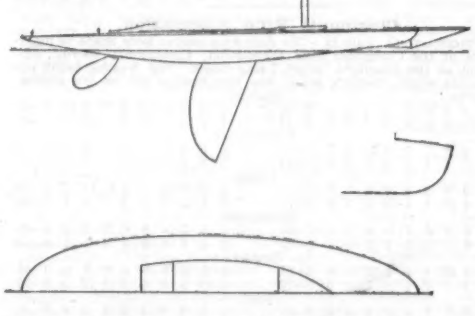
It is understood that the nomination in the challenge of the 25ft. class is made only to cover all possible classes, and that the final selection of the class of the challenger will be arranged by mutual agreement between the clubs

On Saturday night a reception to the challengers was held at the club house. Mr. and Mrs Duggan returned to Montreal on Monday.

The accompanying sketch represents roughly the outline of Glencairn.

The following description was written by our old correspondent, D. A. Poe (Retaw), whose able comments on canoeing were familiar to our readers some eight years since:

Glencairn is the last of nine boats designed this year by Mr. Duggan, seven of which boats were built. Of these seven three were built by H. F.Hodgson, of Toronto, in his shops; three were built by workmen



under Mr. Duggan's supervision at Lachine; and Glencairn, the last built, was constructed by Mr. Hodgson's foreman, Mr. Herbert Hall, at the Dominion Bridge Works, at Lachine. Glencairn is a thoroughly Canadian boat. The raw material used for the centerboard and fittings were the only things about her which were imported. The hull is made of Canadian white pine, with a few planks of white cedar to turn the bilge. Her deck is made of British Columbian cedar. Every nail in her is of Canadian make. Her wire cordage was made by the Dominion Wire works at Lachine; her standing rigging and her cordage manilla are of Canadian manufacture. Her sails were made by Mr. Thomas Sonne, of Montreal. Her fittings were made in the establishment of the Linotype Co. on Bleury street, and her castings were made by Messrs. Rubenstein Bros., of Montreal. Her fittings are all aluminum and phosphor bronze. The Canadian Paint Co. covered her bottom with their new graphite ship bottom composition, and also attended to her painting and varnishing. So, although it is said that the American boat is the most expensive boat, there is not a better boat built—as far as the essentials and good workmanship and finish are concerned—than Glencairn. Her bottom surface is a beautiful specimen of its kind, the graphite paint giving a very smooth, frictionless surface; the planking is absolutely true; and it is hardly necessary to say that the design was absolutely fair, and her lines true throughout.

The tremendous advantage Glencairn had over El Heirie is, however, not to be found in any detail of her construction, but in the basic principles on which her design is based. In yachting it is the rule under which yachts are measured for time allowance and classification which determines the type, and this rule is absolutely necessary, as is the law governing the relations of one man to another. The Seawanhaka rule provides for the measurement of yachts by taxing the two principal elements that make for speed, the length on the load waterline and the sail area. Now, in England, in order to check the growth of disturbing excrescences in the larger classes, limiting the general uselessness, a new rule has been adopted, taxing several other elements.

Leaving aside this rather dangerous experiment, the simple Seawanhaka rule is the most scientific and most satisfactory method of dealing with this vexed question which has ever been made use of. Under this rule, what is taken in sail area must be given in waterline length. The problem which, therefore, faced Mr. Duggan when he began his 15ft. rating designs was the selection of the elements which make for the greatest speed under the rule. He had, fortunately, an opportunity to design seven boats, and he was therefore able to experiment largely, taking almost every proportion of waterline, from 14ft. 4in. to the Glencairn's 12ft. 9in. It is evident, however, that during the progress of the design of these seven boats there was a great development of one main idea in Mr. Duggan's mind. Sothis, the boat which he designed for himself, was in every essential particular a new departure in naval architecture. As the experts in New York have failed to realize just how great Mr. Duggan's advance on the normal type is, and ascribe to guesswork what was actually the result of long-continued and absolutely scientific calculation, it would be unfair to make public exactly what the governing principle of both Sothis and Glencairn is. But it may be safely said that no boat of the normal type, with the waterline length of Glencairn, and her sail area, would be successful.

One of Mr. Duggan's boats, the second of his designs, with about the same waterline length and sail area as his successful boat, cannot be driven at a high speed, and boats of a greater waterline, greater length and smaller sail have been more successful. The success of Glencairn is to be ascribed to the essential elements of her design, and this essential element is as much Mr. Duggan's invention as the essential element in the design of Dora was that of Watson, or that of Gloriana was the invention of Herreshoff.

Had Mr. Poe been present at Oyster Bay and heard some of the comments freely made he would not have fallen into the error he has made in crediting to yachtsmen in general the splenetic utterances of one prejudiced writer. Neither would he have failed to recognize the presence in El Heirie of the same principle as that underlying Glencairn's design, though associated with different dimensions. We note one important omission in the above account. Mr. Poe neglects to state that the many metal fittings of Glencairn, blocks, leaders, etc., were designed and made by him for Mr. Duggan and others of the club at the Linotype works, of which he is the manager. A part of the success of Glencairn must fairly be ascribed to the excellence of all these small mechanical details,

Canada in International Yachting.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., July 17.—We Canadians are very much pleased with the success of our 15-footer Glencairn in capturing the international trophy, and none the less so since we scarcely dared to do more than hope for Mr. Duggan's success in his plucky venture. The feeling current among yachtsmen in and about this old center of the sport is thus expressed by the *Intelligencer* in its issue of to-day, under the heading, "Canada First:"

"Canada has succeeded where the mother country failed. A yacht of 15ft. corrected length, designed by Mr. George H. Duggan, of Montreal, a Canadian; built by a Canadian builder from Canadian wood and iron; fitted with Canadian-made sails, and sailed by a Canadian crew of two amateur yachtsmen, namely, her designer and Mr. F. P. Shearwood, of Montreal, has been taken across the line to Oyster Bay, near New York, and has there won, in a series of three races, the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.'s international challenge cup for '15-footers,' which the English craft Spruce IV., sailed by an English crew, failed last year to win from a probably slower boat than that which defended it this year.

"The achievement of Mr. Duggan was a very notable one—so much so as, although we are averse to boasting and puffery, to reflect the highest credit upon Mr. Duggan as a designer of small yachts, taking into consideration all the facts. Arrayed against him—a mere amateur—were several of the most famous professional designers of the United States, including the Herreshoffs and a host of others, professional and amateur.

"In all twenty-seven yachts of various types—some of them as finely finished and as highly polished as a piano; with double skins to make them strong, stiff and light, and with an entire disregard of expense—were offered for the club's selection from among them of a defender. After several trial races, El Heirie, designed by C. H. Crane, a Boston amateur, made the most satisfactory showing. Against her the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, pitted the Glencairn of Mr. Duggan's design. A slightly faster boat in light weather, namely, the Sothis, also of Mr. Duggan's design, was left at home. The challenger's selection proved, however, fully equal to the task set for her, and beat our clever neighbors' best on every point of sailing and in all kinds of weather. Mr. Duggan may now sing, with all Canadians joining in the chorus:

> But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
> And all that thou hast done for me."

While such is the feeling among yachtsmen, I am sorry to note that a vainglorious idea has found expression among those who either are absolutely ignorant concerning the sport or, worse yet, have that little knowledge which is dangerous with regard to it. That idea is voiced as follows in a Montreal newspaper:

"A general impression has gained ground that Canada will have a challenger for the America Cup next year as the result of the late international ½-rater races. It is rumored that Mr. James Ross, the Commodore, will build her, and naturally the rumor has created a great deal of interest, and there are a great many people who believe it. Some gentlemen who know Mr. Ross well say that he stated, before leaving for England, that if the Glencairn won he would seriously think of building a cup challenger. The inference naturally is that Mr. Duggan will design the boat."

Had those who make such a proposal the slightest knowledge of the differences between the problems which present themselves in the designing of a 15-footer and 90-footer, it is certain that they would restrain their exuberance, in which it is quite certain that Mr. Duggan will not concur.

The yacht Canada, which is to compete with Vencedor for the international trophy at Toledo, O., did not do as well at first as was expected against her older sister Zeima, but after an overhauling she last Saturday did all that could reasonably be expected of her, in giving Zeima a decisive beating.

Meantime I have but to say that the Canadian yacht is in charge of our ablest yachtsmen, at the head of whom is Mr. Æmilius Jarvis, of Toronto, who combines theory with practice in an eminent degree, and is excelled by few as a helmsman. It does not look like an easy victory for either yacht, but Canada has the best trial horse in Zeima, a thorough seasoned craft of proved speed and ability in all weathers and worked by a crew who know her to perfection and handle her accordingly. PORT TACK.

Beverly Y. C. Second Championship.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, July 11.

THE 28th race, second championship, was sailed off the club house July 11 in an old-fashioned three-reef southwester.

Little Peter in second class sloops was on hand, but had no competitor; Surprise broke her mast; Columbus broke her boom and the little John '99, a fifth class boat about to sail with fourth class, capsized just after the preliminary gun.

May King probably wins in second class, but is not measured and may be out of class. Prizes are held in abeyance.

Meiro wins easily in third class and takes a second leg for the pennant. Sippican gets second if she measures into the class.

Heiress sailed very well, as did Sally. Griise for the first time was last; the new rule restricting crews to three is very rough on her, the new boats being built for it and some 20 per cent. broader. Griise ran the fleet, but could not carry sail to windward.

Dawdle sailed a superb race, and with a breeze Imp was in her element.

Club station, Wing's Neck; water, rough; courses, 11¼ for second class, 8½ for third, 5½ for fourth and fifth; weather, clear; sea, heavy; wind, strong three-reef southwester.

SECOND CLASS CATS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
May King, D. L. Whittemore	...	2 14 22	. .. ..
Anonyma, F. L Dabney	24.9	2 16 55	2 08 18
Mist, Geo. H. Lyman	25.1	2 20 22	2 07 05
Bernice, T. G. Young, Jr.	25.8	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Meiro, D. L. Whittemore	20.8	1 51 05	1 35 53
Sippican, W. H. Davis	...	1 57 42	. .. ..
Doris, John Parkinson	24.1	2 00 50	1 46 38
Cayuse, F. W. Sargent	20.1	2 03 38	1 48 14
Puzzle, Wm. Amory II.	20.1	. .. ..	. .. ..
FOURTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAIL.			
Heiress, Geo. G. Amory	19.0	1 14 34	1 03 40
Sally, W. Starling Burgess	19.0	1 15 45	1 04 53
Fin, Howard Stockton	17.9	1 17 10	1 05 09
Ghuzs, Lawrence Brooks	18.9	1 21 43	1 10 36
Griise, W. E. C. Eustis	19.0	1 23 00	1 12 18
Silence, J. Crave, Jr.	19.0	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CATS.			
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy	17.6	1 17 04	1 04 49
Elsa, Hollis Burgess	19.0	1 17 36	1 06 34
Cinch, H. Parker	18.1	1 19 10	1 07 38
FIFTH CATS.			
Imp, Geo. B. Dabney	14.5	1 22 00	1 06 22
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr.	14.4	1 23 45	1 08 01
Hebe, J. Parkinson, Jr.	15.0	1 23 49	1 08 53

Winners: Class two cats, first, probably May King and Anonyma; the former is not measured. Class three cats, first, Meiro; second, probably Sippican. Class four jib and mainsail, first, Heiress; second, Sally. Class four cats, first, Dawdle. Class five cats, first, Imp.

Meiro, Heiress, Dawdle and Imp, and either May King or Anonyma take legs for pennants.

Judge: W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Gravesend Bay Y. C.

BENSONHURST—GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, July 18.

THE Gravesend Bay Y. C. sailed a very successful open regatta on July 18, the wind being from the south and moderate. The times were:

CLASS A—OPEN BOATS, 21ST AND UNDER.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Martha M., R. Moore	19.01	1 45 49	1 44 48
Maggie P., C. Lissenden	16.03	1 50 02	1 45 12
Ulmer Park, J. W. Weber	19.06	1 53 50	1 52 50
Paul & Stella, James Riley	16.08	2 14 17	2 09 57
Lizzie, S. O'Brien	19.01	Did not finish.	
CLASS B—CABIN BOATS OVER 24FT.			
Lizzie V., W. F. Vreeland	31.00	1 51 03	1 51 03
Mary II., W. E. Elsworth	34.10	2 06 17	1 56 41
Molly Bawn, E. M. Brown	38.00	2 02 00	1 59 06
Louise, R. H. Sherwood	28.04	2 00 02	1 59 29
Acorn, C. W. Morgan	24.10	2 15 28	2 09 12
Vespa, John Denning	26.01	2 25 34	2 20 50
30FT CLASS—OVER 25FT. TO 30FT.			
E. J. B., E. J. Bates	29.00	2 56 47	2 56 47
35FT. CLASS—OVER 30FT. TO 36FT.			
Forsythe II., Alex. F. Roe	35.06	3 48 00	3 48 00
Gael, Suneron & B's	32.01	3 06 43	3 00 07
Alexis, J. Constant	35.04	3 05 07	3 04 57
Porda, A. Erdman	...	3 08 29	. .. ..
15FT. CLASS.			
Terrapin, W. S Peters	15.00	2 06 13	. .. ..
Cygnus, C. M. Bolheim	15.09	2 09 14	. .. ..

Fox Lake Y. C.

FOX LAKE, ILL.

Saturday, July 11.

THE Fox Lake Y. C. sailed two races on July 11, the first, in the morning, a postponed race from July 4; the second, in the afternoon, the regular race as scheduled for the day. The wind was light from N.W. The times in the first race were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Satan	10 59 49	12 27 46	1 27 51	1 27 51
Hornet	10 56 55	12 48 34	1 46 39	1 44 51
Sleepy Tom	10 58 19	12 31 48	1 33 19	1 28 31
Joker	10 56 14	12 38 05	1 36 51	1 32 18
Marcella	10 58 40	12 46 15	1 47 35	1 40 41
Canvasback	10 59 01	12 48 59	1 54 58	1 54 58
Annie	10 58 11	12 36 28	1 38 17	1 31 18
Clematis	11 00 08	Withdrew.		

Question broke rudder and did not start.

Sleepy Tom was first, Satan second, and Annie third.

The afternoon race resulted:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed	Corrected.
Satan	3 37 27	5 09 44	1 31 47	1 31 47
Hornet	3 37 00	5 10 40	1 33 40	1 31 32
Sleepy Tom	3 34 47	5 09 30	1 34 43	1 24 55
Joker	3 31 08	5 12 45	1 41 37	1 37 04
Marcella	3 31 40	5 13 40	1 42 00	1 35 06
Question	3 31 30	5 17 45	1 46 15	1 37 21
Anna	3 32 29	5 19 55	1 40 26	1 33 27
Frances M	3 31 00	5 11 26	1 40 26	1 40 56
SECOND CLASS.				
Willie Wumps	3 38 31	5 19 76	1 50 55	1 48 05
Grimalkin	3 40 10	5 25 25	1 45 15	1 45 15
Happy Days	3 39 05	5 22 42	1 43 37	1 43 16
Lorna Doone	3 38 42	5 34 53	1 56 11	1 54 46

Valkyrie III.

THERE is an odd coincidence in the sailing of Valkyrie III. after the ninth unsuccessful attempt to capture the America's Cup, for her birthplace on the Clyde. Just as she passed out by Sandy Hook on July 15, the challenger in another international contest was starting over the line in what proved to be her third successful race, giving her the trophy. Valkyrie's new skipper, Capt. Dixon, who is merely in her for the ocean passage, arrived in New York on July 11 with his crew on the steamer St Louis. After some delay in securing the admission of the crew by the authorities, they reached the yacht at the Erie Basin Drydocks. She was very soon put in sea trim and stores shipped, the latter being taken down from the White Star Line pier, where they have laid all winter. At 8:30 on Wednesday morning she was taken in tow by a couple of tugs and towed down the bay, passing Sandy Hook at 12:30. She is yawl rigged for the passage. While Lord Dunraven's intentions are not known, it is not probable that she will be raced; the attempt to sell her here has been unsuccessful, and as she would have to recross at one time or another, she has probably been sent for now in order to avoid possible bad weather in the fall.

Right of Way on a Lee Shore.

BOSTON, July 9.—To settle a dispute will you kindly give your opinion as to which boat has the right of way in the following case? Two boats, A and B, are both close hauled on the starboard tack, heading for an island. A is about two lengths ahead of B, but to leeward, so far to leeward that her skipper thinks he cannot cross B's bow by tacking. Both boats continue on until they approach very close to

the shore ahead. If they continued long both boats would ground. A called to B to come about. B refused to do so, and told A to keep off and jibe around. A acknowledges that he was not on a lee shore, and that he could have cleared the obstruction by keeping off, but claims he had a right to force B to tack. B claims that A did not have the right of way, and bases his claim on the following rule of the road: "When a yacht is in danger of running aground or of touching a pier, rock or other obstruction, and cannot go clear by altering her course without fouling another yacht, then the latter shall, on being hailed by the former, at once give her room," etc. Now, A allows that he could have cleared the obstruction by keeping off, but claims that keeping off is not changing the course, and that he had a right, by the rule quoted, to force B to tack. B claims that keeping off is changing the course, and as A admits that he could have kept off, he (A) had no right to force B to tack. Will you kindly state which boat, in your opinion, is correct? Inclosed is a diagram showing the positions of the boats, etc. J. J. SOUTHER

[We are unable to understand from our correspondent's description just what sort of an "island" is involved. Certainly if it was of any considerable size A should not be compelled to go far out of his course to round it. We cannot attempt to give a final decision without a fuller knowledge of all the circumstances; but as far as we can see, A was entitled to room to clear the obstruction. As we understand the intent of the rule, a yacht is not compelled to bear away or jibe, taking a new course opposed to her true course to the next mark. The alteration of course referred to is, in our opinion, that which she would naturally make to clear.]

Hempstead Y. C. Ladies' Day.

HEMPSTEAD—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, July 11.

THE Hempstead Bay Y. C. sailed its annual ladies' day regatta on July 11 in a strong breeze, the yachts carrying two reefs. The times were:

	Start	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Algea, Dr. J. A. Hutcheson	2 02 52	3 37 25	1 34 33	1 33 54
Fleetwing, G. Lowden	2 03 45	3 56 35	1 52 50	1 41 50
Mayita, Com. Rotino	2 02 53	3 49 50	1 46 57	1 45 57
CATBOATS.				
Beulah, E. T Southard	2 00 25	3 42 24	1 41 59	1 38 01
Sibyl, Com. Rotino	2 01 50	3 42 35	1 40 45	1 38 02
Zephyr, Dr. J. A. Hutcheson	2 02 52	3 49 00	1 46 08	1 38 05
Cricket, Rev. E. H. Ketcham	2 01 45	3 41 10	1 39 25	1 39 25
Eunice, W. P. Miller	2 03 50	3 59 55	1 56 05	1 40 44
Dolphin, I. N. Carman	2 01 25	3 43 25	1 42 10	1 40 45
Brooklyn, T. Martin	2 01 20	3 42 30	1 41 10	1 41 06
Grace, Com. Rotino	2 05 16	3 57 15	1 51 59	1 41 48
New York, T. Martin	2 19 55	3 55 50	1 52 55	1 44 05
Mystery, J. Snedeker	2 02 56	Did not finish		
Caribel, H. R. Smith	2 04 54	Did not finish.		

Hull Y. C. Club Race.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 11.

THE Hull Y. C. club race of July 11 was sailed in a strong breeze from N.W., the boats carrying two and three reefs. The times were:

THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	24.08	1 51 50	1 02 13
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	....	1 33 21	. .. ..
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	30.11	1 38 27	1 14 49
JIB AND MAINSAIL.			
Soubrette, H. W. Friend	....	1 25 25	. .. ..
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Tautog, W. O. Gay	21.00	1 18 03	1 18 03
Torpedo, J. J. Souther	21.00	1 19 09	1 19 09
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	1 22 07	1 22 07
Nike, C. A. Cooley	21.00	1 33 25	1 33 25
FIFTH CLASS.			
Rooster, C. F. Adams, 2d	19.09	1 27 55	1 00 46
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	20.11	1 29 47	1 03 49
Opechee, W. P. Barker	22.02	1 28 52	1 04 04
Sphinx, Arthur Keith	19.08	1 32 27	1 04 46
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice	22.02	1 31 09	1 06 14

The judges were W. E. Sherrills, F. H. Jeffries, W. A. Cary and L. W. Smith.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 18.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed its ninety-ninth race, the first championship of the year, on July 18, in a light east wind, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Exit, A. H. Higginson	2 35 00	5 21 37	2 46 37	2 41 21
Susie, J. F. Cole	2 35 00	5 23 16	2 48 16	2 47 43
Eugenia, L. S. Palmer	2 35 00	5 25 25	3 00 24	2 55 36
Marena, D. H. Follett, Jr.	Withdrew.			

FOURTH CLASS.

Egeria, R. F. Tucker	2 40 00	5 10 00	2 30 00	2 29 40
Magpie, A. W. Stevens	2 40 00	5 12 00	2 32 00	2 30 48
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	2 40 00	5 12 15	2 32 15	2 32 15

CLASS A.

Rowena, W. A Rothwell	2 45 00	5 30 10	2 45 10	2 45 10
Anagua, W. C Loring	2 45 00	5 35 28	2 51 28	2 51 28
Metrio, J. L. Paine	2 45 00	5 52 45	3 07 45	3 04 45
Mistral	2 45 00	Withdrew.		

CLASS B.

Edith, F. M. Wood	2 55 00	5 52 00	2 57 00	2 57 00
Comus, R. O. Hodges	2 55 00	6 14 43	3 19 43	3 19 43
Mosca, F. E. Peabody	2 55 00	Withdrew.		

CLASS C—KNOCKABOUTS.

Sally, D. C. Percival	2 50 00	5 36 24	2 46 24	2 46 24
Dorothy, Frank Brewster	2 50 00	5 39 19	2 49 19	2 47 19
Maid, Everett Paine	2 50 00	5 50 28	3 00 28	2 55 18
Ruth, R. M. Wiggin	Withdrew.			
Comet, A. Lawrence	Withdrew.			

The winners were Exit, Egeria, Rowena, Sally, Edith, Susie, Magpie Anagua, Dorothy, Comet

The judges were G. W. Mansfield, H. D. Benson and A. G. Wood.

Lincoln Park Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, July 11.

THE Lincoln Park Y. C. sailed an open race on July 11 in a light and variable wind. The chief event of the day was the meeting of the two new bulb-fins Vencedor and Siren, the former being the representative of the club in the coming races with the Royal Canadian Y. C. The race was by no means conclusive, owing to the paltry winds. The times were:

CLASS A.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Siren	2 41 45	6 11 10	3 29 25
Vencedor	2 38 52	6 10 12	3 31 20

CLASS B.

Valiant	2 40 35	6 26 20	3 45 53
Sadie	2 42 00	6 27 45	3 45 45

CLASS D.

Trix	2 41 00	6 11 30	3 30 30
Marion	2 42 00	Not timed.	
Arrow	2 42 00	6 00 50	3 18 50
Bowery	2 42 00	6 26 10	3 44 10

SCHOONERS.

Toxteth	2 42 00	6 37 15	3 45 15
Hawthorne	2 42 00	Not timed.	

The prizes are: Class A Sloops—First, cannon; second, pennant. Class B Sloops—Marine glass. Class D Sloops—First, barometer; second, ensign. Schooners—First, cannon; second, log.

The judges were G. M. Pynchon, Edward Varian and Edward Wood. The timekeeper was Joseph Ruff, and M. W. Berriam represented the regatta committee.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, July 11.

THE second club race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on July 11 in a strong N.W. wind, the times being:

SECOND CLASS CATH.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cleopatra, M. McDowell	21.06	2 14 54	1 31 38
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Magiathlan	21.00	2 19 50	1 35 27
Arawak, C. D. Baker		2 20 39	. . . .
Future, W. T. Whitman	21.11	2 24 12	1 41 18

FOURTH CLASS CATH.

Amie, M. S. Weston, Jr.	17.02	1 13 21	0 48 32
Honest John, J. C. Dawes	17.04	1 17 26	0 32 48
Nemo, Carr	16.04	Withdrew.	

SPRIT SAILS.

E. B. Weston, I. Symmes	17.02	1 14 37	0 48 53
No Name, C. A. Rawson	16.02	1 16 41	0 49 44
Yankee, A. E Walker	16.11	1 15 54	0 49 49
Natalie, H. M. Jones	17.02	1 15 44	0 49 55
Ideal, C. F. Bradford	16.10	1 17 59	0 51 48

GAFF FORESAILS.

Dolphin, N. Morton	16.06	1 18 24	0 51 50
Vigilant, A. M. Watson	17.04	1 17 43	0 52 05
Nerid, C. C Clapp	17.00	1 20 20	0 54 20
Aphrodite, A. G. Fay	17.03	1 20 22	0 54 36
Myra, S. B. Cheney	18.00	1 20 51	0 55 54
Tom Jeff, S. S. Richards	17.07	1 21 50	0 56 28

Winthrop Y. C. Club Race.

GREAT HEAD—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 11.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed a club race on July 11 in a reefing N.W. breeze, several boats being disabled. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Erycina	1 31 47	1 07 19
Myrtle	1 43 35	1 16 21
Alma	1 45 39	1 20 26
Eloise	2 02 10	1 36 00
Haroide	Withdrew.	
Eureka	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS

Unknown	1 35 45	1 12 00
Scat	Withdrew.	
Delia	Withdrew.	

Manchester Y. C.

THE second race of the Manchester Y. C. was sailed on July 12 in a fresh breeze with smooth water, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Clara, Walter Burgess	23.07	1 28 15	1 01 58
Elmira, Walter Bartlett	24.00	1 31 26	1 06 32

THIRD CLASS.

Koorali, R. C. Robbins	20.10	1 37 06	1 08 02
Egeria, R. T. Tucker	19.11	1 42 58	1 12 06
Magpie, A. W. Stevens	19.05	1 46 52	1 15 26

KNOCKABOUTS.

Sally, D. C. Percival	21.00	1 36 18	. . . .
Comet, J. S. Lawrence	21.00	1 39 28	. . . .
Nabob, S. P. Bremer	21.00	1 39 42	. . . .

FOURTH CLASS.

Snipe, Boardman Bros.	16.01	1 05 06	. . . .
Exit, A. H. Higginson	Withdrew.		

Judges—W. A. Tucker, E. P. Stanley and A. H. Higginson.

Cohasset Y. C. Club Race.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, July 18.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed a race for club boats on July 18 in a light S.E. air, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
In It, R. B. Williams	2 07 12	1 46 41
Zig Zag, Gammons & Wheelwright	2 14 45	1 55 45
Heron, Eliot Stoddard	2 13 11	. . . .

15FT. CLASS—START 5:45.

Mermaid, W. R. Sears	5 50 12
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	5 53 10
Blink, F. H. Pratt	5 59 16
Swallow, John Robinson	6 00 00
Hornet, C. H. Conseus	6 00 52
Sea Gull, Fred Higgins	6 04 24
Scrooper, James Bean	6 04 42
Jap, Brown & Pegram	6 06 35

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Unquowa, steam yacht, has been sold by John H. Hall to W. R. Hearst, Vice-Com. American Y. C., former owner of Vamoose.

Quisetta, schooner, designed by Gardner & Cox and built by Thos. Marvel for H. W. Harris, was launched at Newburgh on July 13. She is of steel, 96ft. over all, 67ft. l.w.l., 18ft. beam and 10ft. 9in. draft, though a centerboard boat. She is of handsome model, of the semi-fin type.

Varuna, steam yacht, designed by G. L. Watson for Eugene Higgins was launched at Inglis's yard, Glasgow, on July 14.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Geo. J. Keyes, 193 Front street, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Red Dragon Canoe Club.

ON Saturday, July 11, the Red Dragons held an invitation race for 15-footers of the Atlantic City Mosquito and Cricket fleets.

The following boats started over the regular club course to Plum Point Buoy and return, sailed twice; total distance, 12 miles: Isabella, A. C. C. F., Judge Jos. Thompson, sailed by Geo. Gaskell; Truant, A. C. C. F., Warren Somers; Feather, R. D. C. C., F. W. Noyes; Imp, R. D. C. C., J. M. Hamilton; Dragon, R. D. C. C., W. J. Scott; E-Cho, A. S. Fenimore and J. E. Murray; Tadpole, R. D. C. C., R. G. Fleischmans. The Red Dragon boats counted their pieces for the club record cup, and of the canoe yawls only Ollie, E. W. Crittenden, started and sailed over the course once for the record points.

All were sent off to a very even start at 8:37 P. M., with Feather, E-Cho and Isabella first over. With a strong breeze from the southwest almost all immediately broke out spinakers; Feather's seeming to do the best work, as she drew away right from the start. Isabella and Truant soon took the lead and were first at the upper mark. Isabella continued to widen the gap, and finished the first round about 15 minutes ahead of the next boat. E-Cho fouled the club house buoy as she rounded the first time and was out of it. Dragon also gave up at the end of the first round. On the second round Tadpole and Feather closed up considerably on Truant, but none could get anywhere near Isabella and she continued to widen her lead. They finished in the following order:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Isabella	3 37 00	5 55 30	2 17 30
Truant	3 37 00	6 15 45	2 37 45
Tadpole	3 37 00	6 18 30	2 40 30
Feather	3 37 00	6 26 26	2 48 26
Imp	3 37 00	6 28 45	2 50 45
E-Cho	Fouled buoy.		
Dragon	Withdrew end of first round.		

Isabella wins the special cup, with Truant second

Tadpole counts 5 points for club record cup, Feather 3 points, Imp 1 point.

Tadpole has in the last two weeks been changed from a canoe yawl to a single stick rig, and her speed is much improved. She is especially good before the wind. Dragon, which was originally a bulb-fin Scarecrow, seems, without any ballast and with only a Linton Hope board, to be very tender in anything but a light wind.

Isabella and Truant are pronounced scows of about 25ft. over all length on a waterline of 13ft. 6in., and with sail area in proportion. They both carry mosquito boat mainsails with sprit and club, but set on a yard at the top. The sails set very flat and are corresponding good to windward.

Next Saturday the Riverton Yacht Club gives a race for 15-footers of the Atlantic City fleets, Red Dragon Canoe Club and Riverton, Torresdale and Corinthian Yacht Clubs. M. D. WILT.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	Residence.	Club.
Albert F. Hyde	Worcester	Tatasset.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

J. C. Mowbray	New York	New York.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Middlesex Rifle Club.

LOWELL, Mass., July 14.—Will you kindly advise me if there is a National Rifle Association, and if so where we can reach them? I ask this for the reason that we are an independent club, and if there is a national organization of riflemen we would like to join it if we can.

Inclosed I hand you a score shot on our range last Saturday, the 11th inst., in a friendly match between our club and a team from Co. C, 6th Regiment, M. V. M.; 200yds., off-hand, Creedmoor target:

Co. C.		Middlesex.	
Pvt Burns	5545554554—47	Burbeck	4444445554—42
Pvt Rodger	4445545455—45	Fisher	4544444455—43
Sergt Colby	5544544455—45	Sherman	5544535554—43
Corp Gannan	4554445454—44	Randall	5544455444—42
Pvt Ahlberg	5454444554—44	Shaw	4444944444—41
Pvt Haynes	4444434843—37	Hartford	4444444444—41
Pvt Worthing	4544555434—41	White	4445453454—41
Pvt Hahn	4044444445—37	Dickey	5444454454—41
Pvt Crosby	4535544444—37	Blair	4444444444—40
Lieut Swift	4343545444—36—413	Lewis	4449443554—37—419

W. H. WHEELER, Sec'y.

[There is no national association.]

The New York Militia Arm.

In selecting the Savage rifle for the arm of the New York National Guard the Commission appointed by Gov. Morton made a departure from previously recognized military standards and chose a lever gun in preference to the bolt actions so universally in use by the armies of the civilized world.

Of course the Savage won on its general merits, but in giving one reason for its selection the Commissioners make the following explanation, which strikes us as being very reasonable and very much to the point:

"Only a very small minority of American sportsmen use a bolt-action gun for sporting purposes, while an overwhelming majority favor the lever system. There can be no question as to the general soundness of the view that for American soldiers to use in time of war a military rifle as nearly as possible like the one used by civilians in time of peace, if equally effective, will adapt itself far more satisfactorily in actual war service to the manipulation by men who, from youth up, have been familiar with the action of the military gun placed in their hands."

We congratulate the Board on its decision in favor of an American gun and an American system, and we hasten to assure it that it has acted wisely, and will have no cause to regret its action in having thus acceded to the judgment of our hunters and sportsmen.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

THE following scores were made on the club's range on the Berkenkemp farm in a strong west wind, which interfered with good shooting:

J Stidham	9 4 5 5 5 9 8 8 8 10	7-71
	4 10 7 7 9 7 5 8 7 7	7-71
	9 7 6 9 7 6 6 6 6 8	7-70
C Van Etten	4 6 9 8 4 9 7 9 7 5	6-68
	6 5 6 7 6 6 6 10 9 6	6-67
J Bacon	9 8 6 5 6 8 8 4 7 8	6-69
	9 9 9 7 7 8 5 6 6 4	6-66
	6 8 8 6 7 6 4 6 9 6	6-66
	6 7 5 5 6 10 9 5 5 8	6-66
J F Leyer	6 9 7 8 5 5 9 5 4 7	6-65
	7 6 3 7 4 9 8 6 8 7	6-65
	10 6 5 7 3 6 8 8 7 8	6-63
C Curry	9 3 5 7 7 5 9 4 10 7	6-66
	3 7 9 7 7 8 6 6 3 10	6-66
	5 1 4 7 10 6 7 7 6 10	6-63
Dr Strangways	2 6 9 10 8 9 4 5 6 7	6-66
	5 5 9 8 5 6 5 8 4 8	6-63
	3 5 6 7 7 5 6 6 9 6	6-60
Dr Wheeler	9 8 8 6 9 7 8 7 5 5	5-72
	2 8 5 6 9 9 8 3 5 7	6-62
	5 9 3 8 4 5 4 5 8 8	5-54
G C Rahn	7 7 2 3 9 5 9 3 8 8	6-61
	4 8 5 4 5 9 5 5 5 9	5-59
	10 7 2 7 4 3 4 9 9 4	5-59
W J Leyer	9 4 7 6 4 7 8 4 5 6	5-60
	6 7 4 3 8 6 4 5 9 6	5-58
	4 9 7 6 4 6 2 5 7 6	5-56
E S Noyes	6 5 6 6 8 9 5 10 3 2	5-60
	3 5 5 7 5 2 3 7 8 8	5-53
	6 6 3 4 6 4 2 5 4 6	4-46

July 18—At the regular practice shoot the following scores were made, 200yds., off-hand, 7-ring black:

W F Treiber	7 10 6 7 10 7 10 6 8 9	8-80
	7 6 7 7 6 9 10 8 3 10	7-73
	10 4 4 7 10 9 8 6 7 7	7-72
J G Germann	9 7 7 5 5 7 9 6 8 9	7-75
	9 7 6 7 10 7 8 8 6 5	7-73
	6 9 7 6 5 7 8 8 6 7	5-70
G C Rahn	8 10 8 7 5 10 4 6 5 7	7-70
	8 6 7 10 7 8 10 5 3 6	7-67
	10 5 7 8 2 5 5 10 4 8	6-64
John Stidham	7 7 6 5 5 9 10 9 5 6	6-69
	6 6 4 6 7 6 7 6 7 10	6-67
	5 8 6 8 7 6 7 4 10 7	6-66
G E Shafer	9 8 5 2 8 7 7 7 6 6	6-71
	3 10 7 8 7 7 6 7 5 5	5-65
	7 6 8 9 8 3 6 7 8 7	6-64
C Van Etten	6 6 9 10 5 10 8 4 10 6	7-74
	7 5 6 8 10 6 5 6 4 5	6-62
	6 7 5 8 4 10 4 8 9 4	5-59
W B Patton	6 6 5 8 8 4 6 4 6 6	5-59
	5 5 3 4 8 6 7 8 5 6	5-57
	7 6 3 6 5 5 4 6 5 6	5-53
W J Snyder	6 4 8 4 6 5 9 7 8 5	5-62
	7 6 8 8 5 3 3 5 5 2	5-52
	6 7 7 7 4 5 1 6 5 4	5-52
E S Noyes	4 10 2 8 7 5 7 7 5 3	5-54
	7 3 8 9 2 4 4 7 6 3	5-53
	4 6 3 9 3 3 7 4 8 4	5-50
T Nagor (visitor)	3 8 5 5 8 5 5 6 2 2	5-52
	3 2 7 5 8 2 4 2 3 10	4-5
	2 2 5 4 2 3 2 5 6 5	5-36

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., July 12.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard target, 7-ring black. The weather being extremely warm, to-day's shoot was conspicuous for its low scores.

Scores: Gindele.

	8 6 8 10 10 8 10 8 9 10—87	8 10 7 10 10 8 5 9 10 7—85
	7 10 10 10 10 8 8 8 7 6—84	7 7 10 7 6 7 8 10 9 10—81

Weinheimer.

	6 9 10 7 8 9 10 6 7 6—75	6 6 6 6 7 7 9 7 8 9—70
	5 8 7 6 8 8 9 5 8 10—69	7 5 6 4 7 8 4 8 10 8—67

Payne.

	7 9 9 8 9 6 8 7 10 8—81	7 9 7 9 6 6 10 10 7 8—79
	8 6 10 6 6 9 9 9 10 5—78	8 8 10 7 8 5 8 8 7 9—78

Trounstine.

	5 6 7 5 7 6 6 9 6 7—64	7 9 7 4 8 6 10 6 3 4—64
	6 6 7 5 5 6 6 8 7 7—63	3 6 6 9 6 6 4 5 7 6—62

Nestler.

	9 8 10 8 8 7 10 10 6 5—81	9 6 8 8 8 8 9 7 7 9 9—80
	9 8 8 7 7 8 7 9 6 8—77	9 10 8 5 6 8 5 10 6 9—76

Topf.

	2 8 7 7 8 10 9 4 4 6—65	4 9 3 8 4 6 8 6 8 8—64
	6 8 4 7 8 6 9 6 5 4—63	6 4 6 6 9 1 5 6 10 7—63

Lux.

	4 8 8 8 6 10 5 6 5 8—68	8 6 4 10 8 8 4 7 8 4—67
	8 10 6 9 5 6 4 8 5 5—66	7 5 4 6 6 5 9 7 8 5—62

*Gibson.

	9 7 6 5 8 8 10 7 9 10—79	7 10 9 7 6 8 8 7 6 9—77
	3 4 4 9 8 5 7 6 10 5—61	8 6 8 3 4 5 4 4 6 6—49

Drube.

	10 8 6 4 7 9 9 7 9 8—77	3 3 7 7 10 9 7 9 5 8—69
	8 7 6 8 5 6 6 5 7 5—65	5 8 3 5 7 5 9 7 8 6—63

* Rest.

Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A very favorable day greeted the marksmen at Shell Mound Range yesterday.

The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club shot as usual on the "Columbia" target and some good work was done. Probably the most interesting contest was the one between Messrs. McLaughlin, Rodgers, Young and Utschig in the 10-shot record match. Utschig made a 10in. center on his last shot, thus gaining the highest score. Columbia Club's scores for the day were:

Pistol, champion class, ten shots: A. H. Pape 3, 4, 7, 4, 9, 2, 4, 9, 5, 10—48; F. O. Young 49, C. M. Daiss 50, J. E. Gorman 47.

First class, ten shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 3, 7, 8, 9, 9, 5, 4, 8, 7, 7—51; F. Baumgartner 53, A. B. Dorrell 68, D. W. McLaughlin 78, F. Poulter 96.

Second class, ten shots: F. E. Mason 8, 13, 6, 7, 4, 4, 13, 9, 2, 3—82; E. Jacobson 92, O. M. Barley 97, O. A. Bremer 109, F. H. Bushnell 116.

Pistol, Blanding medal, open to all comers, three shots: A. H. Pape 8, C. M. Daiss 9, J. E. Gorman 9, T. O. Young 12.

.22cal. rifle, 50yds., medal, 5-shot scores—E. Jacobson, 10, 10, 13; Ed Hovey, 11, 12, 13; Mrs. L. J. Crane, 21, 24; P. Bohr, 24; Mrs. M. J. White, 32.

Rifle, target rifle, Unfred diamond medal, 3 shots—F. O. Young 8, W. Glindemann 9, Dr. Rodgers 16.

Military rifle, Glindemann medal, 10 shots—F. Poulter 45.

Best shot, rifle record, 10 shots—J. Utschig 47, Dr. Rodgers 50, McLaughlin 56, Young 56, F. E. Mason 69.

Champion class, 10 shots—W. Glindemann, 11, 6, 3, 6, 8, 4, 10, 6, 8, 3—55; Dr. L. R. Rodgers 64, F. O. Young 72, D. W. McLaughlin 78, A. H. Pape 100.

First class, 10 shots—F. Baumgartner, 9, 4, 5, 11, 10, 5, 8, 7, 12, 9—80; H. R. Crane 83, A. Gehret 83, A. B. Dorrell 85, A. P. Klein 91, F. E. Mason 96, O. A. Bremer 114, G. Schultz 132.

Second class, 10 shots—E. Jacobson 12, 14, 8, 12, 9, 7, 8, 7, 10, 19—106; J. E. Gorman 117, G. Barley 130, F. H Bushnell 130, L. Pingle 148.

The regular monthly shoot of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein resulted in two of the members becoming the permanent owners of two beautiful medals. W. Glindemann for the fourth time carried off the championship trophy, and three top scores gave the first class medal to D. B. Faktor. Following are the scores, 20 shots, German ring target:

Champion class, W. Glindemann—21, 23, 20, 21, 22, 24, 22, 23, 22, 24, 24, 18, 23, 23, 22, 22, 20, 19, 22, 25. Total, 440 rings. First class, D. B. Faktor—16, 21, 22, 18, 23, 23, 24, 24, 23, 20, 23, 21, 23, 22, 22, 17, 24, 23, 24, 22. Total, 435. Second class not filled.

Third class, John Gefken—20, 23, 22, 22, 24, 20, 22, 22, 17, 19, 18, 15, 22, 19, 20, 12, 23, 23, 22, 20. Total, 399.

Fourth class, C. F. Rust—21, 14, 13, 23, 18, 8, 5, 18, 19, 18, 23, 20, 22, 21, 23, 14, 17, 21, 22, 24. Total, 359.

Best first shot, F. P. Schuster, 25; best last shot, W. Glindemann, 25.

The German Schuetzen Club is now giving a second prize to each class and the annexed are the scores and winners, 20 shots, German ring target:

Champion class, first prize, A. Mocker—19, 23, 21, 18, 23, 13, 22, 17, 20, 20, 24, 23, 21, 23, 21, 22, 21, 25, 22, 24—423 rings.

Second prize, D. B. Faktor—22, 23, 20, 21, 23, 21, 19, 25, 16, 23, 22, 20, 21, 20, 19, 20, 20, 20, 20, 21—416 rings.

First class, first prize, G. Alpers—23, 17, 24, 23, 13, 23, 18, 22, 23, 19, 14, 21, 19, 20, 12, 13, 22, 20, 24—393.

Second prize, J. E. Klein—17, 18, 20, 20, 10, 17, 13, 19, 17, 18, 22, 19, 22, 18, 17, 23, 20, 13, 24, 24—371.

Second class not filled.

Third class, first prize, H. Hellberg—22, 11, 13, 15, 21, 23, 22, 19, 23, 19, 20, 23, 24, 16, 18, 23, 21, 17, 15, 24—390.

Second prize, F. Bushnell—21, 20, 13, 17, 16, 15, 19, 13, 17, 21, 23, 11, 23, 23, 17, 13, 23, 19, 21, 23—373.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 25.—BOILING SPRINGS GROUNDS, N. J.—Amateur Trap-Shooters' League second contest.

July 29-30.—WORCESTER, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets. For programmes address A. W. Walls, Worcester, Mass.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 4, 5.—AUBURN, N. Y.—The Auburn Gun Club will hold a bluerock tournament, using the "Maugatrap" for the first time in New York State; programs will be out in a few days. Mr. Paul North will have entire charge of the shoot.

Aug. 5.—SANDUSKY, Ohio.—Annual tournament of the Sandusky Gun Club; $100 added money and $100 in merchandise prizes.

Aug. 5-6.—GREENVILLE, Texas.—North Texas Gun Club League. Two days. Targets. Will L. Sargent, Sec'y.

Aug. 11.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Tournament of the West End Gun Club. Bluerock traps and targets. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

Aug. 11-14.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details later.

Aug 12-13.—DULUTH, Minn.—Central Gun Club, fourth annual tournament; excellent programme.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—ST. PAUL, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, at State Fair Grounds. B. F. Schurmeier, Sec'y.

Sept.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—B. F. Smith's tournament at Audubon Park. Live birds and targets.

Sept. 2-4.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds ;added money announced later

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The August monthly shoot of the North Texas Gun Club League will be held on the 5th and 6th of that month at Greenville, Texas. There will be nine events on the first day and eight on the second, the number of targets running from 10 up to 15 blue rocks. The ninth event of the first day, which is at 10 blue rocks, is a consolation shoot open to those only who have not won a prize during the day. The last event of the second day is the same. The most important contest of the meeting is the fifth event, on August 6, for the League Shoot by teams of five men, 20 blue rocks to the man. Clubs can enter one or more teams. The prizes for all these events are chiefly merchandise contributed by local firms. All communications should be addressed to Mr. Will L. Sargeant, Secretary, Greenville, Texas. Clubs not now members of the league can become so by sending $5 to the secretary.

The Caledonian Club, of Philadelphia, has issued a neatly arranged programme of its tournament, in connection with its thirty-eighth annual field sports, to be held at "The Grove," Washington Park, on the Delaware, on Saturday, Aug. 1. The shoot consists of seven events, including a team race for the championship of the Philadelphia district. The conditions of this event are: 25 targets per man, six men to a team, open to all properly organized gun clubs in Philadelphia, Montgomery, Delaware, Camden and Gloucester counties; targets thrown free, no entrance fee, A. S. A. rules. All teams intending to compete in the event must notify A. B. Cartledge, Secretary, Florists' Gun Club, 1514 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, before Aug. 1. The prize is a handsome silver cup donated by the Caledonian Club.

We have received from the secretary of the Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association the following communication in regard to the annual convention and tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association: "The programme committee of the Harrisburg Shooting Association has recommended an abrupt change in the programme for the annual tournament which it was at first thought advisable to present to the shooters of the State. The change of dates for holding the State shoot which appears in the column of Fixtures in FOREST AND STREAM has been found necessary. The committee trusts that the change will prove acceptable to the members of the State association."

B. Leroy, of Campello, Mass., and Jay Snell, of Worcester, are booked to shoot a 100-bird match on July 28, at the Worcester Sportsmen's Club's grounds. Leroy's shooting ability is well known, but Snell's reputation is largely local; still his friends are counting on a close race, and some of them will be surprised if he does not finish in the lead.

The Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club will hold an invitation tournament early in September. The shoot will probably last two or three days (two days targets, one day live birds) and all purses will be divided on the Rose system. The club proposes to invite those whom it wishes to take part in the sport with the special idea of making the shoot a social affair.

The postponed club shoot and ladies' day of the New York German Gun Club was set down for July 22 at Dexter Park.

See the notice of the Minnesota Association's day of trap-shooting, page 72, to be given by the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club, July 31.

Pawtuxets at the Traps.

PAWTUXET, R. I., July 11.—The regular club shoot of the Pawtuxet Gun Club was held to-day. Sheldon won in Class A for the seventh and Gardner for the first time; Money, Class B, sixth time; Hawkins, Class C, third time. Scores:

Class A.	
W H Sheldon	1111111111110110111111111—23
Dr C Gardner	1111111110111011111111111—23
S D Greene, Jr	1111010011101100111111011—18
P L Voelker	1011001111001110101111110—17
W F Crandall	0111111110011101110010010—16
Dr F Gleason	1110101110010101100111010—15
Class B.	
Wm Mooney	1101011000111111111111111—20
A L Stockard	1010011001011111010110100—14
W O King	1110000100110001101000111—12
H Badmington	0000010100001001011111100—10
Class C	
A B Hawkins	0111110011111100101110111—18
F Arnold	1110011111110010010011101—16
F Graves	0111111110100101011010010—15
A L Andrews	1110010100011110101110100—14
H W Bain	0000001000110100100011010— 8
W F Goss	0100111010010001100000000— 8
J Cann	0110010000100001001010000— 7

Practice shoot, 25 targets: Sheldon 25, Graves 20, Badmington 20, Greene 20, Mooney 17, Plaisted 17, Bain 17. W. H. SHELDON, Sec'y.

Endeavor Gun Club's Practice.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 11.—A few members of the Endeavor Gun Club assembled at the club's grounds to-day and passed an enjoyable afternoon in practice shooting. Geo. Piercy and Collins shot a 50 bird match, which Piercy won in slashing style. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*25*	*25*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Von Lengerke	21	18	19	13	8	8	6	9
L Piercy	15	..	16	8	6	6	4	7
Mulrany	18	10	18	8	6	6	5	5
Harringt'n	17	15	16	..	8	8	6	6
G Piercy	21	20	19	11	7	9	9	8
Collins	..	23	14	..	..	..	..	..

Match, 50 targets, $15 a side:

Geo Piercy	11101111111011111111111011111111101110111011111011100—41
Collins	01111111111000101110011101011000111101110010000111—31

J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 18.—Strings of 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Kendall	20	18	18	19	21	22
Brown	23	22	21	20	24	21
S Millard	..	11	9	13	15	..
C Millard	..	18	15	15	15	..
Stone	18	21	19	21	20	24
Hobbie	..	22	20	21	23	23
Bromley	..	..	..	22	19	22
Armstrong	..	..	..	21	19	12

North Texas Gun Club League.

GREENVILLE, Tex., July 13.—In June last at Farmersville several gun clubs met to have a friendly shoot for merchandise prizes and to organize the shooters of north Texas. Seven clubs were in attendance, and an elegant shoot was enjoyed, as well as the hospitality of the members and their good ladies of the Farmersville Gun Club, who had provided every comfort man could desire.

After the shooting contest was over, Mr. K. M. Moore called the shooters to order and stated the object of the meeting. It was decided to organize the shooters of north Texas. The following officers were then elected for one year: K. M. Moore, President, Farmersville, Tex.; J. W. Russell, Vice-President, Bonham, Tex.; Will E. Sargent, Secretary, Greenville, Tex.; John A. Pierce, Treasurer, Honey Grove, Tex.

The organization was christened the North Texas Gun Club League. The Association is formed for the promotion of friendly intercourse and generous emulation among sportsmen, to aid in securing proper legislation for the protection of wild birds, fish and animals throughout the State of Texas during the season in which it is improper to pursue them, and for the rigorous enforcement of such laws. The initiation fee is $5 for clubs and $2 for an individual. The boundary line agreed upon as north Texas includes all territory north of the Texas & Pacific Railway from Texarkana to Longview; thence on and north of the International & Great Northern Railway to Palestine; thence on and north of the Cotton Belt from Tyler to Hillsboro; thence on a parallel with Hillsboro out west to the Rio Grande.

The constitution and by-laws provide for monthly and annual shoots. The Dallas Club, through Will Allen and F. M. Faurote, offered as inducement to secure the July shoot $500 in merchandise and cash prizes, besides a $40 gold medal to the team of 5 men, which was accepted, and July 3 and 4 were the days set for the shoot, at which time over 200 shooters assembled at the grounds near the fair ground, where the Dallas Club, through Messrs. Allen and Glenn, had made every preparation for the entertainment of their guests. A large tent with chairs was provided with ice water, refreshments and lunch.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Will Allen, the Dallas Club and the citizens of that city for the manner in which they entertained and so smoothly conducted the shoot. Professional shooters were barred. Mr. Wallace Miller, of Austin, was present, but was barred as being an expert. He is one of the finest shots in the Union, and gave an exhibition of some clever shooting with a Winchester repeating shotgun. Six bluerocks were thrown into the air at one time and he broke all before they reached the ground, hitting each one with a separate load.

The following was the programme for the first day and the scores made:

No. 1, 10 targets: M. F. Hope 8, Sargeant 9, Henry 6, Adams 6, Smith 6, Neathery 2, Chatham 5, George 3, Horn 8, T. Hope 4, Windham 6, Jones 9, Williams 8, Mann 4, Kerr 8, Nalop 3, J. B. Russell 7, J. W. Russell 9, Cook 8, Critcher 7, Bickly 7, Honnington 7, Monden 5, Feanu 7, Mayronne 8, Maledon 7, Honless 8, Faurate 8, Houself 8, Beckhom 10, Holl 8, Merideth 8, Mehster 9, Norman 8, Rickett 5, Moore 8.

THE "E. C." CHALLENGE CUP.

No. 2, 15 bluerocks, entrance $1, 4 moneys: Coulisk 13, Mann 9, Adams 13, T. Hope 7, Feanu 11, Windham 13, Hann 11, Norman 14, M. F. Hope 12, Warden 7, Bickley 6, Mayronne 11, Faurate 15, Cook 11, Hamilton 13, Nalle 10, Robinson 8, Williams 9, J. B. Russell 14, J. W. Russell 12, George 12, Chatham 12, Kerr 8, Wynn 11, Beckham 12, Nalop 4, Housself 13, Maledon 13, Jones 11.

No. 3, 10 bluerocks: Butler 8, Shanks 7, Kerr 9, Sargent 7, Beckham 8. Norman 9, Wynn 8, Mann 9, Mayronne 10, Maledon 8, Midham 10, Horn 7, Jones 9, J. B. Russell 7, J. W. Russell 8, Merideth 8, Cook 9, T. Hope 4, Adams 7, Doran 2, Simms 5, Rickett 8, Allcot 9, Hamilton 7, Horless 7, Holer 7, Coulisk 10, Smith 6, Bickley 6, Moone 9, Feanu 8, Webster 5, Bridges 5, Critcher 5, Nalop 2, Frank 10, M. F. Hope 9

No. 4, 10 bluerocks, 75 cents entry, 4 moneys: Mayronne 8, M. F. Hope 8, Adams 7, Faurate 9, Bickley 5, Coulisk 10, J. B. Russell 8, J. W. Russell 7, Beckham 9, Feanu 8, Norman 9, Wynn 7, Moone 8, Chatham 8, George 7, Maledon 8, Shanks 6, E. J. Russell 5, Hamilton 8, Sargeant 7, T. Hope 9, Cook 9, Mann 10, Windham 9, Hann 8, Robinson 6, Nalle 8, Worden 9, Simms 8, Pickett 7, Merideth 6, Kerr 9, Hoer 7, Webster 9, Housself 9, Williams 6.

No. 5, 10 bluerocks: Butler 7, Chatham 5, Mayronne 8, Shanks 6, Horn 8, Beckham 9, Mann 8, Rickett 9, Simms 8, Smith 6, Doran 2, Hanlis 4, Stewart 7, E. J. Russell 4, Allcott 8. Cook 5, Conlisk 10, Windam 8, Bickley 5, T. Hope 4, Kerr 8, Warden 9, Feanu 9, Norman 9, M F. Hope 10, Webster 9, Adams 6, Hale 7, J. B. Russell 8, J. W. Russell 9, Faurate 8, Underwood 6, Robnett 5, Wynn Buck 9, Critcher 5, Nalop 5, Scherer 10, Pierce 7, Ryan 6, Houssels 7, Malodon 7, Mathis 9, Moone 9, Sargent 8, George 7, Neathery 2, Allen 9.

No. 6, 7 live birds, $5 entrance, 3 moneys: Mayronne 5, J. M. Adams 5, F. Faurote 5, J. B. Coulisk 6, Geo. Feanu 4, Buck Mynn 6, M. F. Hope 2, M. R. Bickley 5, E. A. Worden 6, K. M Moore 6, Mehster 5, Beckham 3, W. C. Kerr 5, W. F. Norman 6, Nalle 6, Nalop 4, Will Allen 4, Hale 4, O. J. Scherrer 2, Underwood 5, J. B. Russell 5, J. W. Russell 5. J. A. Pierce 5, J. R. Jones 5, Windom 3, Mathis 6.

No. 7, 10 blue rocks, Robnett 6, Mayronne 8, Ryan 8, Worden 8, Maledon 6, Barlis 9, W. P. George 7, J W Chatham 9, Allcott 5, Bickley 5, Underwood 9, Stewart 8, Windom 7, Scherrer 9, M. F. Hope 10, Webster 6, Mann 7, Mathis 5, Hughes 6, Jones 7, Shanks 4, Butler 6, R. F. Crawford 2, Will L. Sargent 10, J. Horn 7, J. B. Russell 8, J. W. Russell 9, Critcher 8, W. C. Kerr 7, Pickett 10, Simms 3, House 6, K. M. Moore 8, Max 6, Feanu 8, Roberts 7, Tom Hope 5, Norman 9, Williams 9, Pierce 4, Robinson 8.

No. 8, 20 blue rocks, entrance $1 50, four moneys: Mayronne 19, W. F. Norman 17, K. M. Moore 18, M. F. Hope 17, J. Horn 14, Woden 13, Scherer 15, Tom Hope 9, Ryan 18, Frank 14, Robnett 14, J. B. Coulisk 16, G. M Cook 14, J. B. Russell 17, J. W. Russell 19, Windom 15, Rickett 14, Will Allen 14, W. C. Kerr 17, Mann 4, Underwood 13.

No. 9, 10 bluerocks: Hope 9, Mayronne 8, J. R. Jones 7, Bickley 7, George 7, Thomas 4, Mann 9, J. T. Hale 9, Marden 7, Mathis 9, Johnson 8, Allcott 6, Windom 10, Maledon 8, Stewart 8, Smith 7. Cook 9, Robnett 7, Hanlis 6, T. Hope 4, Shanks 9, F. Faurote 8, Scherer 8, Ryan 7, Hance 7, Pierce 7, Underwood 8, Moore 8, Webster 6, J. W. Russell 9, J. B. Russell 9.

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 bluerocks: J. Hance 9, Norman 10, Windom 7, Smith 5, Jones 9, Chatham 6, Cook 9, George 8, Scherer 10, Hanssens 8, Tom Hope 5, M. F. Hope 8, Hall 7, Boone 4, Kerr 8, Sargent 4, J. B. Russell 5, Bradford 9, Arledge 9, Mathis 9, Pierce 5, Maledon 7, Blocker 4, McDowell 8, Tanny 7, Johnson 5, Mayronne 9, Mann 8, Mathis 2, Underwood 7, Poland 5, Williams 6, Beckley 8, Stewart 10, Haniess 9, Teutsch 4, Robnett 7, Frank 8, Shouds 4, Saunders 10, J. W. Russell 8, Moore 10, Ryan 7, Beckham 9, Maden 7, Coulisk 10, Benge 5, Critcher 9.

No. 2, 15 bluerocks, entrance $1, four moneys: Chatham 10, Maledon 9, Mayronne 13, Scherer 12, Ryan 13, Worden 12, Mathews 14, Tom Hope 6, Hanseis 7, Cook 12, Nelms 10, Ariege 14, Pierce 10, McDowell 11, George 13, Will Allen 12, Wynn 11, George Fern 12, Windom 11, Hance 9, Pickett 9, Mann 12, Norman 11, M. H. Hagand 8, J. B. Russell 13, Saunders 15, Bradford 14, J. W. Russell 11, Underwood 10, Coulisk 14, Faurate 14, Benge 9, Kerr 15, M. F. Hope 10.

No. 3, 10 bluerocks: E. J. Russell 5, Teutche 7, Boone 7, Chatham 7, Scherer 9, Poland 8, Allcott 7, Blocker 5, Mann 8, Meredith 8, Steinert 9, Cook 7, Robnett 7, T. Hope 7, Jones 6, Johnson 6, Ryan 9, B. H. Bassett 5, J. B. Russell 9, Bradford 10, Anledge 8, J. G Mathews 10, Mynn 9, Bickly 9, G. Feanu 8, Benge 9, Moone 9, Shanks 3, Maledon 9, Worden 6, Smith 8, Simms 8, Sargent 3, Mayronne 9, Webster 7, Pickett 4, M. F. Hope 7, Hale 7, W. H. Mingo 5, Roberts 7, Faurate 9, Mathews 8, Pierce 8, Haners 5, Oats 6, E. A. Mingo 6, Beckham 8, H. Terry 8, J. O. Saunders 10, J. W. Russell 10, Underwood 6, Norman 8, Mindom 10, Geo. Collins 5, W. Mathews 8, Nelms 7, McDowell 9, George 5, Kerr 8, Corlisk 6.

No. 4, club contest, $40 entry, gold medal, donated by Allen & Glenn, to club making highest score. Teams of five men, 20 birds to man:

Waxahachie.		**McKinny.**	
Mayrone	15	J G Mathews	13
Teutche	17	McDowell	17
Meredith	9	Oats	13
Pickett	10	Benge	6
Meledon	14—65	Simms	9—58
Banham.		**Honey Grove.**	
J B Russell	17	Sherer	15
Sanders	17	Ryan	15
Bradford	18	Pierce	13
J W Russell	15	Underwood	14
Arledge	15—82	Robnett	14—71
Farmersville.		**Dallas.**	
Moore	17	Faurate	18
M F Hope	15	Hynes	18
Windom	18	Warden	15
Horne	8	Allen	16
Hale	14—72	G Mathews	17—78
Greenville.			
J Mann	14	J R Jones	15
W F Norman	20	W C Kerr	20—86
S A Beckham	17		

No. 5, 10 live birds, entrance $7 50, four moneys: Marden 4, Pierce 5, Wynn 3, Poland 5, Mingo 4, Webster 8, Will Pickett 8, Underwood 3, Cook 4, Bradford 4, W. R. Bickley 5, Hansels 4, Nelms 5, Stewart 3, Teng 5, Allcott 6, Mayronne 9, M. F. Hope 7, Feanu 8, Norman 7, G. Mathews 8, Faurate 3, Hale 4, J. G. Mathews 5, J. B. Russell 6, Bassett 3, Coulisk 7, Kerr 7, J. W. Russell 8, Will Allen 9, Gaston 6, Moore 9.

No. 6, 10 bluerocks: Underwood 9, Saunders 8, J. W. Russell 9, Mann 9, Boone 8, Roberts 6, Maledon 7, Johnson 8, J. B Russell 9, Bradford 8, Arledge 10, Teutsch 9, Pickett 7, Holf 4, Benge 6, Haggard 4, Sumers 4, McDowell 5, E. J. Russell 5, Munzesheimer 6, Norman 9, Critcher 7, G. Mathews 9, Nigro 3, Harles 8, Marden 6, Robnett 5, Sargent 6, Miller 4, Beckham 7, Stewart 9, Mayronne 9, Moore 8, M F. Hope 9, Trenathan 5, Horn 7, Chatham 9, Allcott 4, J. G. Mathews 6, Oates 8, Scherer 9, Butler 7, Ryan 9, Malone 5, McKinney 5, Pierce 8, Smith 9, Nelms 10, Jones 5, Hynes 4, Kerr 9, Bassett 5, Frank 8, Beckley 6, Wolf 5, Girard 6, George 7, Hall 6.

No. 7, consolation shoot, 10 bluerocks, any one having won a prize not eligible, all to receive prizes: Ryan 9, Munzesheimer 7, Miller 7, Allen 8, Horn 7, H. Smith 7, Trenathan 4, Mingo 7, Allcott 8, Pierce 7, E. J. Russell 6, Hansels 7, Haggard 1, Wolf 2, Johnson 9, Harles 7, Malone 6, G. Mathews 7, W. G. Smith 5, Oates 10.

The next shoot will be held at Greenville, at which time it is expected we will have some 250 or 300 shooters on hand.

WILL L. SARGENT, Sec'y.

John Parker's Shoot.

THE tournament to be held at Detroit, Mich., under the management of John Parker, Aug. 11 to 14, presents an attractive programme, and if carried through as proposed will be an interesting shoot.

There are eight events on the first three days and seven on the last, and the entrance fees range from $1.50 to $3, except on the last day. In order to complete the programme for each day, the shooting will begin at 8:30 A. M. In the first four and eight events of the first two days $5 is added, and this is done also in the first and fourth events of the third day.

The fifth event on Tuesday, Aug. 11, is a team shoot for the 2-men team championship of the United States and Canada. The entrance fee is $3; the first prize, two gold watches; the second, $20, and the third, 500 loaded shells. Ten dollars cash to all those who shoot below 80 per cent. on Aug. 11 in all programme events, handicap allowance included. This is true also of Aug. 12 and 13. On the second day the chief event is the fifth, at 50 blue rocks, with an entrance fee of $1 50. It is for the Gilman & Barnes gold medal, value $150, for the individual expert championship of the United States and Canada. The rise is 21yds., and both barrels may be used. The first prize is the medal, emblematic of the championship; the second, a Winchester repeating shotgun; the third, $10, and the fourth, $5. The fifth event for the third day is for scratch men at 50 blue rocks, and is for the E. C. Powder Co.'s handicap championship cup, emblematic of handicap championship of United States and Canada. The second prize is one of Mullen's safety copper duck boats; the third, a Marlin safety take down rifle; the fourth, a Devine fishing rod; the fifth, an expert blue rock trap. The fifth event of the fourth day of the shoot, Aug. 15, is a 3-men State team championship of the United States for the Hiawatha diamond badges. The shooting will be at 100 blue rocks per man, and the entrance fee $9 per team. The first prize is the three diamond badges; the second, $50 cash; the third, $30, and the fourth, $10. The last event of this day is a consolation race for those shooting below 80 per cent.; $10 to the highest score. This will be shot at 25 blue rocks, 75 cents entry.

The Rose system of dividing purses will be used, dividing them into five moneys in the following parts: 8, 5, 3, 2, 1. All shooters whose general average is below 85 per cent. will be allowed 1 extra bird in 20 and 2 in 25. It is said that the railroads will furnish reduced rates to Detroit. John Parker will no doubt be glad to answer any questions that may be asked him.

Dedham Gun Club.

BOSTON, July 16.—The Dedham Sportsmen's Club had their weekly shoot July 11, and had a very good attendance. The day was excellent, and there were some very good scores made. Clean scores were made as follows: Two by B. Smith, two by Wood, one by Gordon, three by Parsons.

The badge match was shot on events 7 and 8, Parsons winning with a score of 18 out of 20.

The Hingham Gun Club, Hingham, Mass., will visit the Dedham Sportsmen's Club grounds Saturday, July 18, and will shoot an eight-man team race. The club will also hold an all-day tournament, first annual handicap, Saturday, Aug. 8, and a large attendance is expected, the handicap to be 100 birds thrown at unknown angles, conditions of handicap to be as follows: Limit of handicap 20 birds, handicap committee to fix a highest possible, said highest possible to be a certain percentage below 100—say 93-94—unless a scratch man shall break more than 93-94, in such cases that scratch man's score to be the highest possible. All moneys divided in 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Below find scores for July 11, Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 8 and 10, regular; Nos. 2, 4, 6, 11 and 12, unknown; No 9, reverse:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
B Smith	10	7	9	8	7	9	7	7	9	10	8	..
Blinn	9	7	5	8	7	8	7	6	7	8	7	..
Leverett	6	6	5	7	8	7	8	7	8	9	2	6
Greener	7	7	8	7	9	7	7	5	7	8	8	..
Worthing	7	8	8	7	8	6	9	7	8	7	9	..
Wood	9	10	8	8	6	6	8	5	4	8	10	..
Cole	9	7	6	8	9	8	8	9	9	7	8	8
Gordon	8	10	7	8	9	9	4	6	6	7	5	..
Parsons	9	9	10	8	9	10	10	8	9	7	8	..
Grant	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	3	5	7	2	7
Perry	..	..	..	..	..	1	0	0	1	..	..	3
Gray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	7	7

Mr. Heikes Challenges Mr. Gilbert for the E. C. Cup.

OAKLAND, N. J., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have received the inclosed letter and check for $50 from Mr. Heikes challenging Mr Gilbert for the E. C. cup and the championship of the world at inanimate targets. We would state that this championship is absolutely open and free from restriction, and that the contestants may use any powder or guns they may see fit.

THE AMERICAN E. C. POWDER CO., LTD.
NOEL E. MONEY, Sec'y.

DAYTON, O., July 14.—American E. C. Powder Co., Ltd., Oakland, N. J.—Gentlemen: In accordance with terms under which the E. C. championship cup was given, I hereby challenge Mr. Gilbert, the holder, and inclose my check for $50, $25 of which is for a forfeit. Yours faithfully, ROLLA O. HEIKES.

Marietta Gun Club.

MARIETTA, Ga., July 9.—The regular shoot of the Marietta Gun Club, held to-day, resulted as follows: Stephens 11, Reynolds 11, Mosher 8, Black 20, Seis 21, Meinert 16, Muray 19, Love 17, Legg 15, Austin 8.

W. J. BLACK, Sec'y.

Endeavor Defeats Dunellen.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 18.—To-day was shot the first of a series of three team shoots between the Dunellen Gun Club and the Endeavor Gun Club, and the Endeavors won by the small margin of 4 birds. After the team race the members and friends of both clubs indulged in sweepstake shooting until dark. The day was a very pleasant one and there were forty shooters on the grounds. The Endeavors draw large crowds of shooters whenever there is a contest on their grounds. The Dunellens were delighted with their first visit to our grounds, and pronounced them the finest they ever shot on. The scores:

Endeavor Gun Club.

Collins ....1011111111101110111011111—21
Von Lengerke...............1110111111111110101101111—21
Ingram....................1011111110111110011011111—20
McPeek....................1001110111100111111011111—19
G Piercy..................1110111111010000110111111—18
L Piercy..................1111010101111111110011010—18
Fletcher..................1011011101101010111100111 0—17
Greiff....................0110111110001110011011101—16
Heritage..................1010010110110011111010110—15
Thomas....................1010000111011010111001101—14—179

Dunellen Gun Club.

Apgar.....................1110111111111111111111111—24
Crammer...................1110010111111111111101111—21
Linsey....................1011111111111110111101110—21
Runyan....................1101010111101111111011111—20
Smith.....................0110111111111110011011101—19
Barron....................0111101101111100111001011—17
Zust......................1100111011110110101101011—17
Gray......................1101101101101010100111101—16
Giles.....................1010110100100000101010110—11
Warden....................0101101011000000100000011— 9—175

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Collins	9	13	9	14	8	8	9	9	Apgar	..	10	10	14	9	9	9	9
Linsey	9	10	10	14	8	8	5	7	Barron	..	12	9	11	8	7	5	9
A Strader	7	..	..	11	7	8	7	..	Fletcher	..	..	8	8	6	..	7	..
Thomas	6	9	6	11	7	..	..	..	Heritage	..	..	8	8	6	7	7	5
L Piercy	9	..	9	11	..	..	7	6	Duff	..	..	5	12	9	7	7	6
Mulvaney	5	8	6	11	6	..	..	..	Ingram	..	..	9	..	6	7	5	9
Crammer	8	..	7	13	..	..	..	..	McPeek	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Zust	5	8	4	12	7	7	4	8	Runyan	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
G Piercy	8	12	7	12	9	8	7	8	Warden	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Baker	7	10	6	9	7	6	..	..	Giles	..	..	6	..	8	..	6	6
Greiff	..	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	R Strader	..	..	7	11	7	7	6	7
Von Lengerke	..	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	Smith	..	..	..	7	7	8	9	7
Wells	..	12	5	11	7	6	5	8	Gray	..	..	..	10	..	..	9	6

J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

Sparrows at Hazelwood.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 18.—I notice in your issue of July 18 Bert Hampton's letter on English sparrows for trap-shooting. Our club has been using sparrows for several months past, holding weekly shoots, and we consider them far ahead of pigeons. We have yet to get hold of the man who can kill 100 straight under the conditions we shoot them: 25yds. rise, 5 unknown traps, traps placed 4yds. apart, boundary 50yds from shooter. It requires very quick work to get them. Sparrows are entirely different from pigeons in starting from the trap. Like a rat, they are always hunting for a hole to get out, and the moment the trap is pulled they are gone.

Shooting sparrows from the trap requires a very hard, close-shooting gun; No. 11 shot in right barrel and No. 10 in left, and it is surprising what hard hitting it requires to get them down inside the boundary line. Comparatively sparrows are much harder to kill than pigeons.

And now a word of thanks to you for the honest, fearless paper you are giving the American sportsmen. You deserve special credit for the clean, moral tone of your paper. For fifteen years the FOREST AND STREAM has been a regular visitor to me, and to day I look upon those fifteen years' files as a library of sportsmen's literature not equaled by anything else that I know of. Success to the FOREST AND STREAM.

I inclose scores made by the Hazelwood Gun Club, all at sparrows:

July 8.—No. 1:

Crossland.........11111111111111111011211011111011111111111121110111—46
Burchfield........01111011111111111111111110111111111210111102111111—45
Ross..............20000111121221121110221111112011121100211210221112—41
Murdoch...........01122212001102022010221121221002110211200102012210—34

No. 2:

Crossland.......111111111111111 —15 Schmidt........200221011011110—10
Shirley.........111221211101211—14 Weischerer.....021110001111101—10

July 11.—No 1:

Crossland..11111211111111121111—20 Munson....12210210021102212122—16
Ross.......21121218111111211112—20 Murdoch...12120020212102102211—15
Burchfield.12111121011112011111—18 Randolph..12002110201011202111—14

No. 2:

Crossland.........01211111111211111111011111111112111111101111112110—46
Burchfield........11112112111010112011011101111211111111110111111101—48
Ross..............10212110121001211121111211112201210012112111101211—42
Murdoch...........11201021112100121101111210220012120222001121012210—37

July 16:	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Crossland	1121011111—9	122212122111111—15	1111102111—9
Shirley	1212111201—9	122021021110211—12	1211020011—7
Munson	0020121222—7	120121121012011—12	....
Brown	2002200202—5	....	....
Ross	....	121111021112111—14	0122110211—8
Hughes	....	201211220111021—12	....
Mack	....	....	1201111011—8

J. N. CROSSLAND, Sec'y.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 11.—The regular club shoot of the Eureka Gun Club was held here to-day. The Class A medal was closely contested, but was finally won by Harry Carson with 23 breaks. Ferguson won in Class B with 21, and Gilbert broke straight and won the Class C badge in a walk. The scores:

Trophy shoot:

Class A.

H Carson..................1011111111101111111111111—23
Bingham...................1111111111111011011111111—23
Stannard..................1111010110111111111111111—22
Steck.....................1111111111111101111111010—22
Adams.....................1110111110111101100111101—19
Dr Carson.................1011111011011000110011111—17
Deering...................1101110111110001111100110—17
Goodrich..................0110110101011110110001110—15

Class B.

Ferguson..................1111111111111001110101111—21
Buck......................1110101111101101111111001—19
Jones.....................0010010011111011011111010—15
De Wolf...................1010010000010011111011111—14

Class C.

Gilbert...................1111111111111111111111111—25
Morton....................1011010110011100001111111—16
Patterson.................1101101101011110011011100—16
Walters...................0110101010101011101111000—15
Hinkey....................0011100101100011011110011—14
Rice......................1110100100111101000110001—13
Dr Hinkins................1000010110111000010111010—12
Morgan....................1110001000110010101101100—12
Mrs Carson................0100011001101000011101010—11
R B Carson................1010000101000000011010000— 7

Sweepstake event No. 1, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles: Stannard 22, H. F. Carson 21, Deering 17, T. H. Morgan 11, Steck 20, Adams 20, Mrs. Carson 10, R. Carson, Sr., 4, Bisbee 5, Gilbert 21, Bingham 22, Rice 14, Goodrich 16, De Wolf 10, Buck 16, H. Carson 20, Adams 21, Bingham 18, Dr. Hinkins 11, Dr. Morton 18, J. L. Jones 19, Walters 16.

No. 2, same: Stannard 23, H. Carson 18, Adams 22, Steck 20, Morgan 9, Deering 20, Buck 23, Bingham 24, De Wolf 20, Gilbert 23, Rice 16, Goodrich 16, Carson, Sr., 12, Mrs. Carson 7, Dr. Hinkins 9, Dr. Morton 16, Jones 18, Bisbee 7.

No. 3, 15 singles and 5 pairs, known angles, unknown traps: Stannard 14, H. Carson 16, Adams 17, Steck 17, Morgan 9, Deering 12, Buck 8, Bingham 21, Gilbert 17, Goodrich 18, Jones 11, Pattison 18.

Lake Placid, Adirondacks.

LAKE PLACID, N. Y., July 15.—A meeting of sportsmen was held at the Stevens House on Friday, July 10, and a gun club was organized for the better enforcement of the game laws and for mutual enjoyment of guests visiting the Adirondacks. Geo. A. Stevens was elected President, A. H. Kallies Secretary and Treasurer. The club grounds are within three minutes' walk of the big Stevens House; a fine set of bluerock traps and bluerocks are on the grounds. All sportsmen are invited to participate. Shoots will be held on Tuesdays and Fridays of each week. Shells can be had on the grounds.

A. H. KALLIES, Sec'y.

Bergen County Gun Club.

HACKENSACK, N. J., July 11.—This was a very hot day, nevertheless fifteen members of the Bergen County Gun Club turned out for some practice shooting. The conditions under which the handsome silver cup, donated by Mr. Noel Money, will be shot for have not yet been arranged, but will be announced later. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Stagg	5	7	..	5	..	..	..	Post	..	..	6	..	..	8	9
Conklin	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	Wells	..	..	5	4	..	..	5
Bell	7	14	10	9	9	10	8	Warner	..	..	5	..	9	7	7
Johnson	..	11	..	..	..	9	5	Dudley	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Jackson	..	6	..	5	..	..	..	Mehne	..	..	..	..	5	5	..
Banta	..	..	7	..	6	7	8	Linson	..	..	..	..	6	..	7
Fessenden	..	..	7	9	8	9	..	Van Kuren	..	..	..	..	..	7	..

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Banta.....................1101111111111100111110111—21
Conklin...................1011111011111011111110111—21
Chaffie...................1110011101111011111101111—20
Johnson...................1111101011001111111011111—20
Fessenden.................1100111001111011110111101—18
Warner....................0011101011110111011110111—18
Bell......................0000001111011110111111111—17
Post......................1000110111011111101100111—17
Van Kuren.................1111011000001011110011000—13
Linson....................0000010100011101001011111—13
Mehne.....................0010010110001111100011100—12
Ryan......................1010110101001001100000111—12
Wells.....................0011001101001000010011111—12
Jackson...................1000001000010010101011111—11
Stagg.....................0010110100010001100011001—10

July 15.—Scores made to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*20*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*25*	*10*	Targets:	*20*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*25*	*10*
Schortemeier	18	11	14	15	19	9	Bell	15	13	14	12	19	7
Fessenden	15	8	10	14	19	9	Wagner	1	..	..	..	..	..
Holberton	15	10	10	10	22	9	Warner	..	..	..	8	14	7

Shooting at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 15.—I send you herewith scores made at Watson's Park during the past week:

July 11.—Practice:

Jay Bird..........2110221121201111121120121201111•1212211211•1121111 2222•01212—52

July 13.—Match, 50 live birds:

Lansing...........02121210212112110122122121011122101022100210111120—40
Jay Bird..........1121122111121•2110122202201111•22010220011011212112—40

July 14.—South Chicago Gun Club:

Sibley............12021202022120201012202011112112111112211—32

Match, 30 empire targets: Willard 27, Sibley 26.

Practice, live birds:

Willard...........2101111222101110110212101101101111102121—32
Emory.............2001212001—6
Knickerbocker.....00002—1
Lansing...........2020210211022222111101011022102222 12—27
Hubbard...........2222102010111002 21101—18
Dr Frank..........212112112 2020—11
Joe...............0121110 22211—10
Rupel.............120100220102111—10
Jay Bird..........22•20•01111111111111121020101211111101—28

July 15.—Practice:

Wilcox............2201210221022210010021211 1202211110—25
Mussey............010120002000—4
Emory.............001210101—5
Hamlin............201022000—4
Lansing...........02201021021211101211021211200212100—25
Bissell...........20001—3
Bingham...........1100100111—6
Amberg............112—3

July 15.—The following is the score made here to-day by the Audubon Gun Club:

Morris..........01200200101111 0— 8 W P Mussey....02200 — 2
L M Hamline...2222110212000 — 9 J R Amberg....12201212200 0210—10
F A Place...... 01122000 — 5 F R Bissell..... 00101100 — 3
C S Wilcox.....002211120012 2311—11 Frothingham...1222210212 11221 —14
C E Felton.....222112210120111—13

Targets:	*50*	*50*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	Targets:	*50*	*50*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*
Place	36	33	16	14	9	15	14	17	Amberg	..	..	33	17	..	..	..	..
Mussey	38	45	20	20	23	21	19	19	Bingham	..	..	20	20	22	23	24	21
Bissell	30	39	15	12	21	18	15	23									

JNO. WATSON.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., July 11.—In the regular weekly shoot of the Omaha Gun Club, held to-day, Frank Parmelee finished ahead with 25 straight kills. He also tied with three other men in the live-bird handicap. The shooting to-day, especially in the live-bird event, was very good. Scores:

Club shoot, 25 targets:

Parmelee..................1111111111111111111111111—25
Loomis....................1111111101111111111111111—24
Raymond...................1111111011111111111101111—23
Read......................1101111111111111111111011—23
Kenyon....................1101111111110111101110111—21
Johannes..................1111010011101111111111111—21
Smead.....................0111111111111001110001111—19
Whitmer...................1000011011110111111111111—19
Randlett..................0111010010111111111111111—19
Blake.....................1101111101101010011101111—18
Peters....................1111001111110110101001010—17
Learned...................1011010111001011000101111—15
Bates.....................1011010111001110000110111—15
Young.....................1100110110100010011010010—12

Live-bird handicap, $10 entrance, 3 moneys:

Parmelee (32)..............0101121211212111111111211—23
Smead (29).................0120121122112212121122212—23
Loomis (29)................1211111121021111111222101—23
Peters (28)................1122022122101212112121221—23
Read (28)..................1110201221111211212212110—22
Raymond (28)...............2111112110121101211120011—21
Blake (28).................2011021112201112102112220—20
Shepherd (27)..............1111121100202010111101111—19

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

Marietta Gun Club.

MARIETTA, Ga., July 16.—Known traps, unknown angles, A. S. A rules:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11			
Targets:	*5*	*10*	*10*	*5*	*5*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*5*	*10*	*5*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
J W Setze	4	7	..	4	..	13	8	7	..	6	4	70	53	75.7
Black	5	7	..	3	..	10	10	6	..	6	4	70	51	72.8
Meinert	3	9	..	4	..	8	8	7	..	8	3	70	50	71.4
Maury	4	6	..	3	..	9	6	5	..	9	2	70	44	62.8
Austin	4	6	..	3	..	9	5	3	..	5	2	70	37	52.8
Stephens	3	4	..	3	..	10	4	3	..	5	..	65	32	49.2
Love	3	5	..	3	..	6	5	2	..	5	2	70	29	41.4
E J Setze, Jr	2	1	4	2	3	6	4	9	2	..	..	75	33	44
Masher	..	4	5	4	..	9	7	4	..	4	3	75	40	53.3
Reynolds	..	7	..	4	..	8	5	3	..	..	..	50	27	54
Gramling	..	..	5	3	3	9	10	2	..	5	1	70	38	54.2
E J Setze	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	80
Bostwick	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	3	30
J A Davis	..	..	2	1	1	..	..	..	4	..	..	25	8	32
Sauges	..	..	..	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	50
Anderson	..	..	..	..	3	..	6	..	4	..	..	20	13	65
Fox	..	..	0	0	1	..	..	..	0	..	..	25	1	04
Davis, Jr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	5	5	100
Warlick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	5	2	40
Sanders	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	10	4	40

W. J. BLACK, Sec'y.

The Rose System.

GALT, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much pleased with your explanation of the Rose system, as given in your issue of July 11. This division of sweeps I shall at once try to introduce in our club, and make it one of the rules of the ground governing all shoots that take place thereon. Any one can, if he will, see at a glance the merits of this system and the utter unfairness to honest shooters of the prevalent method of class shooting.

Dropping for place is in my opinion but a short remove from downright theft, and this has here reached such a pitch that I know one instance of these good shots combining beforehand to divide profits and arguing that any of the three should drop for place whenever such a procedure would increase the profits of this trio of pothunters.

Any sportsman who is worthy of the name makes the money part of his venture a secondary consideration, but at the same time he will justly feel that he should have some chance of a dividend instead of contributing to fill the greedy maw of a combination.

ALONG.

Georgia-Alabama Inter-state Tournament.

TALLAPOOSA, Ga., July 16.—The first tournament of the Georgia-Alabama Interstate Shooting Association was held on Wednesday and Thursday, July 15 and 16, at Tallapoosa, Georgia, under the auspices of the newly organized Tallapoosa Gun Club, which was instrumental in bringing off the tournament. The grounds were conveniently arranged, and the comfort of the visiting shooters was looked after by the reception committee: President A. I. Head, Hon. G. R. Hutchens, N. C. Matthews, W. J. Redington and Sec'y C. H. Eldridge. The fact that there were no hitches and that everybody had a good time was due to the committee of arrangements, consisting of Capt. R. T. Clayton, U. G. Brock, C. N. Williams, T. M. Kimball, J. H. Rinard, George Grunik and M. J. Head. The weather was disappointing by reason of two severe showers each day.

Those participating from other cities were: A. W. du Bray, New York; L. J. Alston, W. C. Rawson, Clarence Everett, B. W. Bizzell, A. L. Day, F. G. Byrd and E. Crabb, Atlanta; H. B. Troutman and E. C. Etheridge, Macon; T. L. Robinson, Talbot Foard, J. J. Willett, Archibald Henderson, George E. Eagle and J. B. Goodwin, Anniston. Of the Tallapoosa Club the shooters were: R. T. Clayton, T. H. Clayton, C. N. Williams, G. R. Hutchens, W. J. Redington, J. H. Rinard and W. C. Barton.

The events included from 10 to 25 targets, known and unknown, 10 and 15 pairs targets, club team contest of 20 targets, 5 single and 5 pairs live pigeons, and a consolation race, the events being arranged to cover two days. In the team shoot Anniston won out over Atlanta by a score of 90 to 84. The Atlanta team immediately challenged Anniston for a go at the next tournament. The highest average in regular programme events scored either day was that of Etheridge, of Macon, 90⅔ per cent. on the second day. The total averages for participants in all regular programme events both days were: Etheridge, Macon, 88 per cent.; R. T. Clayton, Tallapoosa, 87 per cent.; Troutman, Macon, 79 per cent.; Everett, Atlanta, 71 per cent. In the live-bird events the first day Crabb scored 5 straight on single birds and Du Bray 10 straight on pairs. Targets thrown numbered 3,500 and 350 pigeons released.

The Anniston Club has bid for the next tournament, to be held at Oxford Lake near Anniston some time in August, on which occasion the supremacy of the Anniston team over the Atlantas will be tested.

C. H. ELDRIDGE, Sec'y.

Marlin Gun Club.

MARLIN, Tex., July 9.—The Marlin Gun Club shot a few practice events to-day. The shooting was at 10 targets, known traps and angles. The scores:

No. 1: W. T. Lenoir 8, Wat Hunnicutt 8, R. Louis 4, H. Stammbach 7, W. W. Turner 9, E. K. Herring 8.

No. 2: W. T. Lenoir 6, Wat Hunnicutt 10, H. Stammbach 8, R. Louis 10, E. K. Herring 8, W. W. Turner 8.

July 16.—Some of the members of the Marlin Gun Club got together this evening and had a shoot as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets, known traps and angles:

L P Robertson ......1010111000— 5 E K Herring.........1101110111— 8
H Stammbach.......0111001110— 6 L C Smith...........0100001011— 4
W W Turner........1111101111— 9

No. 2, same as No. 1:

L P Robertson ......1100000011— 4 E K Herring ....1111111111—10
H Stammbach.......1011111111— 9 L C Smith...........0110011111— 7
W W Turner........1111101011— 8

No. 3, 5 targets, known traps and angles:

L P Robertson ....11111—5 E K Herring..............11101—4
H Stammbach.............10111—4 L C Smith.................01011—3
W W Turner..............10111—4

THE NEWSMAN.

Heikes Challenges Gilbert.

ONE of the most interesting pieces of news that appears in our trap columns this week is contained in the letter in which Rolla Heikes, of Dayton, O., challenges Fred. Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., for the E. C. cup, which is emblematic of the world's championship at targets.

This cup was won by Gilbert at the E. C. tournament at Guttenburg race track during the first week of May, after a close and most exciting contest. Since that time he has been rightly termed the champion target shot of the world, and his work at the different tournaments on the circuit showed that he had not won the honor and title through any fluke. For two full months he has held the cup and title without a challenge, but now Heikes puts in his claim to both, and the result will be a decidedly interesting match.

The conditions, as we remember them, are: 50 targets, unknown angles; 50 targets, expert rules, one man up, the five traps down, and 25 pairs; any powder and any gun, 10-gauges of course being barred, the shooter making the highest aggregate for the 150 targets becoming the holder of the cup and championship. The policy of the E. C. Powder Co. in presenting this cup without any restrictions as to the use of any powder did so with the sole desire of seeing a *bona fide* champion at targets, realizing that, as claimed by FOREST AND STREAM, if we were to have a champion of the world at targets, there must be no restrictions as to powders, etc.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 14.—Regular weekly shoot held to-day. Fourth event was for the Silverthorn badge. Won by Mr. Terry:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*25*	Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*25*
Nelson	10	11	10	16	16	Cleland	11	11	7	13	10
Terry	10	15	13	22	18	McFarlan	10	18	..	..	..
Scott	11	14	11	21	21	Miller	12	14	11	14	17
Moorman	7	13	6	17	16						

F. M. D.

San Antonio Tournament.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly announce the second grand midwinter tournament for January, 1897. We have not yet settled on the amount of added money, but we will try to make it more than the last. The dates will be somewhere in the middle of the month. The management will be the "big three," J. M. George, Albert Steves, O. C. Guessaz. Prospects for game this winter are better than ever before.

O. C. GUESSAZ.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

They Consult "Forest and Stream."

RAILWAY LEATHER WORKS, Rochdale, England, July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dear Sir—The writer is inquiring for a collapsible canvas boat made somewhere in America, but the name of which, given to him abroad some years ago, he is unable to perfectly recollect. He thinks the name was Battle Creek or something like it, and the editor of the *Field* suggests that we might inquire from you. We are unable to inclose stamped envelope and can only apologize for giving you this trouble, but perhaps if you happen to recognize the maker of what we are inquiring for you would be kind enough to forward this letter to him and ask him to forward particulars direct.

Again apologizing for the liberty we are taking, we are, dear sir,

Yours faithfully, O. & W. ORMEROD.

FOREST AND STREAM receives many such letters as that given above, not only from individuals, but from the trade as well.

No other journal carries such a varied and at the same time complete line of sporting goods advertising, and this fact is recognized at home and abroad. When a journal is thus consulted as a directory, its value to the advertiser is naturally increased, for it puts him in communication not only with those who see his advertisement, but also in many cases with those who do not see it. It is something after all to be with the band wagon.

A Summer Experience.

NOW is the time when the ocean trip over Long Island Sound, between New York and Newport or Fall River via the Fall River Line boats, is a positive boon—a summer experience devoutly to be wished for. To pass the early morning or evening hours upon the upper decks of one of the great steamboats of this line, the Priscilla, Puritan, Plymouth or Pilgrim, at this season of the year, is to reverse all conditions of discomfort or annoyances attendant upon summer in this latitude, and to obtain in their places the fullest enjoyment of nature's most beneficent provision. And then the restful sleep that precedes or follows these delightful experiences—where else, or under what other circumstances, can this sweet restorer be so thoroughly insured and secured? All the influences of cooling breezes, quiet surroundings, glorious outlooks over natural scenery attractive beyond the telling, and creature comforts in bountiful provision, are on the side of the complete satisfaction and gratifications of the traveler, who will sleep the sleep of the just, no matter what may be the summer conditions on land.—*Adv.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. A. M., Eagle Point, Ill.—There is not an Iowa law forbidding killing prairie chickens for two years.